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THE SPECTATOR.

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MDCCLIII.

To the Right Honourable

HENRY BOYLE, Eſq;

SIR,

AS the profeſt Deſign of this Work is to entertain its Readers in general, without giving Offence to any particular Perſon, it would be difficult to find out ſo proper

a Patron for it as Your Self, there being none whoſe Merit is more univerſally acknowledged by all Parties, and who has made himſelf more Friends, and fewer Enemies. Your great Abilities, and unqueſtioned Integrity, in thoſe high Employments which You have paſſed through, would not have been able to have raiſed You this general Approbation, had they not been accompanied with that Moderation in an high Fortune, and that Affability of Manners, which are ſo conſpicuous through all Parts of your Life. Your Averſion to any Oſtentati-

ous

ous Arts of ſetting to Show thoſe great Services which you have done the Publick, has not likewiſe a little contributed to that Univerſal Acknowledgment which is paid You by your Country.

THE Conſideration of this Part of Your Character, is that which hinders me from enlarging on thoſe Extraordinary Talents, which have given You ſo great a Figure in the *Britiſh* Senate, as well as on that Elegance and Politeneſs which appear in Your more retired Converſation. I ſhould be unpardonable, if, after what I have ſaid, I ſhould longer detain

DEDICATION.

You with an Addreſs of this Nature: I cannot, however, conclude it without owning thoſe great Obligations which You have laid upon,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient,

humble Servant,

The SPECTATOR.

THE

SPECTATOR.

VOL. III.

THE SPECTATOR.

N° 170 *Friday, September* 14, 1711.

In amore hæc omnia inſunt vitia: injuriæ,
Suſpiciones, inimicitiæ, induciæ,
Bellum, pax rurſum ——— Ter. Eun. Act 1. Sc. 1.

All theſe Inconveniences are incident to Love: Reproaches, Jealouſies, Quarrels, Reconcilements, War, and then Peace.

UPON looking over the Letters of my female Correſpondents, I find ſeveral from Women complaining of Jealous Huſbands, and at the ſame time proteſting their own Innocence; and deſiring my Advice on this Occaſion. I ſhall therefore take this Subject into my Conſideration; and the more willingly, becauſe I find that the Marquis of *Halliſax*, who, in his *Advice to a Daughter*, has inſtructed a Wife how to behave herſelf towards a falſe, an intemperate, a cholerick, a ſullen, a covetous, or a ſilly Huſband, has not ſpoken one Word of a Jealous Huſband.

JEALOUSY is that Pain which a Man feels from the Apprehenſion that he is not equally beloved by the Perſon

whom he intirely loves. Now becauſe our inward Paſſions and Inclinations can never make themſelves viſible, it is impoſſible for a jealous Man to be thoroughly cured of his Suſpicions. His Thoughts hang at beſt in a State of Doubtfulneſs and Uncertainty; and are never capable of receiving any Satisfaction on the advantageous Side; ſo that his Inquiries are moſt ſucceſsful when they diſcover nothing. His Pleaſure ariſes from his Diſappointments, and his Life is ſpent in purſuit of a Secret that deſtroys his Happineſs if he chance to find it.

AN ardent Love is always a ſtrong Ingredient in this Paſſion; for the ſame Affection which ſtirs up the jealous Man's Deſires, and gives the Party beloved ſo beautiful a Figure in his Imagination, makes him believe ſhe kindles the ſame Paſſion in others, and appears as amiable to all Beholders. And as Jealouſy thus ariſes from an extraordinary Love, it is of ſo delicate a Nature, that it ſcorns to take up with any thing leſs than an equal Return of Love. Not the warmeſt Expreſſions of Affection, the ſofteſt and moſt tender Hypocriſy, are able to give any Satisfaction, where we are not perſuaded that the Affection is real and the Satisfaction mutual. For the jealous Man wiſhes himſelf a kind of Deity to the Perſon he loves: He would be the only Pleaſure of her Senſes, the Employment of her Thoughts; and is angry at every thing ſhe admires, or takes Delight in, beſides himſelf.

PHÆDRIA's Requeſt to his Miſtreſs, upon his leaving her for three Days is inimitably beautiful and natural.

Cum milite iſto præſens, abſens ut ſies:
Dies noctesque me ames: me deſideres:
Me ſomnies: me expectes: de me cogites:
Me ſperes: me te oblectes: mecum tota ſis:
Meus ſac ſis poſtremò animus, quando ego ſum tuus.
Ter. Eun. Act 1. Sc. 2.

"When you are in company with that Soldier, behave "as if you were abſent: but continue to love me by Day "and by Night: want me; dream of me; expect me; "think of me; wiſh for me; delight in me: be wholly "with me: in ſhort, be my very Soul, as I am yours.

THE

THE jealous Man's Diſeaſe is of ſo malignant a Nature, that it converts all it takes into its own Nouriſhment. A cool Behaviour ſets him on the Rack, and is interpreted as an inſtance of Averſion or Indifference; a fond one raiſes his Suſpicions, and looks too much like Diſſimulation and Artifice. If the Perſon he loves be chearful, her Thoughts muſt be employed on another; and if ſad, ſhe is certainly thinking on himſelf. In ſhort, there is no Word or Geſture ſo inſignificant, but it gives him new Hints, feeds his Suſpicions, and furniſhes him with freſh Matters of Diſcovery: So that if we conſider the Effects of this Paſſion, one would rather think it proceeded from an inveterate Hatred, than an exceſſive Love; for certainly none can meet with more Diſquietude and Uneaſineſs than a ſuſpected Wife, if we except the jealous Huſband.

BUT the great Unhappineſs of this Paſſion is, that it naturally tends to alienate the Affection which it is ſo ſolicitous to ingroſs; and that for theſe two Reaſons, becauſe it lays too great a Conſtraint on the Words and Actions of the ſuſpected Perſon, and at the ſame time ſhews you have no honourable Opinion of her; both of which are ſtrong Motives to Averſion.

NOR is this the worſt Effect of Jealouſy; for it often draws after it a more fatal Train of Conſequences, and makes the Perſon you ſuſpect guilty of the very Crimes you are ſo much afraid of. It is very natural for ſuch who are treated ill and upbraided falſly, to find out an intimate Friend that will hear their Complaints, condole their Sufferings, and endeavour to ſooth and aſſuage their ſecret Reſentments. Beſides, Jealouſy puts a Woman often in mind of an ill Thing that ſhe would not otherwiſe perhaps have thought of, and fills her Imagination with ſuch an unlucky Idea, as in time grows familiar, excites Deſire, and loſes all the Shame and Horror which might at firſt attend it. Nor is it a Wonder if ſhe who ſuffers wrongfully in a Man's Opinion of her, and has therefore nothing to forfeit in his Eſteem, reſolves to give him reaſon for his Suſpicions, and to enjoy the Pleaſure of the Crime, ſince ſhe muſt undergo the Ignominy. Such probably were the Conſiderations that directed the wiſe Man in his Advice to Huſbands; *Be not jealous over the Wife*

of thy Boſom, and teach her not an evil Leſſon againſt thyſelf. Ecclus.

AND here, among the other Torments which this Paſſion produces, we may uſually obſerve that none are greater Mourners than jealous Men, when the Perſon who provoked their Jealouſy is taken from them. Then it is that their Love breaks out furiouſly, and throws off all the Mixtures of Suſpicion which choked and ſmothered it before. The beautiful Parts of the Character riſe uppermoſt in the jealous Huſband's Memory, and upbraid him with the ill uſage of ſo divine a Creature as was once in his Poſſeſſion; whilſt all the little Imperfections, that were before ſo uneaſy to him, wear off from his Remembrance, and ſhew themſelves no more.

WE may ſee by what has been ſaid, that Jealouſy takes the deepeſt Root in Men of amorous Diſpoſitions; and of theſe we may find three Kinds who are moſt overrun with it.

THE firſt are thoſe who are conſcious to themſelves of an Infirmity, whether it be Weakneſs, Old Age, Deformity, Ignorance, or the like. Theſe Men are ſo well acquainted with the unamiable Part of themſelves, that they have not the Confidence to think they are really beloved; and are ſo diſtruſtful of their own Merits, that all Fondneſs towards them puts them out of Countenance, and looks like a Jeſt upon their Perſons. They grow ſuſpicious on their firſt looking in a Glaſs, and are ſtung with Jealouſy at the ſight of a Wrinkle. A handſom Fellow immediately alarms them, and every thing that looks young or gay turns their Thoughts upon their Wives.

A Second Sort of Men, who are moſt liable to this Paſſion, are thoſe of cunning, wary, and diſtruſtful Tempers. It is a Fault very juſtly found in Hiſtories compoſed by Politicians, that they leave nothing to Chance or Humour, but are ſtill for deriving every Action from ſome Plot and Contrivance, for drawing up a perpetual Scheme of Cauſes and Events, and preſerving a conſtant Correſpondence between the Camp and the Council-Table. And thus it happens in the Affairs of Love with Men of too refined a Thought. They put a Conſtruction on a Look,

and

and find out a Deſign in a Smile; they give new Senſes and Significations to Words and Actions; and are ever tormenting themſelves with Fancies of their own raiſing. They generally act in a Diſguiſe themſelves, and therefore miſtake all outward Shows and Appearances for Hypocriſy in others; ſo that I believe no Men ſee leſs of the Truth and Reality of Things, than theſe great Refiners upon Incidents, who are ſo wonderfully ſubtle and overwiſe in their Conceptions.

NOW what theſe Men fancy they know of Women by Reflexion, your lewd and vicious Men believe they have learned by Experience. They have ſeen the poor Huſband ſo miſled by Tricks and Artifices, and in the midſt of his Inquiries ſo loſt and bewilder'd in a crooked Intrigue, that they ſtill ſuſpect an Under-Plot in every female Action; and eſpecially where they ſee any Reſemblance in the Behaviour of two Perſons, are apt to fancy it proceeds from the ſame Deſign in both. Theſe Men therefore bear hard upon the ſuſpected Party, purſue her cloſe through all her Turnings and Windings, and are too well acquainted with the Chace, to be flung off by any falſe Steps or Doubles: Beſides, their Acquaintance and Converſation has lain wholly among the vicious Part of Womankind, and therefore it is no Wonder they cenſure all alike, and look upon the whole Sex as a Species of Impoſtors. But if, notwithſtanding their private Experience, they can get over theſe Prejudices, and entertain a favourable Opinion of ſome *Women*; yet their own looſe Deſires will ſtir up new Suſpicions from another Side, and make them believe all *Men* ſubject to the ſame Inclinations with themſelves.

WHETHER theſe or other Motives are moſt predominant, we learn from the modern Hiſtories of *America*, as well as from our own Experience in this Part of the World, that Jealouſy is no Northern Paſſion, but rages moſt in thoſe Nations that lie neareſt the Influence of the Sun. It is a Misfortune for a Woman to be born between the Tropicks; for there lie the hotteſt Regions of Jealouſy, which as you come Northward cools all along with the Climate, till you ſcarce meet with any thing like it in the Polar Circle. Our own Nation is very temperately ſituated in this reſpect; and if we meet with ſome few diſ-

ordered

ordered with the Violence of this Paſſion, they are not the proper Growth of our Country, but are many Degrees nearer the Sun in their Conſtitutions than in their Climate.

AFTER this frightful Account of Jealouſy, and the Perſons who are moſt ſubject to it, it will be but fair to ſhew by what means the Paſſion may be beſt allay'd, and thoſe who are poſſeſſed with it ſet at Eaſe. Other Faults indeed are not under the Wife's Juriſdiction, and ſhould, if poſſible, eſcape her Obſervation; but Jealouſy calls upon her particularly for its Cure, and deſerves all her Art and Application in the Attempt: Beſides, ſhe has this for her Encouragement, that her Endeavours will be always pleaſing, and that ſhe will ſtill find the Affection of her Huſband riſing towards her in proportion as his Doubts and Suſpicions vaniſh; for, as we have ſeen all along, there is ſo great a Mixture of Love in Jealouſy as is well worth the ſeparating. But this ſhall be the Subject of another Paper. L

Nº 171 *Saturday, September* 15.

Credula res amor eſt —— Ovid. Met. 7. v. 826.

The Man, who loves, is eaſy of Belief.

HAVING in my Yeſterday's Paper diſcovered the Nature of Jealouſy, and pointed out the Perſons who are moſt ſubject to it, I muſt here apply myſelf to my fair Correſpondents, who deſire to live well with a Jealous Huſband, and to eaſe his Mind of its unjuſt Suſpicions.

THE firſt Rule I ſhall propoſe to be obſerved is, that you never ſeem to diſlike in another what the Jealous Man is himſelf guilty of, or to admire any thing in which he himſelf does not excel. A jealous Man is very quick in his Applications, he knows how to find a double Edge in an Invective, and to draw a Satire on himſelf out of a Panegyrick on another. He does not trouble himſelf to conſider

conſider the Perſon, but to direct the Character; and is ſecretly pleaſed or confounded as he finds more or leſs of himſelf in it. The Commendation of any thing in another ſtirs up his Jealouſy, as it ſhews you have a Value for others beſides himſelf; but the Commendation of that, which he himſelf wants, inflames him more, as it ſhews that in ſome Reſpects you prefer others before him. Jealouſy is admirably deſcribed in this View by *Horace* in his Ode to *Lydia*.

Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roſeam, & cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur:
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ ſede manet; humor & in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quàm lentis penitùs macerer ignibus. Od. 13. l. 1.

When *Telephus* his youthful Charms,
His roſy Neck and winding Arms,
With endleſs Rapture you recite,
And in the pleaſing Name delight;
My Heart, inflam'd by jealous Heat
With numberleſs Reſentments beats;
From my pale Cheek the Colour flies,
And all the Man within me dies:
By Turns my hidden Grief appears
In riſing Sighs and falling Tears,
That ſhew too well the warm Deſires,
The ſilent, ſlow, conſuming Fires,
Which on my inmoſt Vitals prey,
And melt my very Soul away.

THE Jealous Man is not indeed angry if you diſlike another: but if you find thoſe Faults which are to be found in his own Character, you diſcover not only your Diſlike of another, but of himſelf. In ſhort, he is ſo deſirous of ingroſſing all your Love, that he is grieved at the want of any Charm, which he believes has Power to raiſe it; and if he finds by your Cenſures on others, that he is not ſo agreeable in your Opinion as he might be, he naturally concludes you could love him better if he had other

other Qualifications, and that by Conſequence your Affection does not riſe ſo high as he thinks it ought. If therefore his Temper be grave or ſullen, you muſt not be too much pleaſed with a Jeſt, or tranſported with any thing that is gay and diverting. If his Beauty be none of the beſt, you muſt be a profeſſed Admirer of Prudence, or any other Quality he is Maſter of, or at leaſt vain enough to think he is.

IN the next place, you muſt be ſure to be free and open in your Converſation with him, and to let in Light upon your Actions, to unravel all your Deſigns, and diſcover every Secret however trifling or indifferent. A jealous Husband has a particular Averſion to Winks and Whiſpers, and if he does not ſee to the bottom of every thing, will be ſure to go beyond it in his Fears and Suſpicions. He will always expect to be your chief Confident, and where he finds himſelf kept out of a Secret, will believe there is more in it than there ſhould be. And here it is of great Concern, that you preſerve the Character of your Sincerity uniform and of a piece: for if he once finds a falſe Gloſs put upon any ſingle Action, he quickly ſuſpects all the reſt; his working Imagination immediately takes a falſe Hint, and runs off with it into ſeveral remote Conſequences, till he has proved very ingenious in working out his own Miſery.

IF both theſe Methods fail, the beſt way will be to let him ſee you are much caſt down and afflicted for the ill Opinion he entertains of you, and the Diſquietudes he himſelf ſuffers for your Sake. There are many who take a kind of barbarous Pleaſure in the Jealouſy of thoſe who love them, that inſult over an aking Heart, and triumph in their Charms which are able to excite ſo much Uneaſineſs.

Ardeat ipſa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis.
Juv. Sat. 6. v. 208.

Tho' equal Pains her Peace of Mind deſtroy,
A Lover's Torments give her ſpiteful Joy.

But theſe often carry the Humour ſo far, till their affected Coldneſs and Indifference quite kills all the Fondneſs of a Lover, and are then ſure to meet in their Turn with all the

the Contempt and Scorn that is due to ſo inſolent a Behaviour. On the contrary, it is very probable a melancholy, dejected, Carriage, the uſual Effects of injured Innocence, may ſoften the jealous Husband into Pity, make him ſenſible of the Wrong he does you, and work out of his Mind all thoſe Fears and Suſpicions that make you both unhappy. At leaſt it will have this good Effect, that he will keep his Jealouſy to himſelf, and repine in private, either becauſe he is ſenſible it is a Weakneſs, and will therefore hide it from your Knowledge, or becauſe he will be apt to fear ſome ill Effect it may produce, in cooling your Love towards him, or diverting it to another.

THERE is ſtill another Secret that can never fail, if you can once get it believ'd, and which is often practis'd by Women of greater Cunning than Virtue: This is to change Sides for a while with the jealous Man, and to turn his own Paſſion upon himſelf; to take ſome Occaſion of growing jealous of him, and to follow the Example he himſelf hath ſet you. This counterfeited Jealouſy will bring him a great deal of Pleaſure, if he thinks it real; for he knows experimentally how much Love goes along with this Paſſion, and will beſides feel ſomething like the Satisfaction of a Revenge, in ſeeing you undergo all his own Tortures. But this, indeed, is an Artifice ſo difficult, and at the ſame time ſo diſingenuous, that it ought never to be put in practice, but by ſuch as have Skill enough to cover the Deceit, and Innocence to render it excuſable.

I ſhall conclude this Eſſay with the Story of *Herod* and *Mariamne*, as I have collected it out of *Joſephus*; which may ſerve almoſt as an Example to whatever can be ſaid on this Subject.

MARIAMNE had all the Charms that Beauty, Birth, Wit and Youth could give a Woman, and *Herod* all the Love that ſuch Charms are able to raiſe in a warm and amorous Diſpoſition. In the midſt of this his Fondneſs for *Mariamne*, he put her Brother to Death, as he did her Father not many Years after. The Barbarity of the Action was repreſented to *Mark Antony*, who immediately ſummoned *Herod* into *Ægypt*, to anſwer for the Crime that was there laid to his Charge. *Herod* attributed the Summons to *Antony*'s Deſire of *Mariamne*, whom therefore, before his Departure, he gave into the Cuſtody of his Uncle

Uncle *Joſeph*, with private Orders to put her to Death, if any ſuch Violence was offered to himſelf. This *Joſeph* was much delighted with *Mariamne*'s Converſation, and endeavoured, with all his Art and Rhetorick, to ſet out the Exceſs of *Herod*'s Paſſion for her; but when he ſtill found her cold and incredulous, he inconſiderately told her, as a certain Inſtance of her Lord's Affection, the private Orders he had left behind him, which plainly ſhewed, according to *Joſeph*'s Interpretation, that he could neither live nor die without her. This barbarous Inſtance of a wild unreaſonable Paſſion quite put out, for a Time, thoſe little Remains of Affection ſhe ſtill had for her Lord: Her Thoughts were ſo wholly taken up with the Cruelty of his Orders, that ſhe could not conſider the Kindneſs that produced them, and therefore repreſented him in her Imagination, rather under the frightful Idea of a Murderer than a Lover. *Herod* was at length acquitted and diſmiſſed by *Mark Antony*, when his Soul was all in Flames for his *Mariamne*; but before their Meeting, he was not a little alarm'd at the Report he had heard of his Uncle's Converſation and Familiarity with her in his Abſence. This therefore was the firſt Diſcourſe he entertained her with, in which ſhe found it no eaſy matter to quiet his Suſpicions. But at laſt he appeared ſo well ſatisfied of her Innocence, that from Reproaches and Wranglings he fell to Tears and Embraces. Both of them wept very tenderly at their Reconciliation, and *Herod* poured out his whole Soul to her in the warmeſt Proteſtations of Love and Conſtancy; when amidſt all his Sighs and Languiſhings ſhe asked him, whether the private Orders he left with his Uncle *Joſeph* were an Inſtance of ſuch an inflamed Affection. The jealous King was immediately rouſed at ſo unexpected a Queſtion, and concluded his Uncle muſt have been too familiar with her, before he would have diſcovered ſuch a Secret. In ſhort, he put his Uncle to Death, and very difficultly prevailed upon himſelf to ſpare *Mariamne*.

AFTER this he was forced on a ſecond Journey into *Ægypt*, when he committed his Lady to the Care of *Sohemus*, with the ſame private Orders he had before given his Uncle, if any Miſchief befel himſelf. In the mean while *Mariamne* ſo won upon *Sohemus* by her Preſents and obliging Converſation, that ſhe drew all the Secret from him,

him, with which *Herod* had intruſted him; ſo that after his Return, when he flew to her with all the Tranſports of Joy and Love, ſhe received him coldly with Sighs and Tears, and all the Marks of Indifference and Averſion. This Reception ſo ſtirred up his Indignation, that he had certainly ſlain her with his own Hands, had not he feared he himſelf ſhould have become the greater Sufferer by it. It was not long after this, when he had another violent Return of Love upon him; *Mariamne* was therefore ſent for to him, whom he endeavoured to ſoften and reconcile with all poſſible conjugal Careſſes and Endearments; but ſhe declined his Embraces, and anſwered all his Fondneſs with bitter Invectives for the Death of her Father and her Brother. This Behaviour ſo incenſed *Herod*, that he very hardly refrained from ſtriking her; when in the Heat of their Quarrel there came in a Witneſs, ſuborn'd by ſome of *Mariamne*'s Enemies, who accuſed her to the King of a Deſign to poiſon him. *Herod* was now prepared to hear any Thing in her Prejudice, and immediately ordered her Servant to be ſtretch'd upon the Rack; who in the Extremity of his Tortures confeſt, that his Miſtreſs's Averſion to the King aroſe from ſomething *Sohemus* had told her; but as for any Deſign of poiſoning, he utterly diſowned the leaſt Knowledge of it. This Confeſſion quickly proved fatal to *Sohemus*, who now lay under the ſame Suſpicions and Sentence that *Joſeph* had before him on the like Occaſion. Nor would *Herod* reſt here; but accuſed her with great Vehemence of a Deſign upon his Life, and by his Authority with the Judges had her publickly condemned and executed. *Herod* ſoon after her Death grew melancholy and dejected, retiring from the Publick Adminiſtration of Affairs into a ſolitary Foreſt, and there abandoning himſelf to all the black Conſiderations, which naturally ariſe from a Paſſion made up of Love, Remorſe, Pity and Deſpair. He uſed to rave for his *Mariamne*, and to call upon her in his diſtracted Fits; and in all probability would ſoon have followed her, had not his Thoughts been ſeaſonably called off from ſo ſad an Object by Publick Storms, which at that Time very nearly threatned him. L

Monday,

N° 172 *Monday, September* 17.

Non ſolùm Scientia, quæ eſt remota à Juſtitia, Calliditas potiùs quàm Sapientia eſt appellanda; verùm etiam Animus paratus ad periculum, ſi ſuâ cupiditate, non utilitate communi, impellitur, Audaciæ potiùs nomen habeat, quàm Fortitudinis ——— Plato apud Tull.

As Knowledge, without Juſtice, ought to be called Cunning, rather than Wiſdom; ſo a Mind prepared to meet Danger, if excited by its own Eagerneſs, and not the Publick Good, deſerves the Name of Audacity, rather than of Courage.

THERE can be no greater Injury to human Society than that good Talents among Men ſhould be held honourable to thoſe who are endowed with them without any Regard how they are applied. The Gifts of Nature and Accompliſhments of Art are valuable, but as they are exerted in the Intereſts of Virtue, or governed by the Rules of Honour. We ought to abſtract our Minds from the Obſervation of an Excellence in thoſe we converſe with, till we have taken ſome Notice, or received ſome good Information of the Diſpoſition of their Minds; otherwiſe the Beauty of their Perſons, or the Charms of their Wit, may make us fond of thoſe whom our Reaſon and Judgment will tell us we ought to abhor.

WHEN we ſuffer ourſelves to be thus carried away by mere Beauty, or mere Wit, *Omniamante*, with all her Vice, will bear away as much of our Good-will as the moſt innocent Virgin or diſcreet Matron; and there cannot be a more abject Slavery in this World, than to dote upon what we think we ought to condemn: Yet this muſt be our Condition in all the Parts of Life, if we ſuffer ourſelves to approve any Thing but what tends to the Promotion of what is good and honourable. If we would take true Pains with ourſelves to conſider all Things by the Light of Reaſon and Juſtice, tho' a Man were in the Height

Height of Youth and amorous Inclinations, he would look upon a Coquette with the ſame Contempt or Indifference as he would upon a Coxcomb: The wanton Carriage in a Woman would diſappoint her of the Admiration which ſhe aims at; and the vain Dreſs or Diſcourſe of a Man would deſtroy the Comelineſs of his Shape, or Goodneſs of his Underſtanding. I ſay the Goodneſs of his Underſtanding, for it is no leſs common to ſee Men of Senſe commence Coxcombs, than beautiful Women become immodeſt. When this happens in either, the Favour we are naturally inclined to give to the good Qualities they have from Nature ſhould abate in Proportion. But however juſt it is to meaſure the Value of Men by the Application of their Talents, and not by the Eminence of thoſe Qualities abſtracted from their Uſe; I ſay, however juſt ſuch a Way of judging is, in all Ages as well as this, the Contrary has prevailed upon the Generality of Mankind. How many lewd Devices have been preſerved from one Age to another, which had periſhed as ſoon as they were made, if Painters and Sculptors had been eſteemed as much for the Purpoſe as the Execution of their Deſigns? Modeſt and well-governed Imaginations have by this Means loſt the Repreſentations of Ten Thouſand charming Portraitures, filled with Images of innate Truth, generous Zeal, courageous Faith, and tender Humanity; inſtead of which, Satyrs, Furies, and Monſters are recommended by thoſe Arts to a ſhameful Eternity.

THE unjuſt Application of laudable Talents, is tolerated, in the general Opinion of Men, not only in ſuch Caſes as are here mentioned, but alſo in Matters which concern ordinary Life. If a Lawyer were to be eſteemed only as he uſes his Parts in contending for Juſtice, and were immediately deſpicable when he appeared in a Cauſe which he could not but know was an unjuſt one, how honourable would his Character be? And how honourable is it in ſuch among us, who follow the Profeſſion no otherwiſe, than as labouring to protect the Injured, to ſubdue the Oppreſſor, to impriſon the careleſs Debtor, and do right to the painful Artificer? But many of this excellent Character are overlooked by the greater Number; who affect covering a weak Place in a Client's Title, diverting the Courſe of an Inquiry, or finding a skilful Refuge

Refuge to palliate a Falſhood: Yet it is ſtill called Eloquence in the latter, though thus unjuſtly employed; But Reſolution in an Aſſaſſin is according to Reaſon quite as laudable, as Knowledge and Wiſdom exerciſed in the Defence of an ill Cauſe.

WERE the Intention ſtedfaſtly conſidered, as the Meaſure of Approbation, all Falſhood would ſoon be out of Countenance: and an Addreſs in impoſing upon Mankind, would be as contemptible in one State of Life as another. A Couple of Courtiers making Profeſſions of Eſteem, would make the ſame Figure after Breach of Promiſe, as two Knights of the Poſt convicted of Perjury. But Converſation is fallen ſo low in point of Morality, that as they ſay in a Bargain, *Let the Buyer look to it*; ſo in Friendſhip, he is the Man in Danger who is moſt apt to believe: He is the more likely to ſuffer in the Commerce, who begins with the Obligation of being the more ready to enter into it.

BUT thoſe Men only are truly great, who place their Ambition rather in acquiring to themſelves the Conſcience of worthy Enterpriſes, than in the Proſpect of Glory which attends them. Theſe exalted Spirits would rather be ſecretly the Authors of Events which are ſerviceable to Mankind, than, without being ſuch, to have the publick Fame of it. Where therefore an eminent Merit is robbed by Artifice or Detraction, it does but increaſe by ſuch Endeavours of its Enemies: The impotent Pains which are taken to ſully it, or diffuſe it among a Crowd to the Injury of a ſingle Perſon, will naturally produce the contrary Effect; the Fire will blaze out, and burn up all that attempt to ſmother what they cannot extinguiſh.

THERE is but one thing neceſſary to keep the Poſſeſſion of true Glory, which is, to hear the Oppoſers of it with Patience, and preſerve the Virtue by which it was acquired. When a Man is thoroughly perſuaded that he ought neither to admire, wiſh for, or purſue any thing but what is exactly his Duty, it is not in the Power of Seaſons, Perſons or Accidents, to diminiſh his Value. He only is a great Man who can neglect the Applauſe of the Multitude, and enjoy himſelf independent of its Favour. This is indeed an arduous Taſk; but it ſhould comfort a glorious Spirit that it is the higheſt Step to which human

human Nature can arrive. Triumph, Applauſe, Acclamation, are dear to the Mind of Man; but it is ſtill a more exquiſite Delight to ſay to yourſelf, you have done well, than to hear the whole human Race pronounce you glorious, except you yourſelf can join with them in your own Reflexions. A Mind thus equal and uniform may be deſerted by little faſhionable Admirers and Followers, but will ever be had in Reverence by Souls like itſelf. The Branches of the Oak endure all the Seaſons of the Year, though its Leaves fall off in Autumn; and theſe too will be reſtor'd with the returning Spring. T

N° 173 *Tueſday, September* 18.

——— *Remove fera monſtra, tuæque*
Saxifícos vultus, quæcunque ea, tolle Meduſæ.
Ovid. Met. l. 5. v. 216.

Remove that horrid Monſter, and take hence
Meduſa's *petrifying Countenance.*

IN a late Paper I mention'd the Project of an ingenious Author for the erecting of ſeveral Handicraft Prizes to be contended for by our *Britiſh* Artiſans, and the Influence they might have towards the Improvement of our ſeveral Manufactures. I have ſince that been very much ſurpriſed by the following Advertiſement which I find in the *Poſt-Boy* of the 11th Inſtant, and again repeated in the *Poſt-Boy* of the 15th.

ON the 9th of October next will be run for upon Coleſhill-Heath in Warwickſhire, a Plate of 6 Guineas Value, 3 Heats, by any Horſe, Mare or Gelding that hath not won above the Value of 5l. the winning Horſe to be Sold for 10l. to carry 10 Stone Weight, if 14 Hands high; if above or under to carry or be allowed Weight for Inches, and to be entered Friday the 5th at the Swan in Coleſhill, before Six in the Evening. Alſo a Plate of leſs Value to be run for by Aſſes. The ſame Day a Gold Ring to be Grinn'd for by Men.

THE

THE firſt of theſe Diviſions that is to be exhibited by the 10*l.* Race-Horſes, may probably have its Uſe; but the two laſt, in which the Aſſes and Men are concerned, ſeem to me altogether extraordinary and unaccountable. Why they ſhould keep Running Aſſes at *Coleſhill*, or how making Mouths turns to account in *Warwickſhire*, more than in any other Parts of *England*, I cannot comprehend. I have looked over all the Olympic Games, and do not find any thing in them like an Aſs-Race, or a Match at Grinning. However it be, I am informed that ſeveral Aſſes are now kept in Body-Clothes, and ſweated every Morning upon the Heath, and that all the Country-Fellows within ten Miles of the *Swan*, grin an Hour or two in their Glaſſes every Morning, in order to qualify themſelves for the 9th of *October*. The Prize, which is propoſed to be Grinn'd for, has raiſed ſuch an Ambition among the Common People of out-grinning one another, that many very diſcerning Perſons are afraid it ſhould ſpoil moſt of the Faces in the County; and that a *Warwickſhire* Man will be known by his Grin, as Roman-Catholicks imagine a *Kentiſh* Man is by his Tail. The Gold Ring which is made the Prize of Deformity, is juſt the Reverſe of the Golden Apple that was formerly made the Prize of Beauty, and ſhould carry for its Poſy the old Motto inverted.

Detur tetriori.

Or to accommodate it to the Capacity of the Combatants,

The frightfull'ſt Grinner
Be the Winner.

IN the mean while I would adviſe a *Dutch* Painter to be preſent at this great Controverſy of Faces, in order to make a Collection of the moſt remarkable Grins that ſhall be there exhibited.

I muſt not here omit an Account which I lately received of one of theſe Grinning-Matches from a Gentleman, who, upon reading the abovementioned Advertiſement, entertained a Coffee-houſe with the following Narrative. Upon the taking of *Namure*, amidſt other publick Rejoicings made on that Occaſion, there was a Gold Ring given by a Whig Juſtice of Peace to be grinn'd for. The firſt Competitor

Competitor that entered the Liſts, was a black ſwarthy *Frenchman*, who accidentally paſſed that way, and being a Man naturally of a wither'd Look, and hard Features, promiſed himſelf good Succeſs. He was placed upon a Table in the great Point of View, and looking upon the Company like *Milton*'s Death,

Grinn'd horribly a Ghaſtly Smile ——

HIS Muſcles were ſo drawn together on each Side of his Face, that he ſhew'd twenty Teeth at a Grin, and put the Country in ſome Pain, leſt a Foreigner ſhould carry away the Honour of the Day; but upon a farther Trial they found he was Maſter only of the merry Grin.

THE next that mounted the Table was a Malecontent in thoſe Days, and a great Maſter in the whole Art of Grinning, but particularly excelled in the angry Grin. He did his Part ſo well, that he is ſaid to have made half a dozen Women miſcarry; but the Juſtice being appriſed by one who ſtood near him, that the Fellow who grinn'd in his Face was a *Jacobite*, and being unwilling that a Diſaffected Perſon ſhould win the Gold Ring, and be looked upon as the beſt Grinner in the Country, he ordered the Oaths to be tendered unto him upon his quitting the Table, which the Grinner refuſing, he was ſet aſide as an unqualified Perſon. There were ſeveral other Grotesk Figures that preſented themſelves, which it would be too tedious to deſcribe. I muſt not however omit a Ploughman, who lived in the farther Part of the Country, and being very lucky in a Pair of long Lanthorn-Jaws, wrung his Face into ſuch an hideous Grimace, that every Feature of it appeared under a different Diſtortion. The whole Company ſtood aſtoniſh'd at ſuch a complicated Grin, and were ready to aſſign the Prize to him, had it not been proved by one of his Antagoniſts, that he had practiſed with Verjuice for ſome Days before, and had a Crab found upon him at the very time of Grinning; upon which the beſt Judges of Grinning declared it as their Opinion, that he was not to be looked upon as a fair Grinner, and therefore ordered him to be ſet aſide as a Cheat.

THE Prize, it ſeems, fell at length upon a Cobler, *Giles Gorgon* by Name, who produced ſeveral new Grins of his own Invention, having been uſed to cut Faces for many

many Years together over his Laſt. At the very firſt Grin he caſt every human Feature out of his Countenance, at the ſecond he became the Face of a Spout, at the third a Baboon, at the fourth the Head of a Baſs-Viol, and at the fifth a Pair of Nut-crackers. The whole Aſſembly wondered at his Accompliſhments, and beſtowed the Ring on him unanimouſly; but, what he eſteemed more than all the reſt, a Country Wench, whom he had wooed in vain for above five Years before, was ſo charmed with his Grins, and the Applauſes which he received on all Sides, that ſhe married him the Week following, and to this Day wears the Prize upon her Finger, the Cobler having made uſe of it as his Wedding-Ring.

THIS Paper might perhaps ſeem very impertinent, if it grew ſerious in the Concluſion. I would nevertheleſs leave it to the Conſideration of thoſe who are the Patrons of this monſtrous Trial of Skill, whether or no they are not guilty, in ſome meaſure, of an Affront to their Species, in treating after this manner the *Human Face Divine*, and turning that Part of us, which has ſo great an Image impreſſed upon it, into the Image of a Monkey; whether the raiſing ſuch ſilly Competitions among the Ignorant, propoſing Prizes for ſuch uſeleſs Accompliſhments, filling the common People's Heads with ſuch ſenſeleſs Ambitions, and inſpiring them with ſuch abſurd Ideas of Superiority and Preeminence, has not in it ſomething immoral as well as ridiculous. L

Nº 174 *Wedneſday, September* 19.

Hæc memini & victum fruſtra contendere Thyrſin.
Virg. Ecl. 7. v. 69.

Theſe Rhymes I did to Memory commend,
When vanquiſh'd Thyrſis *did in vain contend.* DRYDEN.

THERE is ſcarce any thing more common than Animoſities between Parties that cannot ſubſiſt but by their Agreement: this was well repreſented in the Sedition of the Members of the Human Body in the old

Roman

Roman Fable. It is often the Caſe of leſſer confederate States againſt a ſuperior Power, which are hardly held together, though their Unanimity is neceſſary for their common Safety: And this is always the Caſe of the landed and trading Intereſt of *Great Britain:* the Trader is fed by the Product of the Land, and the landed Man cannot be clothed but by the Skill of the Trader; and yet thoſe Intereſts are ever jarring.

WE had laſt Winter an Inſtance of this at our Club, in Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY and Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, between whom there is generally a conſtant, though friendly, Oppoſition of Opinions. It happened that one of the Company, in an hiſtorical Diſcourſe, was obſerving, that *Carthaginian* Faith was a proverbial Phraſe to intimate Breach of Leagues. Sir ROGER ſaid it could hardly be otherwiſe: That the *Carthaginians* were the greateſt Traders in the World; and as Gain is the chief End of ſuch a People, they never purſue any other: The Means to it are never regarded; they will, if it comes eaſily, get Money honeſtly; but if not, they will not ſcruple to attain it by Fraud or Cozenage: And indeed, what is the whole Buſineſs of the Trader's Account, but to over reach him who truſts to his Memory? But were that not ſo, what can there great and noble be expected from him whoſe Attention is for ever fixed upon balancing his Books, and watching over his Expences? And at beſt, let Frugality and Parſimony be the Virtues of the Merchant, how much is his punctual Dealing below a Gentleman's Charity to the Poor, or Hoſpitality among his Neighbours?

CAPTAIN SENTRY obſerved Sir ANDREW very diligent in hearing Sir ROGER, and had a mind to turn the Diſcourſe, by taking notice in general, from the higheſt to the loweſt Parts of human Society, there was a ſecret, tho' unjuſt, Way among Men, of indulging the Seeds of Ill-nature and Envy, by comparing their own State of Life to that of another, and grudging the Approach of their Neighbour to their own Happineſs; and on the other Side, he, who is the leſs at his Eaſe, repines at the other, who he thinks, has unjuſtly the Advantage over him. Thus the Civil and Military Liſts look upon each other with much Ill-nature; the Soldier repines at

the Courtier's Power, and the Courtier rallies the Soldier's Honour; or, to come to lower Inſtances, the private Men in the Horſe and Foot of an Army, the Carmen and Coachmen in the City Streets, mutually look upon each other with Ill-will, when they are in Competition for Quarters or the Way, in their reſpective Motions.

IT is very well, good Captain, interrupted Sir ANDREW: You may attempt to turn the Diſcourſe if you think fit; but I muſt however have a Word or two with Sir ROGER, who, I ſee, thinks he has paid me off, and been very ſevere upon the Merchant. I ſhall not, continued he, at this Time remind Sir ROGER of the great and noble Monuments of Charity and Publick Spirit, which have been erected by Merchants ſince the Reformation, but at preſent content myſelf with what he allows us, Parſimony and Frugality. If it were conſiſtent with the Quality of ſo ancient a Baronet as Sir ROGER, to keep an Account, or meaſure Things by the moſt infallible Way, that of Numbers, he would prefer our Parſimony to his Hoſpitality. If to drink ſo many Hogſheads is to be Hoſpitable, we do not contend for the Fame of that Virtue; but it would be worth while to conſider, whether ſo many Artificers at work ten Days together by my Appointment, or ſo many Peaſants made merry on Sir ROGER's Charge, are the Men more obliged? I believe the Families of the Artificers will thank me, more than the Houſhold of the Peaſants ſhall Sir ROGER. Sir ROGER gives to his Men, but I place mine above the Neceſſity or Obligation of my Bounty. I am in very little Pain for the *Roman* Proverb upon the *Carthaginian* Traders; the *Romans* were their profeſſed Enemies: I am only ſorry no *Carthaginian* Hiſtories have come to our Hands; we might have been taught perhaps by them ſome Proverbs againſt the *Roman* Generoſity, in fighting for and beſtowing other People's Goods. But ſince Sir ROGER has taken Occaſion from an old Proverb to be out of Humour with Merchants, it ſhould be no Offence to offer one not quite ſo old in their Defence. When a Man happens to break in *Holland*, they ſay of him that *he has not kept true Accounts*. This Phraſe, perhaps among us, would appear a ſoft or humorous way of ſpeaking, but with that exact Nation it bears the higheſt Reproach;

Reproach; for a Man to be miſtaken in the Calculation of his Expence, in his Ability to anſwer future Demands, or to be impertinently ſanguine in putting his Credit to too great Adventure, are all Inſtances of as much Infamy as with gayer Nations to be failing in Courage or common Honeſty.

NUMBERS are ſo much the Meaſure of every thing that is valuable, that it is not poſſible to demonſtrate the Succeſs of any Action, or the Prudence of any Undertaking without them. I ſay this in Anſwer to what Sir ROGER is pleaſed to ſay, That little that is truly noble can be expected from one who is ever poring on his Caſh-book, or balancing his Accounts. When I have my Returns from abroad, I can tell to a Shilling, by the Help of Numbers, the Profit or Loſs by my Adventure; but I ought alſo to be able to ſhew that I had Reaſon for making it, either from my own Experience, or that of other People, or from a reaſonable Preſumption that my Returns will be ſufficient to anſwer my Expence and Hazard; and this is never to be done without the Skill of Numbers. For Inſtance, if I am to trade to *Turkey*, I ought beforehand to know the Demand of our Manufactures there, as well as of their Silks in *England*, and the cuſtomary Prices that are given for both in each Country. I ought to have a clear Knowledge of theſe Matters beforehand, that I may preſume upon ſufficient Returns to anſwer the Charge of the Cargo I have fitted out, the Freight and Aſſurance out and home, the Cuſtoms to the Queen, and the Intereſt of my own Money, and beſides all theſe Expences a reaſonable Profit to myſelf. Now what is there of Scandal in this Skill? What has the Merchant done, that he ſhould be ſo little in the good Graces of Sir ROGER? He throws down no Man's Incloſures, and tramples upon no Man's Corn; he takes nothing from the induſtrious Labourer; he pays the poor Man for his Work; he communicates his Profit with Mankind; by the Preparation of his Cargo, and the Manufacture of his Returns, he furniſhes Employment and Subſiſtence to greater Numbers than the richeſt Nobleman; and even the Nobleman is obliged to him for finding out foreign Markets for the Produce of his Eſtate, and for making a great Addition to his Rents;

and yet 'tis certain, that none of all theſe Things could be done by him without the Exerciſe of his Skill in Numbers.

THIS is the Oeconomy of the Merchant; and the Conduct of the Gentleman muſt be the ſame, unleſs by ſcorning to be the Steward, he reſolves the Steward ſhall be the Gentleman. The Gentleman, no more than the Merchant, is able, without the Help of Numbers, to account for the Succeſs of any Action, or the Prudence of any Adventure. If, for Inſtance, the Chace is his whole Adventure, his only Returns muſt be the Stag's Horns in the great Hall, and the Fox's Noſe upon the Stable Door. Without Doubt Sir ROGER knows the full Value of theſe Returns; and if beforehand he had computed the Charges of the Chace, a Gentleman of his Diſcretion would certainly have hanged up all his Dogs, he would never have brought back ſo many fine Horſes to the Kennel, he would never have gone ſo often, like a Blaſt, over Fields of Corn. If ſuch too had been the Conduct of all his Anceſtors, he might truly have boaſted at this Day, that the Antiquity of his Family had never been ſullied by a Trade; a Merchant had never been permitted with his whole Eſtate to purchaſe a Room for his Picture in the Gallery of the COVERLEYS, or to claim his Deſcent from the Maid of Honour. But 'tis very happy for Sir ROGER that the Merchant paid ſo dear for his Ambition. 'Tis the Misfortune of many other Gentlemen to turn out of the Seats of their Anceſtors, to make way for ſuch new Maſters as have been more exact in their Accounts than themſelves; and certainly he deſerves the Eſtate a great deal better, who has got it by his Induſtry, than he who has loſt it by his Negligence. T

N° 175 *Thurſday, September* 20.

Proximus à tectis ignis defenditur ægrè. ——
Ovid. Rem. Am. v. 625.

To ſave your Houſe from neighb'ring Fire is hard. TATE.

I SHALL this Day entertain my Readers with two or three Letters I have received from my Correſpondents: The firſt diſcovers to me a Species of Females which have hitherto eſcaped my Notice, and is as follows.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a young Gentleman of a competent Fortune, 'and a ſufficient Taſte of Learning, to ſpend five or 'ſix Hours every Day very agreeably among my Books. 'That I might have nothing to divert me from my Stu 'dies, and to avoid the Noiſes of Coaches and Chairmen, 'I have taken Lodgings in a very narrow Street not far 'from *Whitehall*; but it is my Misfortune to be ſo poſt- 'ed, that my Lodgings are directly oppoſite to thoſe of a '*Jezebel*. You are to know, Sir, that a *Jezebel* (ſo 'call'd by the Neighbourhood from diſplaying her perni- 'cious Charms at her Window) appears conſtantly dreſs'd 'at her Saſh, and has a thouſand little Tricks and Foole- 'ries to attract the Eyes of all the idle young Fellows in 'the Neighbourhood. I have ſeen more than ſix Perſons 'at once from their ſeveral Windows obſerving the *Je- 'zebel* I am now complaining of. I at firſt looked on her 'myſelf with the higheſt Contempt, could divert myſelf 'with her Airs for half an hour, and afterwards take up 'my *Plutarch* with great Tranquillity of Mind; but was 'a little vexed to find that in leſs than a Month ſhe had 'conſiderably ſtolen upon my Time, ſo that I reſolved to 'look at her no more. But the *Jezebel*, who, as I ſup- 'poſe, might think it a Diminution to her Honour, to

'have the Number of her Gazers leſſen'd, reſolved not 'to part with me ſo, and began to play ſo many new 'Tricks at her Window, that it was impoſſible for me to 'forbear obſerving her. I verily believe ſhe put herſelf to 'the Expence of a new Wax-Baby on purpoſe to plague 'me; ſhe us'd to dandle and play with this Figure as im-'pertinently as if it had been a real Child: ſometimes 'ſhe would let fall a Glove or a Pin-Cuſhion in the Street, 'and ſhut or open her Caſement three or four times in a 'Minute. When I had almoſt wean'd myſelf from this, 'ſhe came in her Shift-Sleeves, and dreſs'd at the Win-'dow. I had no Way left but to let down my Curtains, 'which I ſubmitted to though it conſiderably darkened 'my Room, and was pleaſed to think that I had at laſt 'got the better of her; but was ſurpriſed the next Morn-'ing to hear her talking out of her Window quite croſs 'the Street, with another Woman that lodges over me: 'I am ſince informed, that ſhe made her a Viſit, and got 'acquainted with her within three Hours after the Fall of 'my Window-Curtains.

'SIR, I am plagued every Moment in the Day, one 'way or other, in my own Chambers; and the *Jezebel* 'has the Satisfaction to know, that tho' I am not look-'ing at her, I am liſt'ning to her impertinent Dialogues 'that paſs over my Head. I would immediately change 'my Lodgings, but that I think it might look like a 'plain Confeſſion, that I am conquer'd; and beſides this, 'I am told that moſt Quarters of the Town are infeſted 'with theſe Creatures. If they are ſo, I am ſure 'tis ſuch 'an Abuſe, as a Lover of Learning and Silence ought to 'take notice of.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

I am afraid, by ſome Lines in this Letter, that my young Student is touched with a Diſtemper which he hard-ly ſeems to dream of, and is too far gone in it to receive Advice. However, I ſhall animadvert in due time on the Abuſe which he mentions, having myſelf obſerved a Neſt of *Jezebels* near the *Temple*, who make it their Diverſion to draw up the Eyes of young Templars, that at the ſame time

time they may ſee them ſtumble in an unlucky Gutter which runs under the Window.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE lately read the Concluſion of your forty-ſeventh Speculation upon *Butts* with great Pleaſure, 'and have ever ſince been thoroughly perſuaded that one 'of thoſe Gentlemen is extremely neceſſary to enliven 'Converſation. I had an Entertainment laſt Week upon 'the Water for a Lady to whom I make my Addreſſes, 'with ſeveral of our Friends of both Sexes. To divert 'the Company in general, and to ſhew my Miſtreſs in 'particular my Genius for Rallery, I took one of the 'moſt celebrated *Butts* in Town along with me. It is 'with the utmoſt Shame and Confuſion that I muſt 'acquaint you with the Sequel of my Adventure: As 'ſoon as we were got into the Boat, I played a Sentence 'or two at my *Butt* which I thought very ſmart, when 'my ill Genius, who I verily believe inſpir'd him purely 'for my Deſtruction, ſuggeſted to him ſuch a Reply, as 'got all the Laughter on his Side. I was daſhed at ſo 'unexpected a Turn; which the *Butt* perceiving, reſol-'ved not to let me recover myſelf, and purſuing his 'Victory, rallied and toſſed me in a moſt unmerciful 'and barbarous manner till we came to *Chelſea*. I had 'ſome ſmall Succeſs while we were eating Cheeſe-Cakes; 'but coming home, he renewed his Attacks with his for-'mer Good-fortune, and equal Diverſion to the whole 'Company. In ſhort, Sir, I muſt ingenuouſly own that 'I was never ſo handled in all my Life; and to complete 'my Misfortune, I am ſince told that the *Butt*, fluſhed 'with his late Victory, has made a Viſit or two to the 'dear Object of my Wiſhes, ſo that I am at once in dan-'ger of loſing all my Pretenſions to Wit, and my Miſtreſs 'into the Bargain. This, Sir, is a true Account of my 'preſent Troubles, which you are the more obliged to 'aſſiſt me in, as you were yourſelf in a great meaſure the 'Cauſe of them, by recommending to us an Inſtrument, 'and not inſtructing us at the ſame time how to play 'upon it.

'I have been thinking whether it might not be highly 'convenient, that all *Butts* ſhould wear an Inſcription

'affixed to ſome Part of their Bodies, ſhewing on which 'Side they are to be come at, and that if any of them 'are Perſons of unequal Tempers, there ſhould be ſome 'Method taken to inform the World at what Time it is 'ſafe to attack them, and when you had beſt to let them 'alone. But, ſubmitting theſe Matters to your more ſe-'rious Conſideration,

I am, SIR, yours, &c.

I have, indeed, ſeen and heard of ſeveral young Gentlemen under the ſame Misfortune with my preſent Correſpondent. The beſt Rule I can lay down for them to avoid the like Calamities for the future, is thoroughly to conſider not only *Whether their Companions are weak*, but *Whether themſelves are Wits.*

THE following Letter comes to me from *Exeter*, and being credibly informed that what it contains is Matter of Fact, I ſhall give it my Reader as it was ſent me.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Exeter, Sept.* 7.

'YOU were pleaſed in a late Speculation to take no-'tice of the Inconvenience we lie under in the 'Country, in not being able to keep Pace with the Fa-'ſhion: But there is another Misfortune which we are 'ſubject to, and is no leſs grievous than the former, which 'has hitherto eſcaped your Obſervation. I mean, the 'having Things palmed upon us for *London* Faſhions, 'which were never once heard of there.

'A Lady of this Place had ſome time ſince a Box of 'the neweſt Ribbons ſent down by the Coach: Whether 'it was her own malicious Invention, or the Wantonneſs 'of a *London* Milliner, I am not able to inform you; but, 'among the reſt, there was one Cherry-coloured Ribbon, 'conſiſting of about half a dozen Yards, made up in the 'Figure of a ſmall Head-Dreſs. The aforeſaid Lady had 'the Aſſurance to affirm, amidſt a Circle of Female In-'quiſitors, who were preſent at the opening of the Box, 'that this was the neweſt Faſhion worn at Court. Ac-'cordingly the next *Sunday* we had ſeveral Females, who 'came to Church with their Heads dreſs'd wholly in 'Ribbons, and looked like ſo many Victims ready to be 'ſacrificed. This is ſtill a reigning Mode among us. At

'the

'the ſame time we have a Set of Gentlemen who take 'the Liberty to appear in all publick Places without any 'Buttons to their Coats, which they ſupply with ſeveral 'little Silver Haſps, tho' our freſheſt Advices from *London* 'make no mention of any ſuch Faſhion; and we are 'ſomething ſhy of affording Matter to the Button-makers 'for a ſecond Petition.

'WHAT I would humbly propoſe to the Publick is, 'that there may be a Society erected in *London*, to con-'ſiſt of the moſt ſkilful Perſons of both Sexes, for the *In-'ſpection of Modes and Faſhions*; and that hereafter no 'Perſon or Perſons ſhall preſume to appear ſingularly ha-'bited in any Part of the Country, without a Teſtimonial 'from the aforeſaid Society, that their Dreſs is anſwera-'ble to the Mode at *London*. By this means, Sir, we 'ſhall know a little whereabout we are.

'IF you could bring this Matter to bear, you would 'very much oblige great Numbers of your Country 'Friends, and among the reſt,

Your very humble Servant,

X Jack Modiſh.

N° 176 *Friday, September* 21.

Parvula, pumilio, χαρίτων μία, tota merum ſal.
Lucr. l. 4. v. 1155.

A little, pretty, witty, charming She!

THERE are in the following Letter Matters, which I, a Bachelor, cannot be ſuppoſed to be acquainted with; therefore ſhall not pretend to explain upon it till farther Conſideration, but leave the Author of the Epiſtle to expreſs his Condition his own Way.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I DO not deny but you appear in many of your Papers 'to underſtand Human Life pretty well; but there are 'very many Things which you cannot poſſibly have a true 'Notion of, in a ſingle Life; theſe are ſuch as reſpect 'the married State; otherwiſe I cannot account for your 'having overlooked a very good Sort of People, which are 'commonly called in Scorn the *Hen-peckt*. You are to un-'derſtand that I am one of thoſe innocent Mortals who 'ſuffer Deriſion under that Word, for being governed by 'the beſt of Wives. It would be worth your Conſidera-'tion to enter into the Nature of Affection itſelf, and tell 'us, according to your Philoſophy, why it is that our 'Dears ſhould do what they will with us, ſhall be froward, 'ill-natured, aſſuming, ſometimes whine, at others rail, 'then ſwoon away, then come to Life, have the Uſe of 'Speech to the greateſt Fluency imaginable, and then ſink 'away again, and all becauſe they fear we do not love 'them enough; that is, the poor Things love us ſo hear-'tily, that they cannot think it poſſible we ſhould be able 'to love them in ſo great a Degree, which makes them 'take on ſo. I ſay, Sir, a true good-natured Man, 'whom Rakes and Libertines call *Hen-peckt*, ſhall fall in-'to all theſe different Moods with his dear Life, and at 'the ſame time ſee they are wholly put on; and yet not 'be hard-hearted enough to tell the dear good Creature 'that ſhe is an Hypocrite.

'THIS ſort of good Men is very frequent in the popu-'lous and wealthy City of *London*, and is the true *Hen-'peckt* Man; the kind Creature cannot break through his 'Kindneſſes ſo far as to come to an Explanation with the 'tender Soul, and therefore goes on to comfort her when 'nothing ails her, to appeaſe her when ſhe is not angry, 'and to give her his Caſh when he knows ſhe does not 'want it; rather than be uneaſy for a whole Month, 'which is computed by hard-hearted Men the Space of 'Time which a froward Woman takes to come to herſelf, 'if you have Courage to ſtand out.

'THERE are indeed ſeveral other Species of the '*Hen-peckt*, and in my Opinion they are certainly the beſt 'Subjects the Queen has; and for that Reaſon I take it to 'be your Duty to keep us above Contempt.

I do

'I do not know whether I make myſelf underſtood in 'the Repreſentation of an Hen-peckt Life, but I ſhall take 'leave to give you an Account of myſelf, and my own 'Spouſe. You are to know that I am reckoned no Fool, 'have on ſeveral Occaſions been tried whether I will take 'Ill-uſage, and the Event has been to my Advantage; 'and yet there is not ſuch a Slave in *Turkey* as I am to my 'Dear. She has a good Share of Wit, and is what you 'call a very pretty agreeable Woman. I perfectly dote 'on her, and my Affection to her gives me all the Anxie-'ties imaginable but that of Jealouſy. My being thus 'confident of her, I take, as much as I can judge of my 'Heart, to be the Reaſon, that whatever ſhe does, tho' it 'be never ſo much againſt my Inclination, there is ſtill 'left ſomething in her Manner that is amiable. She will 'ſometimes look at me with an aſſumed Grandeur, and 'pretend to reſent that I have not had Reſpect enough for 'her Opinion in ſuch an Inſtance in Company. I cannot 'but ſmile at the pretty Anger ſhe is in, and then ſhe pre-'tends ſhe is uſed like a Child. In a word, our great De-'bate is, which has the Superiority in point of Under-'ſtanding. She is eternally forming an Argument of De-'bate; to which I very indolently anſwer, Thou art mighty 'pretty. To this ſhe anſwers, All the World but you think 'I have as much Senſe as yourſelf. I repeat to her, In-'deed you are pretty. Upon this there is no Patience; 'ſhe will throw down any thing about her, ſtamp and pull 'off her Head-Clothes. Fy, my Dear, ſay I; how can 'a Woman of your Senſe fall into ſuch an intemperate 'Rage? This is an Argument which never fails. Indeed, 'my Dear, ſays ſhe, you make me mad ſometimes, ſo 'you do, with the ſilly Way you have of treating me 'like a pretty Idiot. Well, what have I got by putting 'her into Good-humour? Nothing, but that I muſt con-'vince her of my good Opinion by my Practice; and 'then I am to give her Poſſeſſion of my little Ready-'Money, and, for a Day and a half following, diſlike all 'ſhe diſlikes, and extol every thing ſhe approves. I am 'ſo exquiſitely fond of this Darling, that I ſeldom ſee any 'of my Friends, am uneaſy in all Companies till I ſee 'her again; and when I come home ſhe is in the Dumps, 'becauſe ſhe ſays ſhe is ſure I came ſo ſoon only becauſe I

'think

'think her handſom. I dare not upon this Occaſion 'laugh; but tho' I am one of the warmeſt Churchmen in 'the Kingdom, I am forced to rail at the Times, becauſe 'ſhe is a violent Whig. Upon this we talk Politicks ſo 'long, that ſhe is convinc'd I kiſs her for her Wiſdom. 'It is a common Practice with me to aſk her ſome Que-'ſtion concerning the Conſtitution, which ſhe anſwers me 'in general out of *Harrington*'s *Oceana:* Then I com-'mend her ſtrange Memory, and her Arm is immediately 'lock'd in mine. While I keep her in this Temper ſhe 'plays before me, ſometimes dancing in the midſt of the 'Room, ſometimes ſtriking an Air at her Spinnet, vary-'ing her Poſture and her Charms in ſuch a manner that 'I am in continual Pleaſure: She will play the Fool, if I 'allow her to be wiſe; but if ſhe ſuſpects I like her for 'her Trifling, ſhe immediately grows grave.

'THESE are the Toils in which I am taken, and I 'carry off my Servitude as well as moſt Men; but my 'Application to you is in behalf of the *Hen-peckt* in ge-'neral, and I deſire a Diſſertation from you in Defence 'of us. You have, as I am informed, very good Au-'thorities in our Favour, and hope you will not omit the 'mention of the Renowned *Socrates*, and his Philoſophick 'Reſignation to his Wife *Xantippe*. This would be a very 'good Office to the World in general, for the *Hen-peckt* 'are powerful in their Quality and Numbers, not only in 'Cities but in Courts; in the latter they are ever the moſt 'obſequious, in the former the moſt wealthy of all Men. 'When you have conſidered Wedlock thoroughly, you 'ought to enter into the Suburbs of Matrimony, and give 'us an Account of the Thraldom of kind Keepers, and 'irreſolute Lovers; the Keepers who cannot quit their 'Fair Ones, tho' they ſee their approaching Ruin; the 'Lovers who dare not marry, tho' they know they never 'ſhall be happy without the Miſtreſſes whom they cannot 'purchaſe on other Terms.

'WHAT will be a great Embelliſhment to your Diſ-'courſe, will be, that you may find Inſtances of the 'Haughty, the Proud, the Frolick, the Stubborn, who 'are each of them in ſecret downright Slaves to their 'Wives or Miſtreſſes. I muſt beg of you in the laſt Place 'to dwell upon this, That the Wiſe and Valiant in all

'Ages

'Ages have been *Hen-peckt:* and that the ſturdy Tempers
'who are not Slaves to Affection, owe that Exemption
'to their being inthralled by Ambition, Avarice, or ſome
'meaner Paſſion. I have ten thouſand thouſand Things
'more to ſay, but my Wife ſees me Writing, and will,
'according to Cuſtom, be conſulted, if I do not ſeal this
'immediately.

Yours,

T Nathaniel Henrooſt.

N° 177 *Saturday, September* 22.

——*Quis enim bonus, aut face dignus*
Arcanâ, qualem Cereris vult eſſe ſacerdos,
Ulla aliena ſibi credat mala?—— Juv. Sat. 15. v. 140.

Who can all Senſe of others Ills eſcape,
Is but a Brute, at beſt, in human Shape. TATE.

IN one of my laſt Week's Papers I treated of Good-nature, as it is the Effect of Conſtitution; I ſhall now ſpeak of it as it is a Moral Virtue. The firſt may make a Man eaſy in himſelf and agreeable to others, but implies no Merit in him that is poſſeſſed of it. A Man is no more to be praiſed upon this Account, than becauſe he has a regular Pulſe or a good Digeſtion. This Good-nature however in the Conſtitution, which Mr. *Dryden* ſomewhere calls a *Milkineſs of Blood*, is an admirable Groundwork for the other. In order therefore to try our Good-nature, whether it ariſes from the Body or the Mind, whether it be founded in the Animal or Rational Part of our Nature; in a word, whether it be ſuch as is intitled to any other Reward, beſides that ſecret Satisfaction and Contentment of Mind which is eſſential to it, and the kind Reception it procures us in the World, we muſt examine it by the following Rules.

FIRST, whether it acts with Steadineſs and Uniformity in Sickneſs and in Health, in Proſperity and in Adverſity;

verſity; if otherwiſe, it is to be looked upon as nothing elſe but an Irradiation of the Mind from ſome new Supply of Spirits, or a more kindly Circulation of the Blood. Sir *Francis Bacon* mentions a cunning Solicitor, who would never ask a Favour of a great Man before Dinner; but took care to prefer his Petition at a Time when the Party petitioned had his Mind free from Care, and his Appetites in good Humour. Such a tranſient temporary Good-nature as this, is not that *Philanthropy*, that Love of Mankind, which deſerves the Title of a Moral Virtue.

THE next way of a Man's bringing his Good-nature to the Teſt, is, to conſider whether it operates according to the Rules of Reaſon and Duty: For if, notwithſtanding its general Benevolence to Mankind, it makes no diſtinction between its Objects, if it exerts itſelf promiſcuouſly towards the Deſerving and Undeſerving, if it relieves alike the Idle and the Indigent, if it gives itſelf up to the firſt Petitioner, and lights upon any one rather by Accident than Choice, it may paſs for an amiable Inſtinct, but muſt not aſſume the Name of a Moral Virtue.

THE third Trial of Good-nature will be, the examining ourſelves, whether or no we are able to exert it to our own Diſadvantage, and employ it on proper Objects, notwithſtanding any little Pain, Want, or Inconvenience which may ariſe to ourſelves from it: In a word, whether we are willing to risk any Part of our Fortune, our Reputation, or Health or Eaſe, for the Benefit of Mankind. Among all theſe Expreſſions of Good-nature, I ſhall ſingle out that which goes under the general Name of Charity, as it conſiſts in relieving the Indigent; that being a Trial of this Kind which offers itſelf to us almoſt at all Times and in every Place.

I ſhould propoſe it as a Rule to every one who is provided with any Competency of Fortune more than ſufficient for the Neceſſaries of Life, to lay aſide a certain Proportion of his Income for the Uſe of the Poor. This I would look upon as an Offering to him who has a Right to the whole, for the Uſe of thoſe whom, in the Paſſage hereafter mentioned, he has deſcribed as his own Repreſentatives upon Earth. At the ſame time we ſhould manage our Charity with ſuch Prudence and Caution, that we may not hurt our own Friends or Relations, whilſt

whilſt we are doing Good to thoſe who are Strangers to us.

THIS may poſſibly be explained better by an Example than by a Rule.

EUGENIUS is a Man of an univerſal Good-nature, and generous beyond the Extent of his Fortune; but withal ſo prudent, in the Oeconomy of his Affairs, that what goes out in Charity is made up by good Management. *Eugenius* has what the World calls Two hundred Pounds a Year; but never values himſelf above Nineſcore, as not thinking he has a Right to the tenth Part, which he always appropriates to charitable Uſes. To this Sum he frequently makes other voluntary Additions, inſomuch that in a good Year, for ſuch he accounts thoſe in which he has been able to make greater Bounties than ordinary, he has given above twice that Sum to the Sickly and Indigent. *Eugenius* preſcribes to himſelf many particular Days of Faſting and Abſtinence, in order to increaſe his private Bank of Charity, and ſets aſide what would be the current Expences of thoſe Times for the Uſe of the Poor. He often goes afoot where his Buſineſs calls him, and at the End of his Walk has given a Shilling, which in his ordinary Methods of Expence would have gone for Coach-hire, to the firſt Neceſſitous Perſon that has fallen in his way. I have known him, when he has been going to a Play or an Opera, divert the Money which was deſigned for that Purpoſe, upon an Object of Charity whom he has met with in the Street; and afterwards paſs his Evening in a Coffee-houſe, or at a Friend's Fire-ſide, with much greater Satisfaction to himſelf than he could have received from the moſt exquiſite Entertainments of the Theatre. By theſe means he is generous, without impoveriſhing himſelf, and enjoys his Eſtate by making it the Property of others.

THERE are few Men ſo cramped in their private Affairs, who may not be charitable after this manner, without any Diſadvantage to themſelves, or Prejudice to their Families. It is but ſometimes ſacrificing a Diverſion or Convenience to the Poor, and turning the uſual Courſe of our Expences into a better Channel. This is, I think, not only the moſt prudent and convenient, but the moſt meritorious Piece of Charity, which we can put

in

in practice. By this Method we in ſome meaſure ſhare the Neceſſities of the Poor at the ſame time that we relieve them, and make ourſelves not only their Patrons, but their Fellow-ſufferers.

SIR *Thomas Brown*, in the laſt Part of his *Religio Medici*, in which he deſcribes his Charity in ſeveral Heroick Inſtances, and with a noble Heat of Sentiments, mentions that Verſe in the Proverbs of *Solomon*, *He that giveth to the Poor, lendeth to the Lord:* 'There is more Rhetorick 'in that one Sentence, ſays he, than in a Library of Ser-'mons; and indeed if thoſe Sentences were underſtood 'by the Reader, with the ſame Emphaſis as they are 'delivered by the Author, we needed not thoſe Vo-'lumes of Inſtructions, but might be honeſt by an 'Epitome.

THIS Paſſage in Scripture is indeed wonderfully perſuaſive; but I think the ſame Thought is carried much farther in the New Teſtament, where our Saviour tells us in a moſt pathetick manner, that he ſhall hereafter regard the Clothing of the Naked, the Feeding of the Hungry, and the Viſiting of the Impriſoned, as Offices done to himſelf, and reward them accordingly. Purſuant to thoſe Paſſages in Holy Scripture, I have ſomewhere met with the Epitaph of a charitable Man, which has very much pleaſed me. I cannot recollect the Words, but the Senſe of it is to this Purpoſe; What I ſpent I loſt; what I poſſeſſed is left to others; what I gave away remains with me.

SINCE I am thus inſenſibly engaged in Sacred Writ, I cannot forbear making an Extract of ſeveral Paſſages which I have always read with great Delight in the Book of *Job*. It is the Account which that Holy Man gives of his Behaviour in the Days of his Proſperity, and, if conſidered only as a human Compoſition, is a finer Picture of a charitable and good-natured Man than is to be met with in any other Author.

OH that I were as in Months paſt, as in the Days when God preſerved me: When his Candle ſhined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkneſs: When the Almighty was yet with me: when my Children were about me: When I waſhed my ſteps with butter, and the rock poured out rivers of oil.

WHEN

WHEN the Ear heard me, then it bleſſed me; and when the Eye ſaw me, it gave witneſs to me. Becauſe I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherleſs, and him that had none to help him. The bleſſing of him that was ready to periſh came upon me, and I cauſed the Widow's Heart to ſing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame; I was a father to the poor, and the cauſe which I knew not I ſearched out. Did not I weep for him that was in trouble? was not my Soul grieved for the poor? Let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know mine Integrity. If I did deſpiſe the cauſe of my man-ſervant or of my maid-ſervant when they contended with me; What then ſhall I do when God riſeth up? and when he viſiteth, what ſhall I anſwer him? Did not he that made me in the womb, make him? and did not one faſhion us in the womb? If I have withheld the poor from their deſire, or have cauſed the eyes of the Widow to fail: Or have eaten my morſel myſelf alone, and the fatherleſs hath not eaten thereof: If I have ſeen any periſh for want of clothing, or any poor without covering: If his loins have not bleſſed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my ſheep: If I have lift up my hand againſt the fatherleſs, when I ſaw my help in the gate; then let mine arm fall from my ſhoulder-blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone. If I have rejoiced at the deſtruction of him that hated me, or lift up myſelf when evil found him: (Neither have I ſuffered my mouth to ſin, by wiſhing a curſe to his ſoul.) The ſtranger did not lodge in the ſtreet; but I opened my doors to the traveller. If my land cry againſt me, or that the furrows likewiſe thereof complain: If I have eaten the fruits thereof without money, or have cauſed the owners thereof to loſe their life; Let thiſtles grow inſtead of wheat, and cockle inſtead of barley.

Monday,

N° 178 *Monday, September* 24.

Comis in uxorem—— Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 133.
Civil to his Wife, POPE.

I Cannot defer taking notice of this Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am but too good a Judge of your Paper of the 15th Inſtant, which is a Maſter-piece; I mean that of Jealouſy: But I think it unworthy of you to ſpeak of that Torture in the Breaſt of a Man, and not to mention alſo the Pangs of it in the Heart of a Woman. You have very judiciouſly, and with the greateſt Penetration imaginable, conſidered it as Woman is the Creature of whom the Diffidence is raiſed: but not a Word of a Man, who is ſo unmerciful as to move Jealouſy in his Wife, and not care whether ſhe is ſo or not. It is poſſible you may not believe there are ſuch Tyrants in the World; but alas, I can tell you of a Man who is ever out of Humour in his Wife's Company, and the pleaſanteſt Man in the World every where elſe; the greateſt Sloven at home when he appears to none but his Family, and moſt exactly well-dreſſed in all other Places. Alas, Sir, is it of courſe, that to deliver one's ſelf wholly into a Man's Power without Poſſibility of Appeal to any other Juriſdiction but his own Reflexions, is ſo little an Obligation to a Gentleman, that he can be offended and fall into a Rage, becauſe my Heart ſwells Tears into my Eyes when I ſee him in a cloudy Mood? I pretend to no Succour, and hope for no Relief but from himſelf; and yet he that has Senſe and Juſtice in every thing elſe, never reflects, that to come home only to ſleep off an Intemperance, and ſpend all the Time he is there as if it were a Puniſhment, cannot but give

'the

'the Anguiſh of a jealous Mind. He always leaves his 'Home as if he were going to Court, and returns as if he 'were entring a Goal. I could add to this, that from his 'Company and his uſual Diſcourſe, he does not ſcruple 'being thought an abandoned Man, as to his Morals. 'Your own Imagination will ſay enough to you concern-'ing the Condition of me his Wife; and I wiſh you 'would be ſo good as to repreſent to him, for he is not 'ill-natured, and reads you much, that the Moment I 'hear the Door ſhut after him, I throw myſelf upon my 'Bed, and drown the Child he is ſo fond of with my 'Tears, and often frighten it with my Cries; that I curſe 'my Being; that I run to my Glaſs all over bathed in 'Sorrows, and help the Utterance of my inward Anguiſh 'by beholding the Guſh of my own Calamities as my 'Tears fall from my Eyes. This looks like an imagined 'Picture to tell you, but indeed this is one of my Paſtimes. 'Hitherto I have only told you the general Temper of 'my Mind, but how ſhall I give you an Account of the 'Diſtraction of it? Could you but conceive how cruel I 'am one Moment in my Reſentment, and at the enſuing 'Minute, when I place him in the Condition my Anger 'would bring him to, how compaſſionate; it would give 'you ſome Notion how miſerable I am, and how little I 'deſerve it. When I remonſtrate with the greateſt Gen-'tleneſs that is poſſible againſt unhandſom Appearances, 'and that married Perſons are under particular Rules; 'when he is in the beſt Humour to receive this. I am an-'ſwered only, That I expoſe my own Reputation and 'Senſe if I appear jealous. I wiſh, good Sir, you would 'take this into ſerious Conſideration, and admoniſh Huſ-'bands and Wives what Terms they ought to keep to-'wards each other. Your Thoughts on this important 'Subject will have the greateſt Reward, that which de-'ſcends on ſuch as feel the Sorrows of the Afflicted. Give 'me leave to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your unfortunate

humble Servant,

CELINDA.

I had it in my Thoughts, before I received the Letter of this Lady, to conſider this dreadful Paſſion in the Mind of

of a Woman; and the Smart ſhe ſeems to feel does not abate the Inclination I had to recommend to Husbands a more regular Behaviour, than to give the moſt exquiſite of Torments to thoſe who love them, nay whoſe Torment would be abated if they did not love them.

IT is wonderful to obſerve how little is made of this inexpreſſible Injury, and how eaſily Men get into a Habit of being leaſt agreeable where they are moſt obliged to be ſo. But this Subject deſerves a diſtinct Speculation, and I ſhall obſerve for a Day or two the Behaviour of two or three happy Pair I am acquainted with, before I pretend to make a Syſtem of conjugal Morality. I deſign in the firſt place to go a few Miles out of Town, and there I know where to meet one who practiſes all the Parts of a fine Gentleman in the Duty of an Husband. When he was a Bachelor much Buſineſs made him particularly negligent in his Habit; but now there is no young Lover living ſo exact in the Care of his Perſon. One who asked why he was ſo long waſhing his Mouth, and ſo delicate in the Choice and Wearing of his Linen, was anſwered, Becauſe there is a Woman of Merit obliged to receive me kindly, and I think it incumbent upon me to make her Inclination go along with her Duty.

IF a Man would give himſelf leave to think, he would not be ſo unreaſonable as to expect Debauchery and Innocence could live in Commerce together; or hope that Fleſh and Blood is capable of ſo ſtrict an Alliance, as that a fine Woman muſt go on to improve herſelf 'till ſhe is as good and impaſſive as an Angel, only to preſerve a Fidelity to a Brute and a Satyr. The Lady who deſires me for her Sake to end one of my Papers with the following Letter, I am perſuaded, thinks ſuch a Perſeverance very impracticable.

Huſband,

'STAY more at home. I know where you viſited
'at Seven of the Clock on *Thurſday* Evening. The
'Colonel, whom you charged me to ſee no more, is in
'Town.

'T *Martha Houſewife.*

Tueſday,

N° 179 *Tueſday, September* 25.

Centuriæ ſeniorum agitant expertia frugis:
Celſi prætereunt auſtera Poemata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 341.

Old Age explodes all but Morality;
Auſterity offends aſpiring Youth:
But he that joins Inſtruction with Delight,
Profit with Pleaſure, carries all the Votes.

ROSCOMMON.

I MAY caſt my Readers under two general Diviſions, the *Mercurial* and the *Saturnine*. The firſt are the gay Part of my Diſciples, who require Speculations of Wit and Humour; the others are thoſe of a more ſolemn and ſober Turn, who find no Pleaſure but in Papers of Morality and ſound Senſe. The former call every thing that is Serious, Stupid; the latter look upon every thing as Impertinent that is Ludicrous. Were I always Grave, one half of my Readers would fall off from me: Were I always Merry, I ſhould loſe the other. I make it therefore my Endeavour to find out Entertainments of both Kinds, and by that means perhaps conſult the Good of both, more than I ſhould do, did I always write to the particular Taſte of either. As they neither of them know what I proceed upon, the ſprightly Reader, who takes up my Paper in order to be diverted, very often finds himſelf engaged unawares in a ſerious and profitable Courſe of Thinking; as on the contrary, the thoughtful Man, who perhaps may hope to find ſomething Solid, and full of deep Reflexion, is very often inſenſibly betrayed into a Fit of Mirth. In a word, the Reader ſits down to my Entertainment without knowing his Bill of Fare, and has therefore at leaſt the Pleaſure of hoping there may be a Diſh to his Palate.

I muſt

I muſt confeſs, were I left to myſelf, I ſhould rather aim at Inſtructing than Diverting; but if we will be uſeful to the World, we muſt take it as we find it. Authors of profeſſed Severity diſcourage the looſer Part of Mankind from having any thing to do with their Writings. A Man muſt have Virtue in him, before he will enter upon the reading of a *Seneca* or an *Epictetus*. The very Title of a Moral Treatiſe has ſomething in it auſtere and ſhocking to the Careleſs and Inconſiderate.

FOR this Reaſon ſeveral unthinking Perſons fall in my way, who would give no Attention to Lectures delivered with a Religious Seriouſneſs or a Philoſophick Gravity. They are inſnared into Sentiments of Wiſdom and Virtue when they do not think of it; and if by that means they arrive only at ſuch a Degree of Conſideration as may diſpoſe them to liſten to more ſtudied and elaborate Diſcourſes, I ſhall not think my Speculations uſeleſs. I might likewiſe obſerve, that the Gloominеſs in which ſometimes the Minds of the beſt Men are involved, very often ſtands in need of ſuch little Incitements to Mirth and Laughter, as are apt to diſperſe Melancholy, and put our Faculties in good Humour. To which ſome will add, that the *Britiſh* Climate, more than any other, makes Entertainments of this Nature in a manner neceſſary.

IF what I have here ſaid does not recommend, it will at leaſt excuſe the Variety of my Speculations. I would not willingly Laugh but in order to inſtruct, or if I ſometimes fail in this Point, when my Mirth ceaſes to be Inſtructive, it ſhall never ceaſe to be Innocent. A ſcrupulous Conduct in this Particular, has, perhaps, more Merit in it than the Generality of Readers imagine; did they know how many Thoughts occur in a Point of Humour, which a diſcreet Author in Modeſty ſuppreſſes; how many Strokes of Rallery preſent themſelves, which could not fail to pleaſe the ordinary Taſte of Mankind, but are ſtifled in their Birth by reaſon of ſome remote Tendency which they carry in them to corrupt the Minds of thoſe who read them; did they know how many Glances of Ill-nature are induſtriouſly avoided for fear of doing Injury to the Reputation of another, they would be apt to think kindly of thoſe Writers who endeavour to make themſelves Diverting, without being

Im-

Immoral. One may apply to theſe Authors that Paſſage in *Waller*.

Poets loſe half the Praiſe they would have got,
Were it but known what they diſcreetly blot.

As nothing is more eaſy than to be a Wit, with all the above-mentioned Liberties, it requires ſome Genius and Invention to appear ſuch without them.

WHAT I have here ſaid is not only in regard to the Publick, but with an Eye to my particular Correſpondent, who has ſent me the following Letter, which I have caſtrated in ſome Places upon theſe Conſiderations.

SIR,

'HAVING lately ſeen your Diſcourſe upon a Match 'of Grinning, I cannot forbear giving you an Account of a Whiſtling Match, which, with many others, 'I was entertained with about three Years ſince at the '*Bath*. The Prize was a Guinea, to be conferred upon 'the ableſt Whiſtler, that is, on him who could whiſtle 'cleareſt, and go through his Tune without Laughing, 'to which at the ſame time he was provoked by the 'antick Poſtures of a *Merry-Andrew*, who was to ſtand 'upon the Stage and play his Tricks in the Eye of the 'Performer. There were three Competitors for the Ring. 'The firſt was a Plough-man of a very promiſing Aſpect; 'his Features were ſteady, and his Muſcles compoſed in 'ſo inflexible a Stupidity, that upon his firſt Appearance 'every one gave the Guinea for loſt. The Pickled Herring however found the way to ſhake him; for upon his 'Whiſtling a Country Jig, this unlucky Wag danced to 'it with ſuch Variety of Diſtortions and Grimaces, that 'the Countryman could not forbear ſmiling upon him, 'and by that means ſpoiled his Whiſtle, and loſt the 'Prize.

'THE next that mounted the Stage was an Under-'Citizen of the *Bath*, a Perſon remarkable among the 'inferior People of that Place for his great Wiſdom and 'his Broad Band. He contracted his Mouth with much 'Gravity, and, that he might diſpoſe his Mind to be 'more ſerious than ordinary, begun the Tune of *The* '*Children in the Wood*, and went through part of it with

'good

'good Succeſs; when on a ſudden the Wit at his Elbow, 'who had appeared wonderfully grave and attentive for 'ſome time, gave him a Touch upon the left Shoulder, 'and ſtared him in the Face with ſo bewitching a Grin, 'that the Whiſtler relaxed his Fibres into a kind of Simper, and at length burſt out into an open Laugh. The 'third who entered the Liſts was a Footman, who in 'Defiance of the *Merry-Andrew*, and all his Arts, whiſtled a *Scotch* Tune and an *Italian* Sonata, with ſo ſettled 'a Countenance, that he bore away the Prize, to the great 'Admiration of ſome Hundreds of Perſons, who, as well 'as myſelf, were preſent at this Trial of Skill. Now, 'Sir, I humbly conceive, whatever you have determined 'of the Grinners, the Whiſtlers ought to be encouraged, 'not only as their Art is practiſed without Diſtortion, but 'as it improves Country Muſick, promotes Gravity, and 'teaches ordinary People to keep their Countenances, if 'they ſee any thing ridiculous in their Betters; beſides 'that it ſeems an Entertainment very particularly adapted to the *Bath*, as it is uſual for a Rider to whiſtle to his 'Horſe when he would make his Waters paſs.

I am, Sir, &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

'AFTER having diſpatched theſe two important 'Points of Grinning and Whiſtling, I hope you will oblige the World with ſome Reflexions upon Yawning, 'as I have ſeen it practiſed on a Twelfth-Night among 'other *Chriſtmas* Gambols at the Houſe of a very worthy Gentleman, who always entertains his Tenants at 'that time of the Year. They Yawn for a *Cheſhire* 'Cheeſe, and begin about Midnight, when the whole 'Company is diſpoſed to be drouſy. He that Yawns 'wideſt, and at the ſame time ſo naturally as to produce 'the moſt Yawns among the Spectators, carries home 'the Cheeſe. If you handle this Subject as you ought, 'I queſtion not but your Paper will ſet half the Kingdom a Yawning, tho' I dare promiſe you it will never 'make any body fall aſleep. L

Wedneſday,

Nº 180 *Wedneſday, September* 26.

——*Delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi.*
Hor. Ep. 2. l. 1. v. 14.

The People ſuffer when the Prince offends. CREECH.

THE following Letter has ſo much Weight and good Senſe, that I cannot forbear inſerting it, tho' it relates to an hardened Sinner, whom I have very little Hopes of reforming, *viz. Lewis* XIV. of *France*.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AMIDST the Variety of Subjects of which you 'have treated, I could wiſh it had fallen in your 'way, to expoſe the Vanity of Conqueſts. This Thought 'would naturally lead one to the *French* King, who has 'been generally eſteemed the greateſt Conqueror of our 'Age, 'till her Majeſty's Armies had torn from him ſo 'many of his Countries, and deprived him of the Fruit 'of all his former Victories. For my own part, if I 'were to draw his Picture, I ſhould be for taking him 'no lower than to the Peace of *Reſwick*, juſt at the End 'of his Triumphs, and before his Reverſe of Fortune: 'and even then I ſhould not forbear thinking his Ambition had been vain and unprofitable to himſelf and 'his People.

'AS for himſelf, it is certain he can have gained nothing by his Conqueſts, if they have not rendered him 'Maſter of more Subjects, more Riches, or greater Power. 'What I ſhall be able to offer upon theſe Heads, I reſolve 'to ſubmit to your Conſideration.

'TO begin then with his Increaſe of Subjects. From 'the time he came of Age, and has been a Manager for 'himſelf, all the People he had acquired were ſuch only 'as he had reduced by his Wars, and were left in his 'Poſſeſſion by the Peace; he had conquered not above one

'third Part of *Flanders*, and conſequently no more than 'one third Part of the Inhabitants of that Province.

'ABOUT 100 Years ago the Houſes in that Country 'were all numbered, and by a juſt Computation the In- 'habitants of all Sorts could not then exceed 750000 'Souls. And if any Man will conſider the Deſolation by 'almoſt perpetual Wars, the numerous Armies that have 'lived almoſt ever ſince at Diſcretion upon the People, 'and how much of their Commerce has removed for 'more Security to other Places, he will have little Reaſon 'to imagine that their Numbers have ſince increaſed; 'and therefore with one third Part of that Province that 'Prince can have gained no more than one third Part of 'the Inhabitants, or 250000 new Subjects, even tho' it 'ſhould be ſuppoſed they were all contented to live ſtill 'in their native Country, and transfer their Allegiance to 'a new Maſter.

'THE Fertility of this Province, its convenient Si- 'tuation for Trade and Commerce, its Capacity for fur- 'niſhing Employment and Subſiſtence to great Num- 'bers, and the vaſt Armies that have been maintained 'here, make it credible that the remaining two Thirds 'of *Flanders* are equal to all his other Conqueſts; and 'conſequently by all he cannot have gained more than '750000 new Subjects, Men, Women and Children, 'eſpecially if a Deduction ſhall be made of ſuch as 'have retired from the Conqueror to live under their 'old Maſters.

'IT is time now to ſet his Loſs againſt his Profit, 'and to ſhew for the new Subjects he had acquired, 'how many old ones he had loſt in the Acquiſition: I 'think that in his Wars he has ſeldom brought leſs into 'the Field in all Places than 200000 fighting Men, be- 'ſides what have been left in Garriſons; and I think the 'common Computation is, that of an Army, at the 'End of a Campaign, without Sieges or Battles, ſcarce 'four Fifths can be muſtered of thoſe that came into 'the Field at the Beginning of the Year. His Wars 'at ſeveral Times till the laſt Peace have held about 20 'Years; and if 40000 yearly loſt, or a fifth Part of his 'Armies, are to be multiplied by 20, he cannot have 'loſt leſs than 800000 of his old Subjects, and all able-

'body'd

'body'd Men; a greater Number than the new Subjects 'he had acquired.

'BUT this Loſs is not all: Providence ſeems to have 'equally divided the whole Maſs of Mankind into dif-'ferent Sexes, that every Woman may have her Husband, 'and that both may equally contribute to the Continuance 'of the Species. It follows then, that for all the Men 'that have been loſt, as many Women muſt have lived 'ſingle, and it were but Charity to believe they have not 'done all the Service they were capable of doing in their 'Generation. In ſo long a Courſe of Years great part 'of them muſt have died, and all the reſt muſt go off 'at laſt without leaving any Repreſentatives behind. By 'this Account he muſt have loſt not only 800000 Subjects, 'but double that Number, and all the Increaſe that was 'reaſonably to be expected from it.

'IT is ſaid in the laſt War there was a Famine in his 'Kingdom, which ſwept away two Millions of his Peo-'ple. This is hardly credible: If the loſs was only of 'one fifth Part of that Sum, it was very great. But 'tis 'no wonder there ſhould be Famine, where ſo much 'of the People's Subſtance is taken away for the King's 'Uſe, that they have not ſufficient left to provide againſt 'Accidents; where ſo many of the Men are taken from 'the Plough to ſerve the King in his Wars, and a great 'part of the Tillage is left to the weaker Hands of ſo 'many Women and Children. Whatever was the Loſs, 'it muſt undoubtedly be placed to the Account of his 'Ambition.

'AND ſo muſt alſo the Deſtruction or Baniſhment of '3 or 400000 of his reformed Subjects; he could have 'no other Reaſons for valuing thoſe Lives ſo very cheap, 'but only to recommend himſelf to the Bigotry of the '*Spaniſh* Nation.

'HOW ſhould there be Induſtry in a Country where 'all Property is precarious? What Subject will ſow his 'Land that his Prince may reap the whole Harveſt? 'Parſimony and Frugality muſt be Strangers to ſuch 'a People; for will any Man ſave to-day what he has 'Reaſon to fear will be taken from him to-morrow? 'And where is the Encouragement for marrying? Will 'any Man think of raiſing Children, without any Aſſu-

'rance of Clothing for their Backs, or ſo much as Food 'for their Bellies? And thus by his fatal Ambition he 'muſt have leſſened the Number of his Subjects not only 'by Slaughter and Deſtruction, but by preventing their 'very Births, he has done as much as was poſſible to-'wards deſtroying Poſterity itſelf.

'IS this then the great, the invincible *Lewis?* This 'the immortal Man, the *tout-puiſſant*, or the Almighty, 'as his Flatterers have called him? Is this the Man that 'is ſo celebrated for his Conqueſts? For every Subject 'he has acquired, has he not loſt three that were his In-'heritance? Are not his Troops fewer, and thoſe nei-'ther ſo well fed, or clothed, or paid, as they were for-'merly, tho' he has now ſo much greater Cauſe to exert 'himſelf? And what can be the Reaſon of all this, but 'that his Revenue is a great deal leſs, his Subjects are 'either poorer, or not ſo many to be plundered by con-'ſtant Taxes for his Uſe?

'IT is well for him he had found out a Way to ſteal 'a Kingdom; if he had gone on conquering as he did 'before, his Ruin had been long ſince finiſhed. This 'brings to my Mind a Saying of King *Pyrrhus*, after he 'had a ſecond time beat the *Romans* in a pitched Battle, 'and was complimented by his Generals; *Yes*, ſays he, '*ſuch another Victory and I am quite undone.* And ſince 'I have mentioned *Pyrrhus*, I will end with a very 'good, though known Story of this ambitious mad Man. 'When he had ſhewn the utmoſt Fondneſs of his Ex-'pedition againſt the *Romans*, *Cyneas* his chief Miniſter 'asked him what he propoſed to himſelf by this War? 'Why, ſays *Pyrrhus*, to conquer the *Romans*, and reduce 'all *Italy* to my Obedience. What then? ſays *Cyneas*. 'To paſs over into *Sicily*, ſays *Pyrrhus*, and then all the '*Sicilians* muſt be our Subjects. And what does your 'Majeſty intend next? Why truly, ſays the King, to 'conquer *Carthage*, and make myſelf maſter of all '*Africa*. And what, Sir, ſays the Miniſter is to be the 'End of all your Expeditions? Why then, ſays the King, 'for the reſt of our Lives we'll ſit down to good Wine. 'How, Sir, replied *Cyneas*, to better than we have now 'before us? Have we not already as much as we can 'drink?

'RIOT

'RIOT and Exceſs are not the becoming Characters 'of Princes; but if *Pyrrhus* and *Lewis* had debauched like '*Vitellius*, they had been leſs hurtful to their People.

Your humble Servant,

T PHILARITHMUS.

Nº 181 *Thurſday, September* 27.

His lacrymis vitam damus, & miſereſcimus ultrò.
Virg. Æn. 2. v. 145.

Mov'd by theſe Tears, we pity and protect.

I AM more pleaſed with a Letter that is filled with Touches of Nature than of Wit. The following one is of this Kind.

SIR,

'AMONG all the Diſtreſſes which happen in Families, I do not remember that you have touched 'upon the Marriage of Children without the Conſent 'of their Parents. I am one of theſe unfortunate Perſons. I was about fifteen when I took the Liberty to 'chooſe for myſelf; and have ever ſince languiſhed 'under the Diſpleaſure of an inexorable Father, who, 'though he ſees me happy in the beſt of Husbands, and 'bleſſed with very fine Children, can never be prevailed 'upon to forgive me. He was ſo kind to me before 'this unhappy Accident, that indeed it makes my Breach 'of Duty, in ſome meaſure, inexcuſable; and at the 'ſame times creates in me ſuch a Tenderneſs towards 'him, that I love him above all things, and would die 'to be reconciled to him. I have thrown myſelf at his 'Feet, and beſought him with Tears to pardon me; but 'he always puſhes me away, and ſpurns me from him; 'I have written ſeveral Letters to him, but he will neither open nor receive them. About two Years ago I 'ſent my little Boy to him, dreſſed in a new Apparel;

'but the Child returned to me crying, becauſe he ſaid 'his Grandfather would not ſee him, and had ordered 'him to be put out of his Houſe. My Mother is won 'over to my Side, but dares not mention me to my Fa-'ther for fear of provoking him. About a Month ago he 'lay ſick upon his Bed, and in great Danger of his Life: I 'was pierced to the Heart at the News, and could not 'forbear going to inquire after his Health. My Mother 'took this Opportunity of ſpeaking in my Behalf: ſhe 'told him with abundance of Tears, that I was come to 'ſee him, that I could not ſpeak to her for weeping, and 'that I ſhould certainly break my Heart if he refus'd at 'that Time to give me his Bleſſing, and be reconciled to 'me. He was ſo far from relenting towards me, that he 'bid her ſpeak no more of me, unleſs ſhe had a mind to 'diſturb him in his laſt Moments; for, Sir, you muſt 'know that he has the Reputation of an honeſt and reli-'gious Man, which makes my Misfortune ſo much the 'greater. God be thanked he is ſince recovered: But 'his ſevere Uſage has given me ſuch a Blow, that I 'ſhall ſoon ſink under it, unleſs I may be relieved by 'any Impreſſions which the reading of this in your Paper 'may make upon him.

I am, &c.

OF all Hardneſſes of Heart there is none ſo inexcuſable as that of Parents towards their Children. An obſtinate, inflexible, unforgiving Temper is odious upon all Occaſions; but here it is unnatural. The Love, Tenderneſs, and Compaſſion, which are apt to ariſe in us towards thoſe who depend upon us, is that by which the whole World of Life is upheld. The Supreme Being, by the tranſcendent Excellency and Goodneſs of his Nature, extends his Mercy towards all his Works; and becauſe his Creatures have not ſuch a ſpontaneous Benevolence and Compaſſion towards thoſe who are under their Care and Protection, he has implanted in them an Inſtinct, that ſupplies the Place of this inherent Goodneſs. I have illuſtrated this kind of Inſtinct in former Papers, and have ſhewn how it runs thro' all the Species of brute Creatures, as indeed the whole Animal Creation ſubſiſts by it.

THIS

THIS Inſtinct in Man is more general and uncircumſcribed than in Brutes, as being enlarged by the Dictates of Reaſon and Duty. For if we conſider ourſelves attentively, we ſhall find that we are not only inclined to love thoſe who deſcend from us, but that we bear a kind of στοργή, or natural Affection, to every thing which relies upon us for its Good and Preſervation. Dependence is a perpetual Call upon Humanity, and a greater Incitement to Tenderneſs and Pity than any other Motive whatſoever.

THE Man therefore who, notwithſtanding any Paſſion or Reſentment, can overcome this powerful Inſtinct, and extinguiſh natural Affection, debaſes his Mind even below Brutality, fruſtrates, as much as in him lies, the great Deſign of Providence, and ſtrikes out of his Nature one of the moſt Divine Principles that is planted in it.

AMONG innumerable Arguments which might be brought againſt ſuch an unreaſonable Proceeding, I ſhall only inſiſt on one. We make it the Condition of our Forgiveneſs that we forgive others. In our very Prayers we deſire no more than to be treated by this kind of Retaliation. The Caſe therefore before us ſeems to be what they call a *Caſe in Point*; the Relation between the Child and Father being what comes neareſt to that between a Creature and its Creator. If the Father is inexorable to the Child who has offended, let the Offence be of never ſo high a Nature, how will he addreſs himſelf to the Supreme Being under the tender Appellation of a Father, and deſire of him ſuch a Forgiveneſs as he himſelf refuſes to grant?

TO this I might add many other religious, as well as many prudential Conſiderations; but if the laſt mentioned Motive does not prevail, I deſpair of ſucceeding by any other, and ſhall therefore conclude my Paper with a very remarkable Story, which is recorded in an old Chronicle publiſhed by *Freher*, among the Writers of the *German* Hiſtory.

EGINHART, who was Secretary to *Charles the Great*, became exceeding popular by his Behaviour in that Poſt. His great Abilities gain'd him the Favour of his Maſter, and the Eſteem of the whole Court. *Imma*, the Daughter of the Emperor, was ſo pleaſed with his Perſon and

Converſation, that ſhe fell in Love with him. As ſhe was one of the greateſt Beauties of the Age, *Eginhart* anſwer'd her with a more than equal Return of Paſſion. They ſtifled their Flames for ſome time, under Apprehenſion of the fatal Conſequences that might enſue. *Eginhart* at length reſolving to hazard all, rather than be deprived of one whom his Heart was ſo much ſet upon, conveyed himſelf one Night into the Princeſs's Apartment, and knocking gently at the Door, was admitted as a Perſon who had ſomething to communicate to her from the Emperor. He was with her in private moſt part of the Night; but upon his preparing to go away about Break of Day, he obſerved that there had fallen a great Snow during his Stay with the Princeſs. This very much perplexed him, leſt the Prints of his Feet in the Snow might make Diſcoveries to the King, who often uſed to viſit his Daughter in the Morning. He acquainted the Princeſs *Imma* with his Fears; who, after ſome Conſultations upon the Matter, prevailed upon him to let her carry him through the Snow upon her own Shoulders. It happened, that the Emperor not being able to ſleep, was at that time up and walking in his Chamber, when upon looking through the Window he perceived his Daughter tottering under her Burden, and carrying his firſt Miniſter acroſs the Snow; which ſhe had no ſooner done, but ſhe returned again with the utmoſt Speed to her own Apartment. The Emperor was extremely troubled and aſtoniſhed at this Accident; but reſolved to ſpeak nothing of it till a proper Opportunity. In the mean time, *Eginhart* knowing that what he had done could not be long a Secret, determined to retire from Court; and in order to it begged the Emperor that he would be pleaſed to diſmiſs him, pretending a kind of Diſcontent at his not having been rewarded for his long Services. The Emperor would not give a direct Anſwer to his Petition, but told him he would think of it, and appointed a certain Day when he would let him know his Pleaſure. He then called together the moſt faithful of his Counſellors, and acquainting them with his Secretary's Crime, asked them their Advice in ſo delicate an Affair. They moſt of them gave their Opinion, that the Perſon could not be too ſeverely puniſhed who had thus diſhonoured his Maſter. Upon the whole Debate, the Empe-

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ror declared it was his Opinion, that *Eginhart*'s Puniſhment would rather increaſe than diminiſh the Shame of his Family, and that therefore he thought it the moſt adviſeable to wear out the Memory of the Fact, by marrying him to his Daughter. Accordingly *Eginhart* was called in, and acquainted by the Emperor, that he ſhould no longer have any Pretence of complaining his Services were not rewarded, for that the Princeſs *Imma* ſhould be given him in Marriage, with a Dower ſuitable to her Quality; which was ſoon after performed accordingly. L.

N° 182 *Friday, September* 28.

Plus aloës quàm mellis habet —— Juv. Sat. 6. v. 180.

The Bitter overbalances the Sweet.

AS all Parts of human Life come under my Obſervation, my Reader muſt not make uncharitable Inferences from my ſpeaking knowingly of that Sort of Crime which is at preſent treated of. He will, I hope, ſuppoſe I know it only from the Letters of Correſpondents, two of which you ſhall have as follow.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IT is wonderful to me that among the many Enormities which you have treated of, you have no mentioned that of Wenching, and particularly the Inſnaring Part; I mean, that it is a Thing very fit for your Pen, to expoſe the Villany of the Practice of deluding Women. You are to know, Sir, that I myſelf am a Woman who have been one of the Unhappy that have fallen into this Misfortune, and that by the Inſinuation of a very worthleſs Fellow, who ſerved others in the ſame manner both before my Ruin and ſince that Time. I had, as ſoon as the Raſcal left me, ſo much Indignation and Reſolution, as not to go upon the Town, as

'the Phraſe is, but took to Work for my Living in an 'obſcure Place, out of the Knowledge of all with whom 'I was before acquainted.

'I T is the ordinary Practice and Buſineſs of Life with 'a Set of idle Fellows about this Town, to write Letters, 'ſend Meſſages, and form Appointments with little raw 'unthinking Girls, and leave them after Poſſeſſion of 'them, without any Mercy, to Shame, Infamy, Poverty, 'and Diſeaſe. Were you to read the nauſeous Impertinences which are written on theſe Occaſions, and to ſee 'the ſilly Creatures ſighing over them, it could not but be 'Matter of Mirth as well as Pity. A little Prentice Girl 'of mine has been for ſome time applied to by an *Iriſh* 'Fellow, who dreſſes very fine, and ſtruts in a laced Coat, 'and is the Admiration of Seamſtreſſes who are under 'Age in Town, ever ſince I have had ſome Knowledge 'of the Matter, I have debarred my Prentice from Pen, 'Ink and Paper. But the other Day he beſpoke ſome Cravats of me: I went out of the Shop, and left his Miſtreſs 'to put them up into a Bandbox in order to be ſent to him 'when his Man called. When I came into the Shop 'again, I took occaſion to ſend her away, and found in 'the Bottom of the Box written theſe Words, *Why would 'you ruin a harmleſs Creature that loves you?* then in the 'Lid, *There is no reſiſting* Strephon: I ſearched a little 'farther, and found in the Rim of the Box, *At Eleven 'o' clock at Night come in an Hackney-Coach at the End of 'our Street.* This was enough to alarm me; I ſent away 'the things, and took my Meaſures accordingly. An 'Hour or two before the appointed Time I examined my 'young Lady, and found her Trunk ſtuffed with impertinent Letters, and an old Scroll of Parchment in *Latin*, 'which her Lover had ſent her as a Settlement of Fifty 'Pounds a Year: Among other things, there was alſo the 'beſt Lace I had in my Shop to make him a Preſent for 'Cravats. I was very glad of this laſt Circumſtance, because I could very conſcientiouſly ſwear againſt him that 'he had enticed my Servant away, and was her Accomplice in robbing me: I procured a Warrant againſt him 'accordingly. Every thing was now prepared, and the 'tender Hour of Love approaching, I, who had acted for 'myſelf in my Youth the ſame ſenſeleſs Part, knew how

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'to manage accordingly: Therefore, after having locked 'up my Maid, and not being ſo much unlike her in 'Height and Shape, as in a huddled way not to paſs for 'her, I delivered the Bundle deſigned to be carried off to 'her Lover's Man, who came with the Signal to receive 'them. Thus I followed after to the Coach, where when 'I ſaw his Maſter take them in, I cried out, Thieves! 'Thieves! and the Conſtable with his Attendants ſeized 'my expecting Lover. I kept myſelf unobſerved till I 'ſaw the Crowd ſufficiently increaſed, and then appeared 'to declare the Goods to be mine; and had the Satis-'faction to ſee my Man of Mode put into the *Round-'Houſe*, with the ſtolen Wares by him, to be produced 'in Evidence againſt him the next Morning. This Mat-'ter is notoriouſly known to be Fact; and I have been 'contented to ſave my Prentice, and take a Year's Rent 'of this mortified Lover, not to appear farther in the 'Matter. This was ſome Penance; but, Sir, is this enough 'for a Villany of much more pernicious Conſequence than 'the Trifles for which he was to have been indicted? 'Should not you, and all Men of any Parts or Honour, 'put things upon ſo right a Foot, as that ſuch a Raſcal 'ſhould not laugh at the Imputation of what he was 'really guilty, and dread being accuſed of that for 'which he was arreſted?

'IN a word, Sir, it is in the Power of you, and 'ſuch as I hope you are, to make it as infamous to rob 'a poor Creature of her Honour as her Clothes. I leave 'this to your Conſideration, only take leave (which I 'cannot do without ſighing) to remark to you, that if 'this had been the Senſe of Mankind thirty Years ago, 'I ſhould have avoided a Life ſpent in Poverty and 'Shame.

I am, SIR,
Your moſt humble Servant,
Alice Threadneedle.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Round-Houſe, Sept.* 9.

'I Am a Man of Pleaſure about Town, but by the 'Stupidity of a dull Rogue of a Juſtice of Peace, and 'an inſolent Conſtable, upon the Oath of an old Harri-

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'dan, am impriſoned here for Theft, when I deſigned 'only Fornication. The Midnight Magiſtrate, as he con-'veyed me along, had you in his Mouth, and ſaid, this 'would make a pure Story for the SPECTATOR. I 'hope, Sir, you won't pretend to Wit, and take the Part 'of dull Rogues of Buſineſs. The World is ſo altered of 'late Years, that there was not a Man who would knock 'down a Watchman in my Behalf, but I was carried off 'with as much Triumph as if I had been a Pick-pocket. 'At this rate, there is an end of all the Wit and Humour 'in the World. The Time was when all the honeſt 'Whore-maſters in the Neighbourhood would have roſe 'againſt the Cuckolds in my Reſcue. If Fornication is 'to be ſcandalous, half the fine things that have been 'writ by moſt of the Wits of the laſt Age may be burnt 'by the common Hangman. Harkee, Mr. SPEC, do not 'be queer; after having done ſome things pretty well, 'don't begin to write at that rate that no Gentleman 'can read thee. Be true to Love, and burn your *Seneca*. 'You do not expect me to write my Name from hence, 'but I am

Your unknown humble, &c.

Nº 183 *Saturday, September* 29.

Ἴσμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα,
Ἴσμεν δ' εὖτ' ἐθέλωμεν, ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι.

Heſiod.

Sometimes fair Truth in Fiction we diſguiſe,
Sometimes preſent her naked to Mens Eyes.

FABLES were the firſt Pieces of Wit that made their Appearance in the World, and have been ſtill highly valued not only in Times of the greateſt Simplicity, but among the moſt polite Ages of Mankind. *Jotham*'s Fable of the Trees is the oldeſt that is extant, and as beautiful

beautiful as any which have been made ſince that Time. *Nathan*'s Fable of the poor Man and his Lamb is likewiſe more ancient than any that is extant, beſides the above-mentioned, and had ſo good an Effect, as to convey Inſtruction to the Ear of a King without offending it, and to bring the Man after God's own Heart to a right Senſe of his Guilt and his Duty. We find *Æſop* in the moſt diſtant Ages of *Greece*; and if we look into the very Beginnings of the Commonwealth of *Rome*, we ſee a Mutiny among the common People appeaſed by a Fable of the Belly and the Limbs, which was indeed very proper to gain the Attention of an incenſed Rabble, at a time when perhaps they would have torn to pieces any Man who had preached the ſame Doctrine to them in an open and direct manner. As Fables took their Birth in the very Infancy of Learning, they never flouriſhed more than when Learning was at its greateſt Height. To juſtify this Aſſertion, I ſhall put my Reader in mind of *Horace*, the greateſt Wit and Critick in the *Auguſtan* Age; and of *Boileau*, the moſt correct Poet among the Moderns: Not to mention *La Fontaine*, who by this Way of Writing is come more into vogue than any other Author of our Times.

THE Fables I have here mentioned are raiſed altogether upon Brutes and Vegetables, with ſome of our own Species mixt among them, when the Moral hath ſo required. But beſides this kind of Fable, there is another in which the Actors are Paſſions, Virtues, Vices, and other imaginary Perſons of the like Nature. Some of the ancient Criticks will have it, that the Iliad and Odyſſey of *Homer* are Fables of this Nature; and that the ſeveral Names of Gods and Heroes are nothing elſe but the Affections of the Mind in a viſible Shape and Character. Thus they tell us, that *Achilles*, in the firſt Iliad, repreſents Anger, or the Iraſcible Part of Human Nature; That upon drawing his Sword againſt his Superior in a full Aſſembly, *Pallas* is only another Name for Reaſon, which checks and adviſes him upon that Occaſion; and at her firſt Appearance touches him upon the Head, that Part of the Man being looked upon as the Seat of Reaſon. And thus of the reſt of the Poem. As for the Odyſſey, I think it is plain that *Horace* conſidered it as one of theſe Allegorical Fables, by the Moral which he has given us of ſeveral Parts of it. The greateſt

Italian

Italian Wits have applied themſelves to the Writing of this latter kind of Fables: As *Spenſer*'s *Fairy-Queen* is one continued Series of them from the Beginning to the End of that admirable Work. If we look into the fineſt Proſe-Authors of Antiquity, ſuch as *Cicero*, *Plato*, *Xenophon*, and many others, we ſhall find that this was likewiſe their Favourite Kind of Fable. I ſhall only farther obſerve upon it, that the firſt of this Sort that made any conſiderable Figure in the World, was that of *Hercules* meeting with Pleaſure and Virtue; which was invented by *Prodicus*, who lived before *Socrates*, and in the firſt Dawnings of Philoſophy. He uſed to travel through *Greece* by virtue of this Fable, which procured him a kind of Reception in all the Market-towns, where he never failed telling it as ſoon as he had gathered an Audience about him.

AFTER this ſhort Preface, which I have made up of ſuch Materials as my Memory does at preſent ſuggeſt to me, before I preſent my Reader with a Fable of this Kind, which I deſign as the Entertainment of the preſent Paper, I muſt in a few Words open the Occaſion of it.

IN the Account which *Plato* gives us of the Converſation and Behaviour of *Socrates*, the Morning he was to die, he tells the following Circumſtance.

WHEN *Socrates* his Fetters were knocked off (as was uſual to be done on the Day that the condemned Perſon was to be executed) being ſeated in the midſt of his Diſciples, and laying one of his Legs over the other, in a very unconcerned Poſture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the Iron; and whether it was to ſhew the Indifference with which he entertained the Thoughts of his approaching Death, or (after his uſual manner) to take every Occaſion of Philoſophiſing upon ſome uſeful Subject, he obſerved the Pleaſure of that Senſation which now aroſe in thoſe very Parts of his Leg, that juſt before had been ſo much pained by the Fetter. Upon this he reflected on the Nature of Pleaſure and Pain in general, and how conſtantly they ſucceeed one another. To this he added, That if a Man of a good Genius for a Fable were to repreſent the Nature of Pleaſure and Pain in that Way of Writing, he would probably join them together after ſuch a manner, that it would be impoſſible for the one to come into any Place without being followed by the other.

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IT is poſſible, that if *Plato* had thought it proper at ſuch a Time to deſcribe *Socrates* lanching out into a Diſcourſe which was not of a piece with the Buſineſs of the Day, he would have enlarged upon this Hint, and have drawn it out into ſome beautiful Allegory or Fable. But ſince he has not done it, I ſhall attempt to write one myſelf in the Spirit of that Divine Author.

THERE were two Families which from the Beginning of the World were as oppoſite to each other as Light and Darkneſs. The one of them lived in Heaven, and the other in Hell. The youngeſt Deſcendent of the firſt Family was Pleaſure, who was the Daughter of Happineſs, who was the Child of Virtue, who was the Offſpring of the Gods. Theſe, as I ſaid before, had their Habitation in Heaven. The youngeſt of the oppoſite Family was Pain, who was the Son of Miſery, who was the Child of Vice, who was the Offſpring of the Furies. The Habitation of this Race of Beings was in Hell.

THE middle Station of Nature between theſe two oppoſite Extremes was the Earth, which was inhabited by Creatures of a middle Kind, neither ſo Virtuous as the one, nor ſo Vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad Qualities of theſe two oppoſite Families. Jupiter *conſidering that this Species commonly called Man, was too virtuous to be miſerable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a Diſtinction between the Good and the Bad, ordered the two youngeſt of the above-mentioned Families, Pleaſure who was the Daughter of Happineſs, and Pain who was the Son of Miſery, to meet one another upon this Part of Nature which lay in the Half-way between them, having promiſed to ſettle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the Diviſion of it, ſo as to ſhare Mankind between them.*

PLEASURE and Pain were no ſooner met in their new Habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this Point, that Pleaſure ſhould take poſſeſſion of the Virtuous, and Pain of the Vicious Part of that Species which was given up to them. But upon examining to which of them any Individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a right to him; for that, contrary to what they had ſeen, in their old Places of Reſidence, there was no Perſon ſo Vicious who had not ſome Good in him, nor any Perſon ſo Virtuous who had not in him ſome

ſome Evil. The Truth of it is, they generally found upon Search, that in the moſt vicious Man Pleaſure might lay a Claim to an hundredth Part, and that in the moſt virtuous Man Pain might come in for at leaſt two Thirds. This they ſaw would occaſion endleſs Diſputes between them, unleſs they could come to ſome Accommodation. To this end there was a Marriage propoſed between them, and at length concluded: By this means it is that we find Pleaſure and Pain are ſuch conſtant Yoke-fellows, and that they either make their Viſits together, or are never far aſunder. If Pain comes into an Heart, he is quickly followed by Pleaſure; and if Pleaſure enters, you may be ſure Pain is not far off.

BUT notwithſtanding this Marriage was very convenient for the two Parties, it did not ſeem to anſwer the Intention of Jupiter *in ſending them among Mankind. To remedy therefore this Inconvenience, it was ſtipulated between them by Article, and confirmed by the Conſent of each Family, that notwithſtanding they here poſſeſſed the Species indifferently; upon the Death of every ſingle Perſon, if he was found to have in him a certain Proportion of Evil, he ſhould be diſpatched into the infernal Regions by a Paſſport from Pain, there to dwell with Miſery, Vice, and the Furies. Or on the contrary, if he had in him a certain Proportion of Good, he ſhould be diſpatched into Heaven by a Paſſport from Pleaſure, there to dwell with Happineſs, Virtue and the Gods.* L.

Nº 184 *Monday, October* 1.

——— *Opere in longo fas eſt obrepere ſomnum.*
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 360.

——— *In long Works Sleep will ſometimes ſurpriſe.*
ROSCOMMON.

WHEN a Man has diſcovered a new Vein of Humour, it often carries him much farther than he expected from it. My Correſpondents take the Hint I give them, and purſue it into Speculations which I never

I never thought of at my firſt ſtarting it. This has been the Fate of my Paper on the Match of Grinning, which has already produced a ſecond Paper on parallel Subjects, and brought me the following Letter by the laſt Poſt. I ſhall not premiſe any thing to it farther, than that it is built on Matter of Fact, and is as follows.

SIR,

'YOU have already obliged the World with a Diſcourſe upon Grinning, and have ſince proceeded to Whiſtling, from whence you at length came to Yawning; from this, I think, you may make a very natural Tranſition to Sleeping. I therefore recommend to you for the Subject of a Paper the following Advertiſement, which about two Months ago was given into every body's Hands, and may be ſeen with ſome Additions in the *Daily Courant* of *Auguſt* the Ninth.

'NICHOLAS HART, *who ſlept laſt Year in St.* Bartholomew's *Hoſpital, intends to ſleep this Year at the* Cock and Bottle *in* Little-Britain.

'HAVING ſince inquired into the Matter of Fact, I find that the above-mentioned *Nicholas Hart* is every Year ſeized with a periodical Fit of Sleeping, which begins upon the Fifth of *Auguſt*, and ends on the Eleventh of the ſame Month: That

'On the Firſt of that Month he grew dull;
'On the Second, appeared drouſy;
'On the Third, fell a yawning;
'On the Fourth, began to nod;
'On the Fifth, dropped aſleep;
'On the Sixth, was heard to ſnore;
'On the Seventh, turned himſelf in his Bed;
'On the Eighth, recovered his former Poſture;
'On the Ninth fell a ſtretching;
'On the Tenth about Midnight, awaked;
'On the Eleventh in the Morning, call'd for a little Small-Beer.

'THIS Account I have extracted out of the Journal of this ſleeping Worthy, as it has been faithfully kept by a Gentleman of *Lincoln's-Inn*, who has undertaken

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'to be his Hiſtriographer. I have ſent it to you, not only 'as it repreſents the Actions of *Nicholas Hart*, but as it 'ſeems a very natural Picture of the Life of many an ho-'neſt *Engliſh* Gentleman, whoſe whole Hiſtory very often 'conſiſts of Yawning, Nodding, Stretching, Turning, 'Sleeping, Drinking, and the like extraordinary Particu-'lars. I do not queſtion, Sir, that, if you pleaſed, you could 'put out an Advertiſement not unlike the above-mention-'ed, of ſeveral Men of Figure; that Mr. *John* ſuch-a-one, 'Gentleman, or *Thomas* ſuch-a-one, Eſquire, who ſlept in 'the Country laſt Summer, intends to ſleep in Town this 'Winter. The worſt of it is, that the drouſy Part of our 'Species is chiefly made up of very honeſt Gentlemen, 'who live quietly among their Neighbours, without ever 'diſturbing the publick Peace: They are Drones without 'Stings. I could heartily wiſh, that ſeveral turbulent, reſt-'leſs, ambitious Spirits, would for a-while change Places 'with theſe good Men, and enter themſelves into *Nicho-'las Hart*'s Fraternity. Could one but lay aſleep a few 'buſy Heads which I could name, from the Firſt of *No-'vember* next to the Firſt of *May* enſuing, I queſtion not 'but it would very much redound to the Quiet of parti-'cular Perſons, as well as to the Benefit of the Publick.

'BUT to return to *Nicholas Hart:* I believe, Sir, you 'will think it a very extraordinary Circumſtance for a Man 'to gain his Livelihood by Sleeping, and that Reſt ſhould 'procure a Man Suſtenance as well as Induſtry; yet ſo it 'is that *Nicholas* got laſt Year enough to ſupport himſelf 'for a Twelvemonth. I am likewiſe informed that he has 'this Year had a very comfortable Nap. The Poets value 'themſelves very much for ſleeping on *Parnaſſus*, but I 'never heard they got a Groat by it: On the contrary, 'our Friend *Nicholas* gets more by Sleeping than he could 'by Working, and may be more properly ſaid, than ever '*Homer* was, to have had Golden Dreams. *Juvenal* in-'deed mentions a drouſy Husband who raiſed an Eſtate 'by Snoring, but then he is repreſented to have ſlept 'what the common People call a *Dog's Sleep*; or if his 'Sleep was real, his Wife was awake, and about her Bu-'ſineſs. Your Pen, which loves to moralize upon all Sub-'jects, may raiſe ſomething, methinks, on this Circum-'ſtance alſo, and point out to us thoſe Sets of Men, who

'inſtead

' inſtead of growing rich by an honeſt Induſtry, recom-
' mend themſelves to the Favours of the Great, by mak-
' ing themſelves agreeable Companions in the Participa-
' tions of Luxury and Pleaſure.

' I muſt further acquaint you, Sir, that one of the moſt
' eminent Pens in *Grubſtreet* is now employed in Writ-
' ing the Dream of this miraculous Sleeper, which I hear
' will be of a more than ordinary Length, as it muſt con-
' tain all the Particulars that are ſuppoſed to have paſſed in
' his Imagination during ſo long a Sleep. He is ſaid to have
' gone already through three Days and three Nights of it,
' and to have compriſed in them the moſt remarkable Paſ-
' ſages of the four firſt Empires of the World. If he can
' keep free from Party-ſtrokes, his Work may be of Uſe;
' but this I much doubt, having been informed by one of
' his Friends and Confidents, that he has ſpoken ſome
' things of *Nimrod* with too great Freedom.

L *I am ever, Sir,* &c.

N° 185 *Tueſday, October* 2.

—— *Tantæne Animis cœleſtibus Iræ?* Virg. Æn. 1. v. 15.
And dwells ſuch Fury in celeſtial Breaſts?

THERE is nothing in which Men more deceive themſelves than in what the World call Zeal. There are ſo many Paſſions which hide themſelves under it, and ſo many Miſchiefs ariſing from it, that ſome have gone ſo far as to ſay it would have been for the Benefit of Mankind if it had never been reckoned in the Catalogue of Virtues. It is certain, where it is once Laudable and Prudential, it is an hundred times Criminal and Erroneous; nor can it be otherwiſe, if we conſider that it operates with equal Violence in all Religions, however oppoſite they may be to one another, and in all the Subdiviſions of each Religion in particular.

WE are told by ſome of the *Jewiſh Rabbins*, that the firſt Murder was occaſioned by a religious Controverſy; and

and if we had the whole Hiſtory of Zeal from the Days of *Cain* to our own Times, we ſhould ſee it filled with ſo many Scenes of Slaughter and Bloodſhed, as would make a wiſe Man very careful how he ſuffers himſelf to be actuated by ſuch a Principle, when it only regards Matters of Opinion and Speculation.

I would have every Zealous Man examine his Heart thoroughly, and, I believe, he will often find, that what he calls a Zeal for his Religion, is either Pride, Intereſt, or Ill-nature. A Man, who differs from another in Opinion, ſets himſelf above him in his own Judgment, and in ſeveral Particulars pretends to be the wiſer Perſon. This is a great Provocation to the proud Man, and gives a very keen Edge to what he calls his Zeal. And that this is the Caſe very often, we may obſerve from the Behaviour of ſome of the moſt zealous for Orthodoxy, who have often great Friendſhips and Intimacies with vicious immoral Men, provided they do but agree with them in the ſame Scheme of Belief. The Reaſon is, Becauſe the vicious Believer gives the Precedency to the virtuous Man, and allows the good Chriſtian to be the worthier Perſon, at the ſame time that he cannot come up to his Perfections. This we find exemplified in that trite Paſſage which we ſee quoted in almoſt every Syſtem of Ethicks, tho' upon another Occaſion.

——— *Video meliora proboque,*
Deteriora ſequor ——— Ovid. Met. l. 7. v. 20.

I ſee the Right, and I approve it too;
Condemn the Wrong, and yet the Wrong purſue. TATE.

On the conttary, it is certain, if our Zeal were true and genuine, we ſhould be much more angry with a Sinner than a Heretick; ſince there are ſeveral Caſes which may excuſe the latter before his great Judge, but none which can excuſe the former.

INTEREST is likewiſe a great Inflamer, and ſets a Man on Perſecution under the colour of Zeal. For this Reaſon we find none are ſo forward to promote the true Worſhip by Fire and Sword, as thoſe who find their preſent Account in it. But I ſhall extend the Word *Intereſt* to a larger Meaning than what is generally given it, as it relates to our Spiritual Safety and Welfare, as well as to our Temporal. A Man is glad to gain Numbers on his Side,

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as they ſerve to ſtrengthen him in his private Opinions. Every Proſelyte is like a new Argument for the Eſtabliſhment of his Faith. It makes him believe that his Principles carry Conviction with them, and are the more likely to be true, when he finds they are conformable to the Reaſon of others, as well as to his own. And that this Temper of Mind deludes a Man very often into an Opinion of his Zeal, may appear from the common Behaviour of the Atheiſt, who maintains and ſpreads his Opinions with as much Heat as thoſe who believe they do it only out of a Paſſion for God's Glory.

ILL-NATURE is another dreadful Imitator of Zeal. Many a good Man may have a natural Rancour and Malice in his Heart, which has been in ſome meaſure quelled and ſubdued by Religion; but if it finds any Pretence of breaking out, which does not ſeem to him inconſiſtent with the Duties of a Chriſtian, it throws off all Reſtraint, and rages in full Fury. Zeal is therefore a great Eaſe to a malicious Man, by making him believe he does God Service, whilſt he is gratifying the Bent of a perverſe revengeful Temper. For this Reaſon we find, that moſt of the Maſſacres and Devaſtations, which have been in the World, have taken their Riſe from a furious pretended Zeal.

I love to ſee a Man zealous in a good Matter, and eſpecially when his Zeal ſhews itſelf for advancing Morality, and promoting the Happineſs of Mankind: But when I find the Inſtruments he works with are Racks and Gibbets, Gallies, and Dungeons; when he impriſons Mens Perſons, confiſcates their Eſtates, ruins their Families, and burns the Body to ſave the Soul, I cannot ſtick to pronounce of ſuch a one, that (whatever he may think of his Faith and Religion) his Faith is vain, and his Religion unprofitable.

AFTER having treated of theſe falſe Zealots in Religion, I cannot forbear mentioning a monſtrous Species of Men, who one would not think had any Exiſtence in Nature, were they not to be met with in ordinary Converſation, I mean the Zealots in Atheiſm. One would fancy that theſe Men, tho' they fall ſhort, in every other reſpect, of thoſe who make a Profeſſion of Religion, would at leaſt outſhine them in this Particular, and be exempt from that

that ſingle Fault which ſeems to grow out of the imprudent Fervours of Religion: But ſo it is, that Infidelity is propagated with as much Fierceneſs and Contention, Wrath and Indignation, as if the Safety of Mankind depended upon it. There is ſomething ſo ridiculous and perverſe in this kind of Zealots, that one does not know how to ſet them out in their proper Colours. They are a Sort of Gameſters who are eternally upon the Fret, though they play for nothing. They are perpetually teizing their Friends to come over to them, though at the ſame time they allow that neither of them ſhall get any thing by the Bargain. In ſhort, the Zeal of ſpreading Atheiſm is, if poſſible, more abſurd than Atheiſm itſelf.

SINCE I have mentioned this unaccountable Zeal which appears in Atheiſts and Infidels, I muſt farther obſerve that they are likewiſe in a moſt particular manner poſſeſſed with the Spirit of Bigotry. They are wedded to Opinions full of Contradiction and Impoſſibility, and at the ſame time look upon the ſmalleſt Difficulty in an Article of Faith as a ſufficient Reaſon for rejecting it. Notions that fall in with the common Reaſon of Mankind, that are conformable to the Senſe of all Ages and all Nations, not to mention their Tendency for promoting the Happineſs of Societies, or of particular Perſons, are exploded as Errors and Prejudices; and Schemes erected in their ſtead that are altogether monſtrous and irrational, and require the moſt extravagant Credulity to embrace them. I would fain ask one of theſe bigotted Infidels, ſuppoſing all the great Points of Atheiſm, as the caſual or eternal Formation of the World, the Materiality of a thinking Subſtance, the Mortality of the Soul, the fortuitous Organization of the Body, the Motions and Gravitation of Matter, with the like Particulars, were laid together and formed into a kind of Creed, according to the Opinions of the moſt celebrated Atheiſts; I ſay, ſuppoſing ſuch a Creed as this were formed, and impoſed upon any one People in the World, whether it would not require an infinitely greater meaſure of Faith, than any Set of Articles which they ſo violently oppoſe. Let me therefore adviſe this Generation of Wranglers, for their own and for the publick Good, to act at leaſt ſo conſiſtently with themſelves, as not to burn with Zeal for Irreligion, and with Bigotry for Nonſenſe.

C

Wedneſday,

Nº 186 *Wedneſday, October* 3.

Cælum ipſum petimus ſtultitiâ.——Hor. Od. 3. l. 1. v. 38.

——Scarce the Gods and heav'nly Climes,
Are ſafe from our audacious Crimes. DRYDEN.

UPON my return to my Lodgings laſt Night I found a Letter from my worthy Friend the Clergyman, whom I have given ſome Account of in my former Papers. He tells me in it that he was particularly pleaſed with the latter Part of my Yeſterday's Speculation; and at the ſame time incloſed the following Eſſay, which he deſires me to publiſh as the Sequel of that Diſcourſe. It conſiſts partly of uncommon Reflexions, and partly of ſuch as have been already uſed, but now ſet in a ſtronger Light.

'A Believer may be excuſed by the moſt hardened Atheiſt 'for endeavouring to make him a Convert, becauſe he 'does it with an Eye to both their Intereſts. The Atheiſt 'is inexcuſable who tries to gain over a Believer, becauſe 'he does not propoſe the doing himſelf or the Believer 'any Good by ſuch a Converſion.

'THE Proſpect of a future State is the ſecret Comfort and Refreſhment of my Soul; it is that which makes 'Nature look gay about me; it doubles all my Pleaſures, 'and ſupports me under all my Afflictions. I can look 'at Diſappointments and Misfortunes, Pain and Sickneſs, 'Death itſelf, and, what is worſe than Death, the Loſs 'of thoſe who are deareſt to me, with Indifference, ſo 'long as I keep in view the Pleaſures of Eternity, and 'the State of Being in which there will be no Fears nor 'Apprehenſions, Pains nor Sorrows, Sickneſs nor Separation. Why will any Man be ſo impertinently Officious 'as to tell me all this is only Fancy and Deluſion? Is 'there any Merit in being the Meſſenger of ill News? If

'it

'it is a Dream, let me enjoy it, ſince it makes me both 'the happier and better Man.

'I muſt confeſs I do not know how to truſt a Man 'who believes neither Heaven nor Hell, or, in other 'Words, a future State of Rewards and Puniſhments. 'Not only natural Self-love, but Reaſon directs us to 'promote our own Intereſt above all Things. It can never 'be for the Intereſt of a Believer to do me a Miſchief, 'becauſe he is ſure upon the Balance of Accounts to 'find himſelf a Loſer by it. On the contrary, if he con-'ſiders his own Welfare in his Behaviour towards me, 'it will lead him to do me all the Good he can, and at 'the ſame time reſtrain him from doing me any Injury. 'An Unbeliever does not act like a reaſonable Creature, 'if he favours me contrary to his preſent Intereſt, or does 'not diſtreſs me when it turns to his preſent Advantage. 'Honour and Good-nature may indeed tie up his Hands; 'but as theſe would be very much ſtrengthened by Rea-'ſon and Principle, ſo without them they are only In-'ſtincts, or wavering unſettled Notions, which reſt on 'no Foundation.

'INFIDELITY has been attack'd with ſo good 'Succeſs of late Years, that it is driven out of all its 'Out-works. The Atheiſt has not found his Poſt tenable, 'and is therefore retired into Deiſm, and a Disbelief of 'revealed Religion only. But the Truth of it is, the 'greateſt Number of this Set of Men, are thoſe who, for 'want of a virtuous Education, or examining the Grounds 'of Religion, know ſo very little of the Matter in Que-'ſtion, that their Infidelity is but another Term for their 'Ignorance.

'AS Folly and Inconſiderateneſs are the Foundations 'of Infidelity, the great Pillars and Supports of it are 'either a Vanity of appearing wiſer than the reſt of Man-'kind, or an Oſtentation of Courage in deſpiſing the 'Terrors of another World, which have ſo great an In-'fluence on what they call weaker Minds; or an Averſion 'to a Belief that muſt cut them off from many of thoſe 'Pleaſures they propoſe to themſelves, and fill them with 'Remorſe for many of thoſe they have already taſted.

'THE great received Articles of the Chriſtian Reli-'gion have been ſo clearly proved, from the Authority

'of

'of that Divine Revelation in which they are delivered, 'that it is impoſſible for thoſe who have Ears to hear, and 'Eyes to ſee, not to be convinced of them. But were it 'poſſible for any thing in the Chriſtian Faith to be erro-'neous, I can find no ill Conſequences in adhering to it. 'The great Points of the Incarnation and Sufferings of 'our Saviour produce naturally ſuch Habits of Virtue 'in the Mind of Man, that I ſay, ſuppoſing it were 'poſſible for us to be miſtaken in them, the Infidel him-'ſelf muſt at leaſt allow that no other Syſtem of Religion 'could ſo effectually contribute to the heightning of Mo-'rality. They give us great Ideas of the Dignity of 'human Nature, and of the Love which the ſupreme 'Being bears to his Creatures, and conſequently engage 'us in the higheſt Acts of Duty towards our Creator, our 'Neighbour, and ourſelves. How many noble Argu-'ments has Saint *Paul* raiſed from the chief Articles of our 'Religion, for the advancing of Morality in its three great 'Branches? To give a ſingle Example in each Kind: What 'can be a ſtronger Motive to a firm Truſt and Reliance 'on the Mercies of our Maker, than the giving us his 'Son to ſuffer for us? What can make us love and eſteem 'even the moſt inconſiderable of Mankind more than 'the Thought that Chriſt died for him? Or what diſpoſe 'us to ſet a ſtricter Guard upon the Purity of our own 'Hearts, than our being Members of Chriſt, and a Part 'of the Society of which that immaculate Perſon is the 'Head? But theſe are only a Specimen of thoſe admira-'ble Inforcements of Morality, which the Apoſtle has 'drawn from the Hiſtory of our bleſſed Saviour.

'IF our modern Infidels conſidered theſe Matters 'with that Candour and Serioufneſs which they deſerve, 'we ſhould not ſee them act with ſuch a Spirit of Bitter-'neſs, Arrogance, and Malice: They would not be 'raiſing ſuch inſignificant Cavils, Doubts, and Scruples, 'as may be ſtarted againſt every thing that is not capa-'ble of mathematical Demonſtration; in order to un-'ſettle the Minds of the Ignorant, diſturb the publick 'Peace, ſubvert Morality, and throw all things into 'Confuſion and Diſorder. If none of theſe Reflexions 'can have any Influence on them, there is one that per-'haps may, becauſe it is adapted to their Vanity, by

'which they ſeem to be guided much more than their 'Reaſon. I would therefore have them conſider, that 'the wiſeſt and beſt of Men, in all Ages of the World, 'have been thoſe who lived up to the Religion of their 'Country, when they ſaw nothing in it oppoſite to Mo-'rality, and to the beſt Lights they had of the Divine 'Nature. *Pythagoras*'s firſt Rule directs us to worſhip 'the Gods *as it is ordained by Law*, for that is the moſt 'natural Interpretation of the Precept. *Socrates*, who 'was the moſt renowned among the Heathens both for 'Wiſdom and Virtue, in his laſt Moments deſires his 'Friends to offer a Cock to *Æſculapius*; doubtleſs out 'of a ſubmiſſive Deference to the eſtabliſhed Worſhip of 'his Country. *Xenophon* tells us, that his Prince (whom 'he ſets forth as a Pattern of Perfection) when he found 'his Death approaching, offered Sacrifices on the Moun-'tains to the *Perſian Jupiter*, and the Sun, *according to 'the Cuſtom of the Perſians*; for thoſe are the Words 'of the Hiſtorian. Nay, the *Epicureans* and Atomical 'Philoſophers ſhewed a very remarkable Modeſty in 'this Particular; for though the Being of a God was in-'tirely repugnant to their Schemes of natural Philoſophy, 'they contented themſelves with the Denial of a Pro-'vidence, aſſerting at the ſame Time the Exiſtence of 'Gods in general; becauſe they would not ſhock the 'common Belief of Mankind, and the Religion of their 'Country. L

Nº 187 *Thurſday, October* 4.

——*Miſeri quibus*
Intentata nites—— Hor. Od. 5. l. 1. v. 12.

Ah, wretched thoſe who love, yet ne'er did try
The ſmiling Treachery of thy Eye! CREECH.

THE Intelligence given by this Correſpondent is ſo important and uſeful, in order to avoid the Perſons he ſpeaks of, that I ſhall inſert his Letter at length.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Do not know that you have ever touched upon a 'certain ſpecies of Women, whom we ordinarily call 'Jilts. You cannot poſſibly go upon a more uſeful Work, 'than the Conſideration of theſe dangerous Animals. 'The Coquette is indeed one Degree towards the Jilt; but 'the Heart of the former is bent upon admiring herſelf, 'and giving falſe Hopes to her Lovers; but the latter is 'not contented to be extremely amiable, but ſhe muſt add 'to that Advantage a certain Delight in being a Tor-'ment to others. Thus when her Lover is in the full Ex-'pectation of Succeſs, the Jilt ſhall meet him with a ſud-'den Indifference, and Admiration in her Face at his be-'ing ſurpriſed that he is received like a Stranger, and a 'Caſt of her Head another Way with a pleaſant Scorn of 'the Fellow's Inſolence. It is very probable the Lover 'goes home utterly aſtoniſhed and dejected, ſits down to 'his Scrutoir, ſends her word in the moſt abject Terms, 'That he knows not what he has done; that all which 'was deſirable in this Life is ſo ſuddenly vaniſhed from 'him, that the Charmer of his Soul ſhould withdraw the 'vital Heat from the Heart which pants for her. He 'continues a mournful Abſence for ſome time, pining in 'Secret, and out of Humour with all things which he 'meets with. At length he takes a Reſolution to try his 'Fate, and explain with her reſolutely upon her unac-'countable Carriage. He walks up to her Apartment, 'with a thouſand Inquietudes and Doubts in what Man-'ner he ſhall meet the firſt Caſt of her Eye; when upon 'his firſt Appearance ſhe flies towards him, wonders where 'he has been, accuſes him of his Abſence, and treats him 'with a Familiarity as ſurpriſing as her former Coldneſs. 'This good Correſpondence continues till the Lady ob-'ſerves the Lover grows happy in it, and then ſhe inter-'rupts it with ſome new Inconſiſtency of Behaviour. For '(as I juſt now ſaid) the Happineſs of a Jilt conſiſts only 'in the Power of making others uneaſy. But ſuch is the 'Folly of this Sect of Women, that they carry on this 'pretty skittiſh Behaviour, till they have no Charms left 'to render it ſupportable. *Corinna*, that uſed to torment 'all who converſed with her with falſe Glances, and little

'heedleſs unguarded Motions, that were to betray ſome 'Inclination towards the Man ſhe would inſnare, finds at 'preſent all ſhe attempts that way unregarded; and is 'obliged to indulge the Jilt in her Conſtitution, by lay-'ing Artificial Plots, writing perplexing Letters from un-'known Hands, and making all the young Fellows in 'Love with her, till they find out who ſhe is. Thus, as 'before ſhe gave Torment by diſguiſing her Inclination, 'ſhe now is obliged to do it by hiding her Perſon.

'AS for my own Part, Mr. SPECTATOR, it has 'been my unhappy Fate to be jilted from my Youth up-'ward; and as my Taſte has been very much towards 'Intrigue, and having Intelligence with Women of Wit, 'my whole Life has paſſed away in a Series of Impoſi-'tions. I ſhall, for the Benefit of the preſent Race of 'young Men, give ſome Account of my Loves. I know 'not whether you have ever heard of the famous Girl 'about Town called *Kitty:* This Creature (for I muſt take 'Shame upon myſelf) was my Miſtreſs in the Days when 'Keeping was in Faſhion. *Kitty*, under the Appearance 'of being Wild, Thoughtleſs, and Irregular in all her 'Words and Actions, concealed the moſt accompliſhed 'Jilt of her Time. Her Negligence had to me a Charm 'in it like that of Chaſtity, and Want of Deſires ſeemed 'as great a Merit as the Conqueſt of them. The Air ſhe 'gave herſelf was that of a Romping Girl, and when-'ever I talked to her with any Turn of Fondneſs, ſhe 'would immediately ſnatch off my Periwig, try it upon 'herſelf in the Glaſs, clap her Arms a-kimbow, draw 'my Sword, and make Paſſes on the Wall, take off my 'Cravat, and ſeize it to make ſome other Uſe of the 'Lace, or run into ſome other unaccountable Rompiſh-'neſs, till the Time I had appointed to paſs away with 'her was over. I went from her full of Pleaſure at the 'Reflexion that I had the keeping of ſo much Beauty in a 'Woman, who, as ſhe was too heedleſs to pleaſe me, was 'alſo too unattentive to form a Deſign to wrong me. Long 'did I divert every Hour that hung heavy upon me in the 'Company of this Creature, whom I looked upon as nei-'ther Guilty nor Innocent, but could laugh at myſelf 'for my unaccountable Pleaſure in an Expence upon her, 'till in the end it appeared my pretty Inſenſible was with 'Child by my Footman.

'THIS

'THIS Accident rouſed me into a Diſdain againſt 'all Libertine Women, under what Appearance ſoever 'they hid their Inſincerity, and I reſolved after that Time 'to converſe with none but thoſe who lived within the 'Rules of Decency and Honour. To this End I formed 'myſelf into a more regular Turn of Behaviour, and 'began to make Viſits, frequent Aſſemblies, and lead out 'Ladies from the Theatres, with all the other inſigni-'ficant Duties which the profeſſed Servants of the Fair 'place themſelves in conſtant Readineſs to perform. 'In a very little time, (having a plentiful Fortune) Fa-'thers and Mothers began to regard me as a good Match, 'and I found eaſy Admittance into the beſt Families in 'Town to obſerve their Daughters; but I, who was born 'to follow the Fair to no Purpoſe, have by the Force of my 'ill Stars made my Application to three Jilts ſucceſſively.

'*HYÆNA* is one of thoſe who form themſelves into 'a melancholy and indolent Air, and endeavour to gain 'Admirers from their Inattention to all around them. '*Hyæna* can loll in her Coach, with ſomething ſo fixed in 'her Countenance, that it is impoſſible to conceive her 'Meditation is employed only on her Dreſs and her Charms 'in that Poſture. If it were not too coarſe a Simile, I 'ſhould ſay, *Hyæna*, in the Figure ſhe affects to appear 'in, is a Spider in the midſt of a Cobweb, that is ſure to 'deſtroy every Fly that approaches it. The Net *Hyæna* 'throws is ſo fine, that you are taken in it before you can 'obſerve any Part of her Work. I attempted her for a 'long and weary Seaſon, but I found her Paſſion went no 'farther than to be admired; and ſhe is of that unreaſonable 'Temper, as not to value the Inconſtancy of her Lovers 'provided ſhe can boaſt ſhe once had their Addreſſes.

'*BIBLIS* was the ſecond I aimed at, and her Vanity 'lay in purchaſing the Adorers of others, and not in rejoic-'ing in their Love itſelf. *Biblis* is no Man's Miſtreſs, but 'every Woman's Rival. As ſoon as I found this, I fell 'in Love with *Chloe*, who is my preſent Pleaſure and Tor-'ment. I have writ to her, danced with her, and fought 'for her, and have been her Man in the Sight and Ex-'pectation of the whole Town theſe three Years, and 'thought myſelf near the End of my Wiſhes; when the 'other Day ſhe called me into her Cloſet, and told me,

‹ with a very grave Face that ſhe was a Woman of Ho-
‹ nour, and ſcorned to deceive a Man who loved her with
‹ ſo much Sincerity as ſhe ſaw I did, and therefore ſhe
‹ muſt inform me that ſhe was by Nature the moſt in-
‹ conſtant Creature breathing, and begg'd of me not to
‹ marry her; If I inſiſted upon it, I ſhould; but that ſhe
‹ was lately fallen in Love with another. What to do or
‹ ſay I know not, but deſire you to inform me, and you
‹ will infinitely oblige,

SIR, Your moſt humble Servant,

Charles Yellow.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Sly, *Haberdaſher of Hats, at the Corner of* Devereux-Court *in the* Strand, *gives notice, That he has prepared very neat Hats, Rubbers, and Bruſhes for the Uſe of young Tradeſmen in their laſt Year of Apprenticeſhip, at reaſonable Rates.* T

Nº 188 *Friday, October 5.*

Lætus ſum Laudari à te Laudato viro. Tull.

It gives me Pleaſure, to be prais'd by you, whom all Men praiſe.

HE is a very unhappy Man who ſets his Heart upon being admired by the Multitude, or affects a general and undiſtinguiſhing Applauſe among Men. What pious Men call the Teſtimony of a good Conſcience, ſhould be the Meaſure of our Ambition in this Kind; that is to ſay, a Man of Spirit ſhould contemn the Praiſe of the Ignorant, and like being applauded for nothing but what he knows in his own Heart he deſerves. Beſides which the Character of the Perſon who commends you is to be conſidered, before you ſet a Value upon his Eſteem. The Praiſe of an ignorant Man is only Good-will, and you ſhould receive his Kindneſs as he is a good Neighbour in Society, and not as a good Judge of your Actions in

in Point of Fame and Reputation. The Satyriſt ſaid very well of popular Praiſe and Acclamations, *Give the Tinkers and Coblers their Preſents again, and learn to live of yourſelf.* It is an Argument of a looſe and ungoverned Mind to be affected with the promiſcuous Approbation of the Generality of Mankind; and a Man of Virtue ſhould be too delicate for ſo coarſe an Appetite of Fame. Men of Honour ſhould endeavour only to pleaſe the Worthy, and the Man of Merit ſhould deſire to be tried only by his Peers. I thought it a noble Sentiment which I heard Yeſterday uttered in Converſation; *I know*, ſaid a Gentleman, *a Way to be greater than any Man: If he has Worth in him, I can rejoice in his Superiority to me; and that Satisfaction is a greater Act of the Soul in me, than any in him which can poſſibly appear to me.* This Thought could not proceed but from a candid and generous Spirit; and the Approbation of ſuch Minds is what may be eſteemed true Praiſe: For with the common Rate of Men there is nothing commendable but what they themſelves may hope to be Partakers of, and arrive at: But the Motive truly glorious is, when the Mind is ſet rather to do Things laudable, than to purchaſe Reputation. Where there is that Sincerity as the Foundation of a good Name, the kind Opinion of virtuous Men will be an unſought, but a neceſſary Conſequence. The *Lacedemonians*, tho' a plain People, and no Pretenders to Politeneſs had a certain Delicacy in their Senſe of Glory, and ſacrificed to the Muſes when they entred upon any great Enterpriſe. They would have the Commemoration of their Actions be tranſmitted by the pureſt and moſt untainted Memorialiſts. The Din which attends Victories and publick Triumphs is by far leſs eligible, than the Recital of the Actions of great Men by honeſt and wiſe Hiſtorians. It is a frivolous Pleaſure to be the Admiration of gaping Crouds; but to have the Approbation of a good Man in the cool Reflexions of his Cloſet, is a Gratification worthy an heroick Spirit. The Applauſe of the Croud makes the Head giddy, but the Atteſtation of a reaſonable Man makes the Heart glad.

WHAT makes the Love of popular or general Praiſe ſtill more ridiculous, is, that it is uſually given for Circumſtances which are foreign to the Perſons admired. Thus they are the ordinary Attendants on Power and Riches,

which may be taken out of one Man's Hands, and put into another's. The Application only, and not the Poſſeſſion, makes thoſe outward Things honourable. The Vulgar and Men of Senſe agree in admiring Men for having what they themſelves would rather be poſſeſſed of; the wiſe Man applauds him whom he thinks moſt virtuous, the reſt of the World him who is moſt wealthy.

WHEN a Man is in this way of Thinking, I do not know what can occur to one more monſtrous, than to ſee Perſons of Ingenuity addreſs their Services and Performances to Men no way addicted to Liberal Arts: In theſe Caſes, the Praiſe on one hand, and the Patronage on the other, are equally the Objects of Ridicule. Dedications to ignorant Men are as abſurd as any of the Speeches of *Bulfinch* in the Droll: Such an Addreſs one is apt to tranſlate into other Words; and when the Different Parties are thoroughly conſidered, the Panegyrick generally implies no more than if the Author ſhould ſay to the Patron; my very good Lord, You and I can never underſtand one another, therefore I humbly deſire we may be intimate Friends for the future.

THE Rich may as well ask to borrow of the Poor, as the Man of Virtue or Merit hope for Addition to his Character from any but ſuch as himſelf. He that commends another engages ſo much of his own Reputation as he gives to that Perſon commended; and he that has nothing laudable in himſelf is not of Ability to be ſuch a Surety. The wiſe *Phocion* was ſo ſenſible how dangerous it was to be touched with what the Multitude approved, that upon a general Acclamation made when he was making an Oration, he turned to an intelligent Friend who ſtood near him, and asked in a ſurpriſed Manner, What Slip have I made?

I ſhall conclude this Paper with a Billet which has fallen into my Hands, and was written to a Lady from a Gentleman whom ſhe had highly commended. The Author of it had formerly been her Lover. When all Poſſibility of Commerce between them on the Subject of Love was cut off, ſhe ſpoke ſo handſomly of him, as to give occaſion for this Letter.

Madam,

Madam,

'I Should be inſenſible to a Stupidity, if I could forbear
'making you my Acknowledgments for your late
'mention of me with ſo much Applauſe. It is, I think,
'your Fate to give me new Sentiments; as you formerly
'inſpired me with the true Senſe of Love, ſo do you now
'with the true Senſe of Glory. As Deſire had the leaſt Part
'in the Paſſion I heretofore profeſſed towards you, ſo has
'Vanity no Share in the Glory to which you have now
'raiſed me. Innocence, Knowledge, Beauty, Virtue, Sin-
'cerity, and Diſcretion, are the conſtant Ornaments of
'her who has ſaid this of me. Fame is a Babbler, but I
'have arrived at the higheſt Glory in this World, the
'Commendation of the moſt deſerving Perſon in it. T

N° 189 *Saturday, October* 6.

——*Patriæ pietatis imago.* Virg. Æn. 10. v. 824.

An Image of Paternal Tenderneſs!

THE following Letter being written to my Book-ſeller, upon a Subject of which I treated ſome time ſince, I ſhall publiſh it in this Paper, together with the Letter that was incloſed in it.

Mr. Buckley,

'MR. SPECTATOR having of late deſcanted upon
'the Cruelty of Parents to their Children, I have
'been induced (at the Requeſt of ſeveral of Mr. SPEC-
'TATOR's Admirers) to incloſe this Letter, which I aſ-
'ſure you is the Original from a Father to his own Son,
'notwithſtanding the latter gave but little or no Provoca-
'tion. It would be wonderfully obliging to the World, if
'Mr. SPECTATOR would give his Opinion of it in
ſome of his Speculations, and particularly to

(Mr. *Buckley*)

Your humble Servant,

SIRRAH,

'YOU are a ſaucy audacious Raſcal, and both Fool and Mad, and I care not a Farthing whether you comply or no; that does not raze out my Impreſſions of your Inſolence, going about railing at me, and the next Day to ſolicit my Favour: Theſe are Inconſiſtencies, ſuch as diſcover thy Reaſon depraved. To be brief, I never deſire to ſee your Face; and, Sirrah, if you go to the Work-houſe, it is no Diſgrace to me for you to be ſupported there; and if you ſtarve in the Streets, I'll never give any thing underhand in your Behalf. If I have any more of your ſcribbling Nonſenſe I'll break your Head the firſt Time I ſet Sight on you. You are a ſtubborn Beaſt; is this your Gratitude for my giving you Money? You Rogue, I'll better your Judgment, and give you a greater Senſe of your Duty to (I regret to ſay) your Father, *&c.*

'*P. S.* It's Prudence for you to keep out of my Sight; for to reproach me, that Might overcomes Right, on the Outſide of your Letter, I ſhall give you a great Knock on the Scull for it.

WAS there ever ſuch an Image of Paternal Tenderneſs! It was uſual among ſome of the *Greeks* to make their Slaves drink to Exceſs, and then expoſe them to their Children, who by that means conceived an early Averſion to a Vice which makes Men appear ſo monſtrous and irrational. I have expoſed this Picture of an unnatural Father with the ſame Intention, that its Deformity may deter others from its Reſemblance. If the Reader has a mind to ſee a Father of the ſame Stamp repreſented in the moſt exquiſite Strokes of Humour, he may meet with it in one of the fineſt Comedies that ever appeared upon the *Engliſh* Stage: I mean the Part of Sir *Samſon* in *Love for Love*.

I muſt not however engage myſelf blindly on the Side of the Son, to whom the fond Letter above-written was directed. His Father calls him a *ſaucy and audacious Raſcal* in the firſt Line, and I am afraid upon Examination he will prove but an ungracious Youth. *To go about railing* at his Father, and to find no other Place but *the Outſide*

ſide of his Letter to tell him *that Might overcomes Right*, if it does not diſcover *his Reaſon to be depraved*, and *that he is either Fool or Mad*, as the cholerick old Gentleman tells him, we may at leaſt allow that the Father will do very well in endeavouring to *better his Judgment, and give him a greater Senſe of his Duty*. But whether this may be brought about *by breaking his Head*, or *giving him a great Knock on the Scull*, ought, I think, to be well conſidered. Upon the whole, I wiſh the Father has not met with his Match, and that he may not be as equally paired with a Son, as the Mother in *Virgil*.

———*Crudelis tu quoque mater :*
Crudelis mater magis, an puer Improbus ille?
Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater. Ecl. 8. v. 48.

Cruel alike the Mother and the Son.

Or like the Crow and her Egg, in the *Greek* Proverb,

Κακὸς κόραξ κακὸν ὠόν.

Bad the Crow, bad the Egg.

I muſt here take notice of a Letter which I have received from an unknown Correſpondent, upon the Subject of my Paper, upon which the foregoing Letter is likewiſe founded. The Writer of it ſeems very much concerned leſt that Paper ſhould ſeem to give Encouragement to the Diſobedience of Children towards their Parents; but if the Writer of it will take the pains to read it over again attentively, I dare ſay his Apprehenſions will vaniſh. Pardon and Reconciliation are all the penitent Daughter requeſts, and all that I contend for in her Behalf; and in this Caſe I may uſe the Saying of an eminent Wit, who, upon ſome great Mens preſſing him to forgive his Daughter who had married againſt his Conſent, told them he could refuſe nothing to their Inſtances, but that he would have them remember there was Difference between *Giving* and *Forgiving*.

I muſt confeſs, in all Controverſies between Parents and their Children, I am naturally prejudiced in favour of the former. The Obligations on that Side can never be acquitted,

quitted, and I think it is one of the greateſt Reflexions upon Human Nature that Paternal Inſtinct ſhould be a ſtronger Motive to Love than Filial Gratitude; that the receiving of Favours ſhould be a leſs Inducement to Good-will, Tenderneſs and Commiſeration, than the conferring of them; and that the taking care of any Perſon ſhould endear the Child or Dependent more to the Parent or Benefactor, than the Parent or Benefactor to the Child or Dependent; yet ſo it happens, that for one cruel Parent we meet with a thouſand undutiful Children. This is indeed wonderfully contrived (as I have formerly obſerved) for the Support of every living Species; but at the ſame time that it ſhews the Wiſdom of the Creator, it diſcovers the Imperfection and Degeneracy of the Creature.

THE Obedience of Children to their Parents is the Baſis of all Government, and ſet forth as the Meaſure of that Obedience which we owe to thoſe whom Providence hath placed over us.

IT is Father *Le Compte*, if I am not miſtaken, who tells us how Want of Duty in this Particular is puniſhed among the *Chineſe*, inſomuch that if a Son, ſhould be known to kill, or ſo much as to ſtrike his Father, not only the Criminal but his whole Family would be rooted out, nay the Inhabitants of the Place where he lived would be put to the Sword, nay the Place itſelf would be razed to the Ground, and its Foundations ſown with Salt: For, ſay they, there muſt have been an utter Depravation of Manners in that Clan or Society of People who could have bred up among them ſo horrid an Offender. To this I ſhall add a Paſſage out of the firſt Book of *Herodotus*. That Hiſtorian in his Account of the *Perſian* Cuſtoms and Religion tells us, It is their Opinion that no Man ever killed his Father, or that it is poſſible ſuch a Crime ſhould be in Nature; but that if any thing like it ſhould ever happen, they conclude that the reputed Son muſt have been Illegitimate, Suppoſititious, or begotten in Adultery. Their Opinion in this Particular ſhews ſufficiently what a Notion they muſt have had of Undutifulneſs in general. L

N° 190 *Monday, October* 8.

Servitus crescit nova——— Hor. Od. 8. l. 2. v. 18.

A Servitude to former Times unknown.

SINCE I made some Reflexions upon the general Negligence used in the Case of Regard towards Women, or, in other Words, since I talked of Wenching. I have had Epistles upon that Subject, which I shall, for the present Entertainment, insert as they lie before me.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AS your Speculations are not confined to any Part of 'Human Life, but concern the Wicked as well as 'the Good, I must desire your favourable Acceptance of 'what I, a poor strolling Girl about Town, have to say 'to you. I was told by a Roman Catholick Gentleman 'who picked me up last Week, and who, I hope, is ab-'solved for what passed between us; I say I was told by 'such a Person, who endeavoured to convert me to his 'own Religion, that in Countries where Popery prevails, 'besides the Advantage of licensed Stews, there are large 'Endowments given for the *Incurabili*, I think he called 'them, such as are past all Remedy, and are allowed such 'Maintenance and Support as to keep them without far-'ther Care till they expire. This manner of treating poor 'Sinners has, methinks, great Humanity in it; and as 'you are a Person who pretend to carry your Reflexions 'upon all Subjects whatever occur to you, with Can-'dour, and act above the Sense of what Misinterpretation 'you may meet with, I beg the Favour of you to lay 'before all the World the unhappy Condition of us poor 'Vagrants, who are really in a Way of Labour instead of 'Idleness. There are Crouds of us whose manner of 'Livelihood has long ceased to be pleasing to us; and 'who would willingly lead a new Life, if the Rigour of

'the

'the Virtuous did not for ever expel us from coming in-
'to the World again. As it now happens, to the eternal
'Infamy of the Male Sex, Falſhood among you is not
'reproachful, but Credulity in Women is infamous.

'GIVE me leave, Sir, to give you my Hiſtory. You
'are to know that I am a Daughter of a Man of a good
'Reputation, Tenant to a Man of Quality. The Heir of
'this great Houſe took it in his Head to caſt a favourable
'Eye upon me, and ſucceeded. I do not pretend to ſay
'he promiſed me Marriage: I was not a Creature ſilly
'enough to be taken by ſo fooliſh a Story: But he ran
'away with me up to this Town, and introduced me to
'a grave Matron, with whom I boarded for a Day or
'two with great Gravity, and was not a little pleaſed
'with the Change of my Condition, from that of a Coun-
'try Life to the fineſt Company, as I believed, in the
'whole World. My humble Servant made me underſtand
'that I ſhould be always kept in the plentiful Condition
'I then enjoyed; when after a very great Fondneſs towards
'me, he one Day took his leave of me for four or five Days.
'In the Evening of the ſame Day my good Landlady
'came to me, and obſerving me very penſive, began to
'comfort me, and with a Smile told me I muſt ſee the
'World. When I was deaf to all ſhe could ſay to divert
'me, ſhe began to tell me with a very frank Air that I
'muſt be treated as I ought, and not take theſe ſqueamiſh
'Humours upon me, for my Friend had left me to the
'Town; and, as their Phraſe is, ſhe expected I would ſee
'Company, or I muſt be treated like what I had brought
'myſelf to. This put me into a Fit of Crying: And I
'immediately, in a true Senſe of my Condition, threw
'myſelf on the Floor, deploring my Fate, calling upon
'all that was good and ſacred to ſuccour me. While I was
'in all this Agony, I obſerved a decrepid old Fellow come
'into the Room, and looking with a Senſe of Pleaſure in
'his Face at all my Vehemence and Tranſport. In a Pauſe
'of my Diſtreſs I heard him ſay to the ſhameleſs old Wo-
'man who ſtood by me, She is certainly a new Face, or
'elſe ſhe acts it rarely. With that the Gentlewoman, who
'was making her Market of me, in all the Turn of my
'Perſon, the Heaves of my Paſſion, and the ſuitable
'Changes of my Poſture, took occaſion to commend my
'Neck,

'Neck, my Shape, my Eyes, my Limbs. All this was 'accompanied with ſuch Speeches as you may have heard 'Horſe-courſers make in the Sale of Nags, when they are 'warranted for their Soundneſs. You underſtand by this 'time that I was left in a Brothel, and expoſed to the next 'Bidder that could purchaſe me of my Patroneſs. This 'is ſo much the Work of Hell; the Pleaſure in the Poſ-'ſeſſion of us Wenches, abates in proportion to the De-'grees we go beyond the Bounds of Innocence; and no 'Man is gratified, if there is nothing left for him to de-'bauch. Well, Sir, my firſt Man, when I came upon 'the Town, was Sir *Jeoffry Foible*, who was extremely 'laviſh to me of his Money, and took ſuch a fancy to 'me that he would have carried me off, if my Patroneſs 'would have taken any reaſonable Terms for me: But 'as he was old, his Covetouſneſs was his ſtrongeſt Paſſion, 'and poor I was ſoon left expoſed to be the common Re-'fuſe of all the Rakes and Debauchees in Town. I cannot 'tell whether you will do me Juſtice or no, till I ſee whe-'ther you print this or not; otherwiſe, as I now live with '*Sal*, I could give you a very juſt Account of who and 'who is together in this Town. You perhaps won't believe 'it; but I know of one who pretends to be a very good 'Proteſtant who lies with a Roman-Catholick: But more 'of this hereafter, as you pleaſe me. There do come to 'our Houſe the greateſt Politicians of the Age; and *Sal* 'is more ſhrewd than any body thinks: No body can 'believe that ſuch wiſe Men could go to Baudy-houſes out 'of idle Purpoſes; I have heard them often talk of *Au-'guſtus Cæſar*, who had Intrigues with the Wives of Se-'nators, not out of Wantonneſs but Stratagem.

'I T is a thouſand pities you ſhould be ſo ſeverely vir-'tuous as I fear you are; otherwiſe, after one Viſit or two, 'you would ſoon underſtand that we Women of the Town 'are not ſuch uſeleſs Correſpondents as you may imagine: 'You have undoubtedly heard that it was a Courteſan 'who diſcovered *Catiline*'s Conſpiracy. If you print this 'I'll tell you more; and am in the mean time,

S I R,

Your moſt humble Servant,

REBECCA NETTLETOP.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM an idle young Woman that would work for my 'Livelihood, but that I am kept in ſuch a manner as 'I cannot ſtir out. My Tyrant is an old jealous Fellow, 'who allows me nothing to appear in. I have but one 'Shoe and one Slipper; no Head-dreſs, and no upper 'Petticoat. As you ſet up for a Reformer, I deſire you 'would take me out of this wicked way, and keep me 'yourſelf.

EVE AFTERDAY.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM to complain to you of a Set of impertinent Cox-'combs, who viſit the Apartments of us Women of 'the Town, only, as they call it, to ſee the World. I 'muſt confeſs to you, this to Men of Delicacy might 'have an Effect to cure them; but as they are ſtupid, noiſy 'and drunken Fellows, it tends only to make Vice in 'themſelves, as they think, pleaſant and humourous, and 'at the ſame time nauſeous in us. I ſhall, Sir, hereafter 'from time to time give you the Names of theſe Wretches 'who pretend to enter our Houſes merely as Spectators. 'Theſe Men think it Wit to uſe us ill: Pray tell them, 'however worthy we are of ſuch Treatment, it is un-'worthy them to be guilty of it towards us. Pray, Sir, 'take notice of this, and pity the Oppreſſed: I wiſh we 'could add to it, the Innocent. T

N° 191 *Tueſday, October* 9.

—— ἔλον ὄνειρον. Hom. Il. 2. v. 6.

—— *Deluding Viſion of the Night.* POPE.

SOME ludicrous Schoolmen have put the Caſe, that if an Aſs were placed betwen two Bundles of Hay, which affected his Senſes equally on each Side, and tempted him in the very ſame Degree, whether it would be poſſible for him to eat of either. They generally determine

termine this Queſtion to the Diſadvantage of the Aſs, who they ſay would ſtarve in the Midſt of Plenty, as not having a ſingle Grain of Free-will to determine him more to the one than to the other. The Bundle of Hay on either Side ſtriking his Sight and Smell in the ſame Proportion, would keep him in a perpetual Suſpence, like the two Magnets which, Travellers have told us, are placed one of them in the Roof, and the other in the Floor of *Mahomet*'s Burying-place at *Mecca*, and by that means, ſay they, pull the Impoſtor's Iron Coffin with ſuch an equal Attraction, that it hangs in the Air between both of them. As for the Aſs's Behaviour in ſuch nice Circumſtances, whether he would ſtarve ſooner than violate his Neutrality to the two Bundles of Hay, I ſhall not preſume to determine; but only take notice of the Conduct of our own Species in the ſame Perplexity. When a Man has a mind to venture his Money in a Lottery, every Figure of it appears equally alluring, and as likely to ſucceed as any of its Fellows. They all of them have the ſame Pretenſions to Good-luck, ſtand upon the ſame Foot of Competition, and no manner of Reaſon can be given why a Man ſhould prefer one to the other before the Lottery is drawn. In this Caſe therefore Caprice very often acts in the Place of Reaſon, and forms to itſelf ſome groundleſs imaginary Motive, where real and ſubſtantial ones are wanting. I know a well-meaning Man that is very well pleaſed to riſk his Good-fortune upon the Number 1711, becauſe it is the Year of our Lord. I am acquainted with a Tacker that would give a good deal for the Number 134. On the contrary I have been told of a certain zealous Diſſenter, who being a great Enemy to Popery, and believing that bad Men are the moſt fortunate in this World, will lay two to one on the Number 666 againſt any other Number, becauſe, ſays he, it is the Number of the Beaſt. Several would prefer the Number 12000 before any other, as it is the Number of the Pounds in the great Prize. In ſhort, ſome are pleaſed to find their own Age in their Number; ſome that they have got a number which makes a pretty Appearance in the Cyphers; and others, becauſe it is the ſame Number that ſucceeded in the laſt Lottery. Each of theſe, upon no other Grounds, thinks he ſtands faireſt for the great Lot, and that he is poſſeſſed of what may not be improperly called *The Golden Number*.

THESE

THESE Principles of Election are the Paſtimes and Extravagances of Human Reaſon, which is of ſo buſy a Nature, that it will be exerting itſelf in the meaneſt Trifles and working even when it wants Materials. The wiſeſt of Men are ſometimes acted by ſuch unaccountable Motives, as the Life of the Fool and the Superſtitious is guided by nothing elſe.

I am ſurpriſed that none of the Fortune-tellers, or, as the *French* call them, the *Diſeurs de bonne Avanture*, who publiſh their Bills in every Quarter of the Town, have not turned our Lotteries to their Advantage: Did any of them ſet up for a Caſter of fortunate Figures, what might he not get by his pretended Diſcoveries and Predictions?

I remember among the Advertiſements in the *Poſt-Boy* of *September* the 27th, I was ſurpriſed to ſee the following one:

This is to give notice, That Ten Shillings over and above the Market-Price, will be given for the Ticket in 1500000 l. *Lottery,* N° 132, *by* Nath. Cliff *at the Bible and Three Crowns in Cheapſide.*

THIS Advertiſement has given great Matter of Speculation to Coffee-houſe Theoriſts. Mr. *Cliff*'s Principles and Converſation have been canvaſſed upon this Occaſion, and various Conjectures made why he ſhould thus ſet his Heart upon N° 132. I have examined all the Powers in thoſe Numbers, broken them into Fractions, extracted the Square and Cube Root, divided and multiplied them all Ways, but could not arrive at the Secret till about three Days ago, when I received the following Letter from an unknown Hand, by which I find that Mr. *Nathaniel Cliff* is only the Agent, and not the Principal in this Advertiſement.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am the Perſon that lately advertiſed I would give 'ten Shillings more than the current Price for the 'Ticket N° 132 in the Lottery now drawing; which is 'a Secret I have communicated to ſome Friends, who 'rally me inceſſantly upon that Account. You muſt 'know I have but one Ticket, for which Reaſon, and a 'certain Dream I have lately had more than once, I was

'reſolved

'reſolved it ſhould be the Number I moſt approved. I 'am ſo poſitive I have pitched upon the great Lot, that 'I could almoſt lay all I am worth of it. My Viſions are 'ſo frequent and ſtrong upon this Occaſion, that I have 'not only poſſeſſed the Lot, but diſpoſed of the Money 'which in all probability it will ſell for. This Morning, 'in particular, I ſet up an Equipage which I look upon 'to be the gaieſt in the Town; the Liveries are very 'rich, but not gaudy. I ſhould be very glad to ſee a Spe-'culation or two upon Lottery Subjects, in which you 'would oblige all People concerned, and in particular

Your moſt humble Servant,
George Goſling.

P. S. 'Dear SPEC, if I get the 12000 Pound, I'll 'make thee a handſom Preſent.

AFTER having wiſhed my Correſpondent good Luck, and thanked him for his intended Kindneſs, I ſhall for this time diſmiſs the Subject of the Lottery, and only obſerve that the greateſt Part of Mankind are in ſome degree guilty of my Friend *Goſling*'s Extravagance. We are apt to rely upon future Proſpects, and become really expenſive while we are only rich in Poſſibility. We live up to our Expectations, not to our Poſſeſſions, and make a Figure proportionable to what we may be, not what we are. We out-run our preſent Income, as not doubting to diſburſe ourſelves out of the Profits of ſome future Place, Project, or Reverſion that we have in view. It is through this Temper of Mind, which is ſo common among us, that we ſee Tradeſmen break, who have met with no Misfortunes in their Buſineſs; and Men of Eſtates reduced to Poverty, who have never ſuffered from Loſſes or Repairs, Tenants, Taxes, or Law-ſuits. In ſhort, it is this fooliſh ſanguine Temper, this depending upon contingent Futurities, that occaſions Romantick Generoſity, Chimerical Grandeur, ſenſeleſs Oſtentation, and generally ends in Beggary and Ruin. The Man, who will live above his preſent Circumſtances, is in great danger of living in a little time much beneath them, or, as the *Italian* Proverb runs, The Man who lives by Hope will die by Hunger.

IT ſhould be an indiſpenſable Rule in Life, to contract our Deſires to our preſent Condition, and whatever

ever may be our Expectations, to live within the Compaſs of what we actually poſſeſs. It will be Time enough to enjoy an Eſtate when it comes into our Hands; but if we anticipate our good Fortune, we ſhall loſe the Pleaſure of it when it arrives, and may poſſibly never poſſeſs what we have ſo fooliſhly counted upon. L

Nº 192 *Wedneſday, October* 10.

——*Uno ore omnes omnia*
Bona dicere, & laudare fortunas meas,
Qui Gnatum haberem tali ingenio præditum.
Ter. Andr. Act 1. Sc. 1.

All Men agreed in complimenting me, and applauded my good Fortune in being the Father of ſo towardly a Son.

I STOOD the other Day, and beheld a Father ſitting in the middle of a Room with a large Family of Children about him; and methought I could obſerve in his Countenance different Motions of Delight, as he turned his Eye towards the one and the other of them. The Man is a Perſon moderate in his Deſigns for their Preferment and Welfare; and as he has an eaſy Fortune, he is not ſolicitous to make a great one. His eldeſt Son is a Child of a very towardly Diſpoſition, and as much as the Father loves him, I dare ſay he will never be a Knave to improve his Fortune. I do not know any Man who has a juſter Reliſh of Life than the Perſon I am ſpeaking of, or keeps a better Guard againſt the Terrors of Want or the Hopes of Gain. It is uſual in a Croud of Children, for the Parent to name out of his own Flock all the great Officers of the Kingdom. There is ſomething ſo very ſurpriſing in the Parts of a Child of a Man's own, that there is nothing too great to be expected from his Endowments. I know a good Woman who has but three Sons, and there is, ſhe ſays, nothing ſhe expects with more Certainty, than that ſhe ſhall ſee one

one of them a Biſhop, the other a Judge, and the third a Court-Phyſician. The Humour is, that any thing which can happen to any Man's Child, is expected by every Man for his own. But my Friend, whom I was going to ſpeak of, does not flatter himſelf with ſuch vain Expectations, but has his Eye more upon the Virtue and Diſpoſition of his Children, than their Advancement or Wealth. Good Habits are what will certainly improve a Man's Fortune and Reputation; but on the other ſide, Affluence of Fortune will not as probably produce good Affections of the Mind.

IT is very natural for a Man of a kind Diſpoſition, to amuſe himſelf with the Promiſes his Imagination makes to him of the future Condition of his Children, and to repreſent to himſelf the Figure they ſhall bear in the World after he has left it. When his Proſpects of this kind are agreeable, his Fondneſs gives as it were a longer Date to his own Life; and the Survivorſhip of a worthy Man in his Son is a Pleaſure ſcarce inferior to the Hopes of the Continuance of his own Life. That Man is happy who can believe of his Son, that he will eſcape the Follies and Indiſcretions of which he himſelf was guilty, and purſue and improve every thing that was valuable in him. The Continuance of his Virtue is much more to be regarded than that of his Life; but it is the moſt lamentable of all Reflexions, to think that the Heir of a Man's Fortune is ſuch a one as will be a Stranger to his Friends, alienated from the ſame Intereſts, and a Promoter of every thing which he himſelf diſapproved. An Eſtate in Poſſeſſion of ſuch a Succeſſor to a good Man, is worſe than laid waſte; and the Family, of which he is the Head, is in a more deplorable Condition than that of being extinct.

WHEN I viſit the agreeable Seat of my honoured Friend *Ruricola*, and walk from Room to Room revolving many pleaſing Occurrences, and the Expreſſions of many juſt Sentiments I have heard him utter, and ſee the Booby his Heir in Pain while he is doing the Honours of his Houſe to the Friend of his Father, the Heavineſs it gives one is not to be expreſſed. Want of Genius is not to be imputed to any Man, but Want of Humanity is a Man's own Fault. The Son of *Ruricola*, (whoſe Life was one continued Series of worthy Actions and Gentle-

man-

man-like Inclinations) is the Companion of drunken Clowns, and knows no Senſe of Praiſe but in the Flattery he receives from his own Servants; his Pleaſures are mean and inordinate, his Language baſe and filthy, his Behaviour rough and abſurd. Is this Creature to be accounted the Succeſſor of a Man of Virtue, Wit and Breeding? At the ſame time that I have this melancholy Proſpect at the Houſe where I miſs my old Friend, I can go to a Gentleman's not far off it, where he has a Daughter who is the Picture both of his Body and Mind, but both improved with the Beauty and Modeſty peculiar to her Sex. It is ſhe who ſupplies the Loſs of her Father to the World; ſhe, without his Name or Fortune, is a truer Memorial of him, than her Brother who ſucceeds him in both. Such an Offspring as the eldeſt Son of my Friend perpetuates his Father in the ſame manner as the Appearance of his Ghoſt would: It is indeed *Ruricola*, but it is *Ruricola* grown frightful.

I know not what to attribute the brutal Turn which this young Man has taken, except it may be to a certain Severity and Diſtance which his Father uſed towards him, and might, perhaps, have occaſioned a Diſlike to thoſe Modes of Life which were not made amiable to him by Freedom and Affability.

WE may promiſe ourſelves that no ſuch Excreſcence will appear in the Family of the *Cornelii*, where the Father lives with his Sons like their eldeſt Brother, and the Sons converſe with him as if they did it for no other Reaſon but that he is the wiſeſt Man of their Acquaintance. As the *Cornelii* are eminent Traders, their good Correſpondence with each other is uſeful to all that know them, as well as to themſelves: And their Friendſhip, Good-will and kind Offices, are diſpoſed of jointly as well as their Fortune, ſo that no one ever obliged one of them, who had not the Obligation multiplied in Returns from them all.

IT is the moſt beautiful Object the Eyes of Man can behold, to ſee a Man of Worth and his Son live in an intire unreſerved Correſpondence. The mutual Kindneſs and Affection between them give an inexpreſſible Satisfaction to all who know them. It is a ſublime Pleaſure which increaſes by the Participation. It is as ſacred as Friendſhip, as pleaſurable as Love, and as joyful as Religion.

ligion. This State of Mind does not only diſſipate Sorrow, which would be extreme without it, but enlarges Pleaſures which would otherwiſe be contemptible. The moſt indifferent thing has its Force and Beauty when it is ſpoke by a kind Father, and an inſignificant Trifle has its Weight when offered by a dutiful Child. I know not how to expreſs it, but I think I may call it a tranſplanted Self-love. All the Enjoyments and Sufferings which a Man meets with are regarded only as they concern him in the Relation he has to another. A Man's very Honour receives a new Value to him, when he thinks that, when he is in his Grave, it will be had in Remembrance that ſuch an Action was done by ſuch a one's Father. Such Conſiderations ſweeten the old Man's Evening, and his Soliloquy delights him when he can ſay to himſelf, No Man can tell my Child his Father was either unmerciful or unjuſt: My Son ſhall meet many a Man who ſhall ſay to him, I was obliged to thy Father, and be my Child a Friend to his Child for ever.

IT is not in the Power of all Men to leave illuſtrious Names or great Fortunes to their Poſterity, but they can very much conduce to their having Induſtry, Probity, Valour and Juſtice: It is in every Man's Power to leave his Son the Honour of deſcending from a virtuous Man, and add the Bleſſings of Heaven to whatever he leaves him. I ſhall end this Rhapſody with a Letter to an excellent young Man of my Acquaintance, who has lately loſt a worthy Father.

Dear Sir,

'I Know no Part of Life more impertinent than the 'Office of adminiſtring Conſolation: I will not en-'ter into it, for I cannot but applaud your Grief. The 'virtuous Principles you had from that excellent Man, 'whom you have loſt, have wrought in you as they 'ought, to make a Youth of Three and Twenty incapa-'ble of Comfort upon coming into Poſſeſſion of a great 'Fortune. I doubt not but you will honour his Memory 'by a modeſt Enjoyment of his Eſtate; and ſcorn to 'triumph over his Grave, by employing in Riot, Exceſs, 'and Debauchery, what he purchaſed with ſo much In-'duſtry, Prudence, and Wiſdom. This is the true Way

'to

'to ſhew the Senſe you have of your Loſs, and to take
'away the Diſtreſs of others upon the Occaſion. You
'cannot recal your Father by your Grief, but you may
'revive him to his Friends by your Conduct. T

Nº 193 *Thurſday, October* 11.

——*Ingentem foribus domus alta ſuperbis*
Manè ſalutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.
Virg. Georg. 2. v. 461.

His Lordſhip's Palace, from its ſtately Doors,
A Flood of Levée-hunting Mortals pours.

WHEN we look round us, and behold the ſtrange Variety of Faces and Perſons which fill the Streets with Buſineſs and Hurry, it is no unpleaſant Amuſement to make Gueſſes at their different Purſuits, and judge by their Countenances what it is that ſo anxiouſly engages their preſent Attention. Of all this buſy Croud, there are none who would give a Man inclined to ſuch Inquiries better Diverſion for his Thoughts, than thoſe whom we call good Courtiers, and ſuch as are aſſiduous at the Levées of great Men. Theſe Worthies are got into an Habit of being ſervile with an Air, and enjoy a certain Vanity in being known for underſtanding how the World paſſes. In the Pleaſure of this they can riſe early, go abroad ſleek and well-dreſſed, with no other Hope or Purpoſe, but to make a Bow to a Man in Court-Favour, and be thought, by ſome inſignificant Smile of his, not a little engaged in his Intereſts and Fortunes. It is wondrous, that a Man can get over the natural Exiſtence and Poſſeſſion of his own Mind ſo far, as to take Delight either in paying or receiving ſuch cold and repeated Civilities. But what maintains the Humour is, that outward Show is what moſt Men purſue, rather than real Happineſs. Thus both the Idol and Idolater equally impoſe upon themſelves in pleaſing their Imaginations this way. But as there are very many of her Majeſty's good

good Subjects, who are extremely uneaſy at their own Seats in the Country, where all from the Skies to the Centre of the Earth is their own, and have a mighty longing to ſhine in Courts, or to be Partners in the Power of the World; I ſay, for the Benefit of theſe, and others who hanker after being in the Whiſper with great Men, and vexing their Neighbours with the Changes they would be capable of making in the Appearance at a Country Seſſions, it would not methinks be amiſs to give an Account of that Market for Preferment, a great Man's Levée.

FOR ought I know, this Commerce between the Mighty and their Slaves, very juſtly repreſented, might do ſo much good, as to incline the Great to regard Buſineſs rather than Oſtentation; and make the Little know the Uſe of their Time too well, to ſpend it in vain Applications and Addreſſes.

THE famous Doctor in *Moorfields*, who gained ſo much Reputation for his Horary Predictions, is ſaid to have had in his Parlour different Ropes to little Bells which hung in the Room above Stairs, where the Doctor thought fit to be oraculous. If a Girl had been deceived by her Lover, one Bell was pulled; and if a Peaſant had loſt a Cow, the Servant rung another. This Method was kept in reſpect to all other Paſſions and Concerns, and the skilful Waiter below ſifted the Inquirer, and gave the Doctor Notice accordingly. The Levée of a great Man is laid after the ſame manner, and twenty Whiſpers, falſe Alarms, and private Intimations, paſs backward and forward from the Porter, the Valet, and the Patron himſelf, before the gaping Crew, who are to pay their Court, are gathered together: When the Scene is ready, the Doors fly open and diſcover his Lordſhip.

THERE are ſeveral Ways of making this firſt Appearance: you may be either half-dreſſed, and waſhing yourſelf, which is indeed the moſt ſtately; but this Way of Opening is peculiar to Military Men, in whom there is ſomething graceful in expoſing themſelves naked; but the Politicians, or Civil Officers, have uſually affected to be more reſerved, and preſerve a certain Chaſtity of Deportment. Whether it be Hieroglyphical or not, this Difference in the Military and Civil Liſt, I will not ſay;

but have ever underſtood the Fact to be, that the cloſe Miniſter is buttoned up, and the brave Officer open-breaſted on theſe Occaſions.

HOWEVER that is, I humbly conceive the Buſineſs of a Levée is to receive the Acknowledgments of a Multitude, that a Man is Wiſe, Bounteous, Valiant and Powerful. When the firſt Shot of Eyes is made, it is wonderful to obſerve how much Submiſſion the Patron's Modeſty can bear, and how much Servitude the Client's Spirit can deſcend to. In the vaſt Multiplicity of Buſineſs, and the Croud about him, my Lord's Parts are uſually ſo great, that, to the Aſtoniſhment of the whole Aſſembly, he has ſomething to ſay to every Man there, and that ſo ſuitable to his Capacity as any Man may judge that it is not without Talents that Men can arrive at great Employments. I have known a great Man ask a Flag-Officer, which way was the Wind, a Commander of Horſe the preſent Price of Oats, and a Stock-Jobber at what Diſcount ſuch a Fund was, with as much Eaſe as if he had been bred to each of thoſe ſeveral Ways of Life. Now this is extremely obliging; for at the ſame time that the Patron informs himſelf of Matters, he gives the Perſon of whom he inquires an Opportunity to exert himſelf. What adds to the Pomp of thoſe Interviews is, that it is perform'd with the greateſt Silence and Order imaginable. The Patron is uſually in the Midſt of the Room, and ſome humble Perſon gives him a Whiſper, which his Lordſhip anſwers aloud, *It is well. Yes, I am of your Opinion. Pray inform yourſelf further, you may be ſure of my Part in it.* This happy Man is diſmiſſed, and my Lord can turn himſelf to a Buſineſs of a quite different Nature, and off-hand give as good an Anſwer as any great Man is obliged to. For the chief Point is to keep in Generals, and if there be any thing offered that's Particular, to be in haſte.

BUT we are now in the Height of the Affair, and my Lord's Creatures have all had their Whiſpers round to keep up the Farce of the Thing, and the Dumb Show is become more general. He caſts his Eye to that Corner, and there to Mr. Such-a-one; to the other, *and when did you come to Town?* And perhaps juſt before he nods to another; and enters with him, *but, Sir, I am glad to ſee you, now I think of it.* Each of thoſe are happy for the

next

next four and twenty Hours; and thoſe who bow in Ranks undiſtinguiſhed, and by Dozens at a Time, think they have very good Proſpects if they may hope to arrive at ſuch Notices half a Year hence.

THE Satyriſt ſays, there is ſeldom common Senſe in high Fortune; and one would think, to behold a Levée, that the Great were not only infatuated with their Station, but alſo that they believed all below were ſeized too; elſe how is it poſſible they could think of impoſing upon themſelves and others in ſuch a degree, as to ſet up a Levée for any thing but a direct Farce? But ſuch is the Weakneſs of our Nature, that when Men are a little exalted in their Condition, they immediately conceive they have additional Senſes, and their Capacities enlarged not only above other Men, but above human Comprehenſion itſelf. Thus it is ordinary to ſee a great Man attend one liſtning, bow to one at a diſtance, and call to a third at the ſame inſtant. A Girl in new Ribbands is not more taken with herſelf, nor does ſhe betray more apparent Coquetries, than even a wiſe Man in ſuch a Circumſtance of Courtſhip. I do not know any thing that I ever thought ſo very diſtaſteful as the Affectation which is recorded of *Cæſar*, to wit, that he would dictate to three ſeveral Writers at the ſame time. This was an Ambition below the Greatneſs and Candour of his Mind. He indeed (if any Man had Pretenſions to greater Faculties than any other Mortal) was the Perſon; but ſuch a Way of acting is childiſh, and inconſiſtent with the Manner of our Being. And it appears from the very Nature of Things, that there cannot be any thing effectually diſpatched in the Diſtraction of a publick Levée; but the whole ſeems to be a Conſpiracy of a Set of Servile Slaves, to give up their own Liberty to take away their Patron's Underſtanding. T

Nº 194 *Friday, October* 12.

——*Difficili bile tumet jecur.* Hor. Od. 13. l. 1. v. 4.

Anger boils up in my hot lab'ring Breaſt. Glanvil.

THE preſent Paper ſhall conſiſt of two Letters which obſerve upon Faults that are eaſily cured both in Love and Friendſhip. In the latter, as far as it merely regards Converſation, the Perſon who neglects viſiting an agreeable Friend is puniſhed in the very Tranſgreſſion; for a good Companion is not found in every Room we go into. But the Caſe of Love is of a more delicate Nature, and the Anxiety is inexpreſſible if every little Inſtance of Kindneſs is not reciprocal. There are Things in this ſort of Commerce which there are not Words to expreſs, and a Man may not poſſibly know how to repreſent, what yet may tear his Heart into ten thouſand Tortures. To be grave to a Man's Mirth, unattentive to his Diſcourſe, or to interrupt either with ſomething that argues a Diſinclination to be entertained by him, has in it ſomething ſo diſagreeable, that the utmoſt Steps which may be made in farther Enmity cannot give greater Torment. The gay *Corinna*, who ſets up for an Indifference and becoming Heedleſneſs, gives her Husband all the Torment imaginable out of mere Indolence, with this peculiar Vanity, that ſhe is to look as gay as a Maid in the Character of a Wife. It is no matter what is the Reaſon of a Man's Grief, if it be heavy as it is. Her unhappy Man is convinced that ſhe means him no Diſhonour, but pines to Death becauſe ſhe will not have ſo much Deference to him as to avoid the Appearances of it. The Author of the following Letter is perplexed with an Injury that is in a Degree yet leſs criminal, and yet the Source of the utmoſt Unhappineſs.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have read your Papers which relate to Jealouſy, and deſire your Advice in my Caſe, which you will ſay is not common. I have a Wife, of whoſe Virtue I 'am

'am not in the leaſt doubtful; yet I cannot be ſatisfied ſhe 'loves me, which gives me as great Uneaſineſs as being 'faulty the other Way would do. I know not whether I 'am not yet more miſerable than in that Caſe, for ſhe 'keeps Poſſeſſion of my Heart, without the Return of 'hers. I would deſire your Obſervations upon that Temper in ſome Women, who will not condeſcend to convince their Husbands of their Innocence or their Love, 'but are wholly negligent of what Reflexions the poor 'Men make upon their Conduct (ſo they cannot call it 'Criminal,) when at the ſame time a little Tenderneſs 'of Behaviour, or Regard to ſhew an Inclination to 'pleaſe them, would make them intirely at Eaſe. Do 'not ſuch Women deſerve all the Miſinterpretation which 'they neglect to avoid? Or are they not in the actual 'Practice of Guilt, who care not whether they are 'thought guilty or not? If my Wife does the moſt ordinary Thing, as viſiting her Siſter, or taking the Air 'with her Mother, it is always carried with the Air of a 'Secret: Then ſhe will ſometimes tell a Thing of no 'Conſequence, as if it was only Want of Memory made 'her conceal it before; and this only to dally with my 'Anxiety. I have complained to her of this Behaviour 'in the gentleſt Terms imaginable, and beſeeched her 'not to uſe him, who deſired only to live with her like 'an indulgent Friend, as the moſt moroſe and unſociable 'Husband in the World. It is no eaſy Matter to deſcribe 'our Circumſtance, but it is miſerable with this Aggravation, That it might be eaſily mended, and yet no 'Remedy endeavoured. She reads you, and there is a 'Phraſe or two in this Letter which ſhe will know came 'from me. If we enter into an Explanation which may 'tend to our future Quiet by your Means, you ſhall have 'our joint Thanks; in the mean time I am (as much as 'I can in this ambiguous Condition be any Thing)

SIR,

Your humble Servant.

W.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'GIVE me leave to make you a Preſent of a Cha-
'racter not yet deſcribed in your Papers, which is
'that of a Man who treats his Friend with the ſame odd
'Variety which a fantaſtical Female Tyrant practiſes to-
'wards her Lover. I have for ſome time had a Friend-
'ſhip with one of theſe Mercurial Perſons: The Rogue I
'know loves me, yet takes Advantage of my Fondneſs
'for him to uſe me as he pleaſes. We are by Turns the
'beſt Friends and the greateſt Strangers imaginable;
'Sometimes you would think us inſeparable; at other
'times he avoids me for a long time, yet neither he
'nor I know why. When we meet next by Chance,
'he is amazed he has not ſeen me, is impatient for an
'Appointment the ſame Evening: and when I expect
'he ſhould have kept it, I have known him ſlip away to
'another Place; where he has ſat reading the News,
'when there is no Poſt; ſmoking his Pipe, which he
'ſeldom cares for; and ſtaring about him in Company
'with whom he has had nothing to do, as if he won-
'dered how he came there.

'THAT I may ſtate my Caſe to you the more
'fully, I ſhall tranſcribe ſome ſhort Minutes I have taken
'of him in my Almanack ſince laſt Spring; for you muſt
'know there are certain Seaſons of the Year, according
'to which, I will not ſay our Friendſhip, but the Enjoy-
'ment of it riſes or falls. In *March* and *April* he was as
'various as the Weather; In *May* and part of *June* I
'found him the ſprightlieſt beſt-humoured Fellow in the
'World; In the Dog-Days he was much upon the In-
'dolent; In *September* very agreeable but very buſy; and
'ſince the Glaſs fell laſt to changeable, he has made three
'Appointments with me, and broke them every one.
'However I have good Hopes of him this Winter, eſpe-
'cially if you will lend me your Aſſiſtance to reform him,
'which will be a great Eaſe and Pleaſure to,

October 9, 1711. *SIR,*

Your moſt humble Servant.

T

Saturday,

N° 195 *Saturday, October* 13.

Νήπιοι, οὐδ' ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἥμισυ παντὸς,
Οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλάχῃ τε καὶ ἀσφοδέλῳ μέγ' ὄνειαρ.
Hes. Oper. & Dier. l. 1. v. 40.

Fools, not to know that Half exceeds the Whole,
Nor the great Bleſſings of a frugal Board!

THERE is a Story in the *Arabian Nights Tales* of a King who had long languiſhed under an ill Habit of Body, and had taken abundance of Remedies to no purpoſe. At length, ſays the Fable, a Phyſician cured him by the following Method: He took an hollow Ball of Wood, and filled it with ſeveral Drugs; after which he clos'd it up ſo artificially that nothing appeared. He likewiſe took a Mall, and after having hollowed the Handle, and that Part which ſtrikes the Ball, he incloſed in them ſeveral Drugs after the ſame Manner as in the Ball itſelf. He then ordered the Sultan, who was his Patient, to exerciſe himſelf early in the Morning with theſe *rightly prepared* Inſtruments, till ſuch time as he ſhould ſweat: When, as the Story goes, the Virtue of the Medicaments perſpiring through the Wood, had ſo good an Influence on the Sultan's Conſtitution, that they cured him of an Indiſpoſition which all the Compoſitions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This eaſtern Allegory is finely contrived to ſhew us how beneficial bodily Labour is to Health, and that Exerciſe is the moſt effectual Phyſick. I have deſcribed in my Hundred and Fifteenth Paper, from the general Structure and Mechaniſm of an human Body, how abſolutely neceſſary Exercise is for its Preſervation: I ſhall in this Place recommend another great Preſervative of Health, which in many Caſes produces the ſame Effects as Exerciſe, and may, in ſome meaſure, ſupply its Place, where Opportunities of Exerciſe are wanting. The Preſervative I am ſpeaking of is Temperance, which has thoſe particular Advantages above all other Means of Health, that

it may be practiſed by all Ranks and Conditions, at any Seaſon or in any Place. It is a kind of Regimen into which every Man may put himſelf, without Interruption to Buſineſs, Expence of Money, or Loſs of Time. If Exerciſe throws off all Superfluities, Temperance prevents them; if Exerciſe clears the Veſſels, Temperance neither ſatiates nor overſtrains them; if Exerciſe raiſes proper Ferments in the Humours, and promotes the Circulation of the Blood, Temperance gives Nature her full Play, and enables her to exert herſelf in all her Force and Vigour; if Exerciſe diſſipates a growing Diſtemper, Temperance ſtarves it.

PHYSICK, for the moſt part, is nothing elſe but the Subſtitute of Exerciſe or Temperance. Medicines are indeed abſolutely neceſſary in acute Diſtempers, that cannot wait the ſlow Operations of theſe two great Inſtruments of Health; but did Men live in an habitual Courſe of Exerciſe and Temperance, there would be but little Occaſion for them. Accordingly we find that thoſe Parts of the World are the moſt healthy, where they ſubſiſt by the Chace; and that Men lived longeſt when their Lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little Food beſides what they caught. Bliſtering, Cupping, Bleeding, are ſeldom of uſe but to the Idle and Intemperate; as all thoſe inward Applications which are ſo much in Practice among us, are for the moſt part nothing elſe but Expedients to make Luxury conſiſtent with Health. The Apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the Cook and the Vintner. It is ſaid of *Diogenes*, that meeting a young Man who was going to a Feaſt, he took him up in the Street and carried him home to his Friends, as one who was running into imminent Danger, had not he prevented him. What would that Philoſopher have ſaid, had he been preſent at the Gluttony of a modern Meal? Would not he have thought the Maſter of a Family mad, and have begged his Servants to tie down his Hands, had he ſeen him devour Fowl, Fiſh, and Fleſh; ſwallow Oil and Vinegar, Wines and Spices; throw down Salads of twenty different Herbs, Sauces of an hundred Ingredients, Confections and Fruits of numberleſs Sweets and Flavours? What unnatural Motions and Counterferments muſt ſuch a Medley of Intemperance

perance produce in the Body? For my part, when I behold a faſhionable Table ſet out in all its Magnificence, I fancy that I ſee Gouts and Dropſies, Fevers and Lethargies, with other innumerable Diſtempers lying in Ambuſcade among the Diſhes.

NATURE delights in the moſt plain and ſimple Diet. Every Animal, but Man, keeps to one Diſh. Herbs are the Food of this Species, Fiſh of that, and Fleſh of a Third. Man falls upon every Thing that comes in his Way, not the ſmalleſt Fruit or Excreſcence of the Earth, ſcarce a Berry or a Muſhroom, can eſcape him.

IT is impoſſible to lay down any determinate Rule for Temperance, becauſe what is Luxury in one may be Temperance in another; but there are few that have lived any Time in the World, who are not Judges of their own Conſtitutions, ſo far as to know what Kinds and what Proportions of Food do beſt agree with them. Were I to conſider my Readers as my Patients, and to preſcribe ſuch a Kind of Temperance as is accommodated to all Perſons, and ſuch as is particularly ſuitable to our Climate and Way of Living, I would copy the following Rules of a very eminent Phyſician. Make your whole Repaſt out of one Diſh. If you indulge in a ſecond, avoid drinking any thing ſtrong, till you have finiſhed your Meal; at the ſame time abſtain from all Sauces, or at leaſt ſuch as are not the moſt plain and ſimple. A Man could not be well guilty of Gluttony, if he ſtuck to theſe few obvious and eaſy Rules. In the firſt Caſe there would be no Variety of Taſtes to ſolicit his Palate, and occaſion Exceſs; nor in the ſecond any artificial Provocatives to relieve Satiety, and create a falſe Appetite. Were I to preſcribe a Rule for drinking, it ſhould be form'd upon a Saying quoted by Sir *William Temple*; *The firſt Glaſs for myſelf, the ſecond for my Friends, the third for Good-humour, and the fourth for mine Enemies.* But becauſe it is impoſſible for one who lives in the World to diet himſelf always in ſo philoſophical a manner, I think every Man ſhould have his Days of Abſtinence, according as his Conſtitution will permit. Theſe are great Reliefs to Nature, as they qualify her for ſtruggling with Hunger and Thirſt, whenever any Diſtemper or Duty of Life may put her upon ſuch Difficulties; and at the ſame time give her an Opportunity of extricating herſelf from

her Oppreſſions, and recovering the ſeveral Tones and Springs of her diſtended Veſſels. Beſides that Abſtinence well timed often kills a Sickneſs in Embryo, and deſtroys the firſt Seeds of an Indiſpoſition. It is obſerved by two or three ancient Authors, that *Socrates*, notwithſtanding he lived in *Athens* during that great Plague, which has made ſo much Noiſe through all Ages, and has been celebrated at different Times by ſuch eminent Hands; I ſay, notwithſtanding that he lived in the time of this devouring Peſtilence, he never caught the leaſt Infection, which thoſe Writers unanimouſly aſcribe to that uninterrupted Temperance which he always obſerved.

AND here I cannot but mention an Obſervation which I have often made, upon reading the Lives of the Philoſophers, and comparing them with any Series of Kings or great Men of the ſame Number. If we conſider theſe ancient Sages, a great Part of whoſe Philoſophy conſiſted in a temperate and abſtemious Courſe of Life, one would think the Life of a Philoſopher and the Life of a Man were of two different Dates. For we find that the Generality of theſe wiſe Men were nearer an hundred than ſixty Years of Age at the Time of their reſpective Deaths. But the moſt remarkable Inſtance of the Efficacy of Temperance towards the procuring of long Life, is what we meet with in a little Book publiſhed by *Lewis Cornaro* the *Venetian*; which I the rather mention, becauſe it is of undoubted Credit, as the late *Venetian* Ambaſſador, who was of the ſame Family, atteſted more than once in Converſation, when he reſided in *England*. *Cornaro*, who was the Author of the little Treatiſe I am mentioning, was of an infirm Conſtitution, till about forty, when by obſtinately perſiſting in an exact Courſe of Temperance, he recovered a perfect State of Health; inſomuch that at fourſcore he publiſhed his Book, which has been tranſlated into *Engliſh* under the Title of *Sure and certain Methods of attaining a long and healthy Life*. He lived to give a 3d or 4th Edition of it, and after having paſſed his hundredth Year, died without Pain or Agony, and like one who falls aſleep. The Treatiſe I mention has been taken notice of by ſeveral eminent Authors, and is written with ſuch a Spirit of Chearfulneſs, Religion, and good Senſe, as are the natural Concomitants of Temperance

rance and Sobriety. The Mixture of the old Man in it is rather a Recommendation than a Diſcredit to it.

HAVING deſigned this Paper as the Sequel to that upon Exerciſe, I have not here conſidered Temperance as it is a moral Virtue, which I ſhall make the Subject of a future Speculation, but only as it is the Means of Health.

L.

N° 196 *Monday, October 15.*

Eſt Ulubris, animus ſi te non deficit æquus.
Hor. Ep. 11. l. 1. v. 30.

True Happineſs is to no Place confin'd,
But ſtill is found in a contented Mind.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is a particular Fault which I have obſerved in moſt of the Moraliſts in all Ages, and that is, that they are always profeſſing themſelves, and teaching others to be happy. This State is not to be arrived at in this Life, therefore I would recommend to you to talk in an humbler Strain than your Predeceſſors have done, and inſtead of preſuming to be happy, inſtruct us only to be eaſy. The Thoughts of him who would be diſcreet, and aim at practicable things, ſhould turn upon allaying our Pain rather than promoting our Joy. Great Inquietude is to be avoided, but great Felicity is not to be attained. The great Leſſon is Æquanimity, a Regularity of Spirit, which is a little above Chearfulneſs and below Mirth. Chearfulneſs is always to be ſupported if a Man is out of Pain, but Mirth to a prudent Man ſhould always be accidental: It ſhould naturally ariſe out of the Occaſion, and the Occaſion ſeldom be laid for it; for thoſe Tempers who want Mirth to be pleaſed, are like the Conſtitutions which flag without the uſe of Brandy. Therefore, I ſay, let your Precept be, *Be eaſy*. That Mind is diſſolute and ungoverned, which muſt be hurried out of itſelf by

'by loud Laughter or ſenſual Pleaſure, or elſe be wholly 'unactive.

'THERE are a Couple of old Fellows of my Ac- 'quaintance who meet every Day and ſmoke a Pipe, 'and by their natural Love to each other, tho' they have 'been Men of Buſineſs and Buſtle in the World, enjoy a 'greater Tranquillity than either could have worked him- 'ſelf into by any Chapter of *Seneca*. Indolence of Body 'and Mind, when we aim at no more, is very frequently 'enjoyed; but the very Inquiry after Happineſs has ſome- 'thing reſtleſs in it, which a Man who lives in a Series of 'temperate Meals, friendly Converſations, and eaſy Slum- 'bers, gives himſelf no Trouble about. While Men of 'Refinement are talking of Tranquillity, he poſſeſſes it.

'WHAT I would by theſe broken Expreſſions re- 'commend to you, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, is, that you 'would ſpeak of the Way of Life, which plain Men may 'purſue, to fill up the Spaces of Time with Satisfaction. 'It is a lamentable Circumſtance, that Wiſdom, or, as you 'call it, Philoſophy, ſhould furniſh Ideas only for the 'Learned; and that a Man muſt be a Philoſopher to know 'how to paſs away his Time agreeably. It would there- 'fore be worth your Pains to place in an handſom Light 'the Relations and Affinities among Men, which render 'their Converſation with each other ſo grateful, that the 'higheſt Talents give but an impotent Pleaſure in Com- 'pariſon with them. You may find Deſcriptions and Diſ- 'courſes which will render the Fire-ſide of an honeſt 'Artificer as entertaining as your own Club is to you. 'Good-nature has an endleſs Source of Pleaſures in it; 'and the Repreſentation of domeſtick Life filled with its 'natural Gratifications, (inſtead of the neceſſary Vexa- 'tions which are generally inſiſted upon in the Writings 'of the Witty) will be a very good Office to Society.

'THE Viciſſitudes of Labour and Reſt in the lower 'Part of Mankind, make their Being paſs away with that 'Sort of Reliſh which we expreſs by the Word Com- 'fort; and ſhould be treated of by you, who are a SPEC- 'TATOR, as well as ſuch Subjects which appear indeed 'more ſpeculative, but are leſs inſtructive. In a word, 'Sir, I would have you turn your Thoughts to the Ad- 'vantage of ſuch as want you moſt; and ſhew that Sim-

'plicity,

'plicity, Innocence, Induſtry and Temperance, are Arts 'which lead to Tranquillity, as much as Learning, Wiſ-'dom, Knowledge, and Contemplation.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt Humble Servant,

T. B.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Hackney, October* 12.

'I Am the young Woman whom you did ſo much 'Juſtice to ſome time ago, in acknowledging that I 'am perfect Miſtreſs of the Fan, and uſe it with the 'utmoſt Knowledge and Dexterity. Indeed the World, as 'malicious as it is, will allow, that from an Hurry of 'Laughter I recollect myſelf the moſt ſuddenly, make a 'Curtſy, and let fall my Hands before me, cloſing my 'Fan at the ſame inſtant, the beſt of any Woman in '*England*. I am not a little delighted that I have had 'your Notice and Approbation; and however other 'young Women may rally me out of Envy, I triumph 'in it, and demand a Place in your Friendſhip. You 'muſt therefore permit me to lay before you the pre-'ſent State of my Mind. I was reading your *Spectator* 'of the 9th Inſtant, and thought the Circumſtance of 'the Aſs divided between two Bundels of Hay which 'equally affected his Senſes, was a lively Repreſentation 'of my preſent Condition: For you are to know that I 'am extremely enamoured with two young Gentlemen 'who at this Time pretend to me. One muſt hide no-'thing when one is asking Advice, therefore I will own 'to you, that I am very amorous and very covetous. 'My Lover *Will* is very rich, and my Lover *Tom* very 'handſom. I can have either of them when I pleaſe: 'But when I debate the Queſtion in my own Mind, I 'cannot take *Tom* for fear of loſing *Will*'s Eſtate, nor 'enter upon *Will*'s Eſtate, and bid adieu to *Tom*'s Per-'ſon. I am very young, and yet no one in the World, 'dear Sir, has the main Chance more in her Head than 'myſelf. *Tom* is the gayeſt, the blitheſt Creature! He 'dances well, is very civil, and diverting at all Hours 'and Seaſons: Oh he is the Joy of my Eyes? But then 'again *Will* is ſo very rich and careful of the Main. How

'many

' many pretty Dreſſes does *Tom* appear in to charm me!
' But then it immediately occurs to me, that a Man of his
' Circumſtances is ſo much the poorer. Upon the whole
' I have at laſt examined both theſe Deſires of Love and
' Avarice, and upon ſtrictly weighing the Matter I be-
' gin to think I ſhall be covetous longer than fond;
' therefore if you have nothing to ſay to the contrary,
' I ſhall take *Will.* Alas, poor *Tom!*

Your Humble Servant,

T BIDDY LOVELESS.

N° 197 *Tueſday, October* 16.

Alter rixatur de lanâ ſæpe caprinâ, et
Propugnat nugis armatus: ſcilicet, ut non
Sit mihi prima fides? &, verè quod placet, ut non
Acriter elatrem? pretium ætas altera ſordet.
Ambigitur quid enim! Caſtor ſciat, an Docilis plus,
Brunduſium Numicî melius via ducat, an Appî.

Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 15.

One ſtrives for Trifles, and for Toys contends:
He is in earneſt; what he ſays, defends:
' That I ſhould not be truſted, right or wrong,
' Or be debarr'd the Freedom of my Tongue,
' And not bawl what I pleaſe! To part with this,
' I think another Life too mean a Price.'
The Queſtion is—Pray, what?—Why, which can boaſt
Or Docilis, *or* Caſtor, *knowing moſt;*
Or whether thro' Numicum *ben't as good*
To fair Brunduſium, *as the* Appian *Road.* Creech.

EVERY Age a Man paſſes through, and Way of Life he engages in, has ſome particular Vice or Imperfection naturally cleaving to it, which it will require his niceſt Care to avoid. The ſeveral Weakneſſes, to which Youth, Old Age, and Manhood are expoſed, have long ſince been ſet down by many both of the Poets and

and Philoſophers; but I do not remember to have met with any Author who has treated of thoſe ill Habits Men are ſubject to, not ſo much by reaſon of their different Ages and Tempers, as the particular Profeſſions or Buſineſs in which they were educated and brought up.

I am the more ſurpriſed to find this Subject ſo little touched on, ſince what I am here ſpeaking of is ſo apparent, as not to eſcape the moſt vulgar Obſervation. The Buſineſs Men are chiefly converſant in, does not only give a certain Caſt or Turn to their Minds, but is very often apparent in their outward Behaviour, and ſome of the moſt indifferent Actions of their Lives. It is this Air diffuſing itſelf over the whole Man, which helps us to find out a Perſon at his firſt Appearance; ſo that the moſt careleſs Obſerver fancies he can ſcarce be miſtaken in the Carriage of a Seaman or the Gate of a Tailor.

THE liberal Arts, though they may poſſibly have leſs Effect on our external Mien and Behaviour, make ſo deep an Impreſſion on the Mind, as is very apt to bend it wholly one Way.

THE Mathematician will take little leſs than Demonſtration in the moſt common Diſcourſe, and the Schoolman is as great a Friend to Definitions and Syllogiſms. The Phyſician and Divine are often heard to dictate in private Companies with the ſame Authority which they exerciſe over their Patients and Diſciples; while the Lawyer is putting Caſes and raiſing Matter for Diſputation out of every thing that occurs.

I may poſſibly ſome time or other animadvert more at large on the particular Fault each Profeſſion is moſt infected with; but ſhall at preſent wholly apply myſelf to the Cure of what I laſt mentioned, namely that Spirit of Strife and Contention in the Converſations of Gentlemen of the long Robe.

THIS is the more ordinary, becauſe theſe Gentlemen regarding Argument as their own proper Province, and very often making Ready-money of it, think it unſafe to yield before Company. They are ſhewing in common Talk how zealouſly they could defend a Cauſe in Court, and therefore frequently forget to keep that Temper which is abſolutely requiſite to render Converſation pleaſant and inſtructive.

CAP-

CAPTAIN SENTRY puſhes this Matter ſo far, that I have heard him ſay, *He has known but few Pleaders that were tolerable Company.*

THE Captain, who is a Man of good Senſe, but dry Converſation, was laſt Night giving me an Account of a Diſcourſe, in which he had lately been engaged with a young Wrangler in the Law. I was giving my Opinion, ſays the Captain, without apprehending any Debate that might ariſe from it, of a General's Behaviour in a Battle that was fought ſome Years before either the Templar or myſelf were born. The young Lawyer immediately took me up, and by reaſoning above a Quarter of an Hour upon a Subject which I ſaw he underſtood nothing of, endeavoured to ſhew me that my Opinions were ill-grounded. Upon which, ſays the Captain, to avoid any farther Conteſts, I told him, That truly I had not conſider'd thoſe ſeveral Arguments which he had brought againſt me, and that there might be a great deal in them. Ay, but ſays my Antagoniſt, who would not let me eſcape ſo, there are ſeveral Things to be urged in favour of your Opinion which you have omitted; and thereupon begun to ſhine on the other Side of the Queſtion. Upon this, ſays the Captain, I came over to my firſt Sentiments, and intirely acquieſced in his Reaſons for my ſo doing. Upon which the Templar again recovered his former Poſture, and confuted both himſelf and me a third Time. In ſhort, ſays my Friend, I found he was reſolved to keep me at Sword's Length, and never let me cloſe with him, ſo that I had nothing left but to hold my tongue, and give my Antagoniſt free leave to ſmile at his Victory, who I found, like *Hudibras, could ſtill change Sides, and ſtill confute.*

FOR my own part, I have ever regarded our Inns of Court as Nurſeries of Stateſmen and Lawgivers, which makes me often frequent that Part of the Town with great Pleaſure.

UPON my calling in lately at one of the moſt noted *Temple* Coffee-houſes, I found the whole Room, which was full of young Students, divided into ſeveral Parties, each of which was deeply engaged in ſome Controverſy. The Management of the late Miniſtry was attacked and defended with great Vigour; and ſeveral Preliminaries

to

to the Peace were propoſed by ſome, and rejected by others; the demoliſhing of *Dunkirk* was ſo eagerly inſiſted on, and ſo warmly controverted, as had like to have produced a Challenge. In ſhort, I obſerved that the Deſire of Victory, whetted with the little Prejudices of Party and Intereſt, generally carried the Argument to ſuch a Height, as made the Diſputants inſenſibly conceive an Averſion towards each other, and part with the higheſt Diſſatisfaction on both Sides.

THE managing an Argument handſomly being ſo nice a Point, and what I have ſeen ſo very few excel in, I ſhall here ſet down a few Rules on that Head, which, among other things, I gave in writing to a young Kinſman of mine, who had made ſo great a Proficiency in the Law, that he began to plead in Company, upon every Subject that was ſtarted.

HAVING the intire Manuſcript by me, I may, perhaps, from time to time, publiſh ſuch Parts of it as I ſhall think requiſite for the Inſtruction of the *Britiſh* Youth. What regards my preſent Purpoſe is as follows:

AVOID Diſputes as much as poſſible. In order to appear eaſy and well-bred in Converſation, you may aſſure yourſelf that it requires more Wit, as well as more Good-humour, to improve than to contradict the Notions of another: but if you are at any time obliged to enter on an Argument, give your Reaſons with the utmoſt Coolneſs and Modeſty, two Things which ſcarce ever fail of making an Impreſſion on the Hearers. Beſides, if you are neither dogmatical, nor ſhew either by your Actions or Words, that you are full of yourſelf, all will the more heartily rejoice at your Victory. Nay, ſhould you be pinched in your Argument, you may make your Retreat with a very good Grace: You were never poſitive, and are now glad to be better informed. This has made ſome approve the Socratical Way of Reaſoning, where while you ſcarce affirm any thing, you can hardly be caught in an Abſurdity, and tho' poſſibly you are endeavouring to bring over another to your Opinion, which is firmly fix'd, you ſeem only to deſire Information from him.

IN order to keep that Temper which is ſo difficult, and yet ſo neceſſary to preſerve, you may pleaſe to conſider, that nothing can be more unjuſt or ridiculous, than

to

to be angry with another becauſe he is not of your Opinion. The Intereſts, Education, and Means by which Men attain their Knowledge, are ſo very different, that it is impoſſible they ſhould all think alike; and he has at leaſt as much Reaſon to be angry with you, as you with him. Sometimes to keep yourſelf cool, it may be of Service to ask yourſelf fairly, What might have been your Opinion, had you all the Biaſes of Education and Intereſt your Adverſary may poſſibly have? but if you contend for the Honour of Victory alone, you may lay down this as an infallible Maxim, That you cannot make a more falſe Step, or give your Antagoniſts a greater Advantage over you, than by falling into a Paſſion.

WHEN an Argument is over, how many weighty Reaſons does a Man recollect, which his Heat and Violence made him utterly forget?

IT is yet more abſurd to be angry with a Man becauſe he does not apprehend the Force of your Reaſons, or give weak ones of his own. If you argue for Reputation, this makes your Victory the eaſier; he is certainly in all reſpects an Object of your Pity, rather than Anger; and if he cannot comprehend what you do, you ought to thank Nature for her Favours, who has given you ſo much the clearer Underſtanding.

YOU may pleaſe to add this Conſideration, That among your Equals no one values your Anger, which only preys upon its Maſter; and perhaps you may find it not very conſiſtent either with Prudence or your Eaſe, to puniſh yourſelf whenever you meet with a Fool or a Knave.

LASTLY, If you propoſe to yourſelf the true End of Argument, which is Information, it may be a ſeaſonable Check to your Paſſion; for if you ſearch purely after Truth, 'twill be almoſt indifferent to you where you find it. I cannot in this Place omit an Obſervation which I have often made, namely, That nothing procures a Man more Eſteem and leſs Envy from the whole Company, than if he chooſes the Part of Moderator, without engaging directly on either Side in a Diſpute. This gives him the Character of Impartial, furniſhes him with an Opportunity of ſifting Things to the Bottom, ſhewing his Judgment, and of ſometimes making handſom Compliments to each of the contending Parties.

I ſhall

I ſhall cloſe this Subject with giving you one Caution: When you have gained a Victory, do not puſh it too far; 'tis ſufficient to let the Company and your Adverſary ſee 'tis in your Power, but that you are too generous to make uſe of it. X

Nº 198 *Wedneſday, October* 17.

Cervæ luporum præda rapacium
Sectamur ultrò, quos opimus
Fallere & effugere eſt triumphus. Hor. Od. 4. l. 4. v. 50.

We, like the Stag, the brinded Wolf provoke,
And, when Retreat is Victory,
Ruſh on, tho' ſure to die. Anon.

THERE is a Species of Women, whom I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the Name of Salamanders. Now a Salamander is a kind of Heroine in Chaſtity, that treads upon Fire, and lives in the midſt of Flames without being hurt. A Salamander knows no Diſtinction of Sex in thoſe ſhe converſes with, grows familiar with a Stranger at firſt Sight, and is not ſo narrow-ſpirited as to obſerve whether the Perſon ſhe talks to be in Breeches or Petticoats. She admits a Male Viſitant to her Bed-ſide, plays with him a whole Afternoon at Piquet, walks with him two or three Hours by Moon-light, and is extremely ſcandalized at the Unreaſonableneſs of an Husband, or the Severity of a Parent, that would debar the Sex from ſuch innocent Liberties. Your Salamander is therefore a perpetual Declaimer againſt Jealouſy, and Admirer of the *French* Good-breeding, and a great Stickler for Freedom in Converſation. In ſhort, the Salamander lives in an invincible State of Simplicity and Innocence: Her Conſtitution is *preſerv'd* in a kind of natural Froſt; ſhe wonders what People mean by Temptations, and defies Mankind to do their worſt. Her Chaſtity is engaged in a conſtant *Ordeal*, or fiery Trial:

Trial: Like good Queen *Emma*, the pretty innocent walks blindfold among burning Plough-ſhares, without being ſcorched or ſinged by them.

IT is not therefore for the Uſe of the Salamander, whether in a married or ſingle State of Life, that I deſign the following Paper; but for ſuch Females only as are made of Fleſh and Blood, and find themſelves ſubject to human Frailties.

AS for this Part of the fair Sex who are not of the Salamander Kind, I would moſt earneſtly adviſe them to obſerve a quite different Conduct in their Behaviour; and to avoid as much as poſſible what Religion calls *Temptations*, and the World *Opportunities*. Did they but know how many Thouſands of their Sex have been gradually betrayed from innocent Freedoms to Ruin and Infamy; and how many Millions of ours have begun with Flatteries, Proteſtations and Endearments, but ended with Reproaches, Perjury, and Perfidiouſneſs; they would ſhun like Death the very firſt Approaches of one that might lead them into inextricable Labyrinths of Guilt and Miſery. I muſt ſo far give up the Cauſe of the Male World, as to exhort the Female Sex in the Language of *Chamont* in the *Orphan*;

Truſt not a Man, we are by Nature Falſe,
Diſſembling, Subtle, Cruel, and Unconſtant:
When a Man talks of Love, with Caution truſt him:
But if he ſwears, he'll certainly deceive thee.

I might very much enlarge upon this Subject, but ſhall conclude it with a Story which I lately heard from one of our *Spaniſh* Officers, and which may ſhew the Danger a Woman incurs by too great Familiarities with a Male Companion.

AN Inhabitant of the Kingdom of *Caſtile*, being a Man of more than ordinary Prudence, and of a grave compoſed Behaviour, determined about the fiftieth Year of his Age to enter upon Wedlock. In order to make himſelf eaſy in it, he caſt his Eye upon a young Woman who had nothing to recommend her but her Beauty and her Education, her Parents having been reduced to great Poverty by the Wars, which for ſome Years have laid

laid that whole Country waſte. The *Caſtilian* having made his Addreſſes to her and married her, they lived together in perfect Happineſs for ſome time; when at length the Husband's Affairs made it neceſſary for him to take a Voyage to the Kingdom of *Naples* where a great Part of his Eſtate lay. The Wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a Shipboard above a Day, when they unluckily fell into the Hands of an *Algerine* Pirate, who carried the whole Company on Shore, and made them Slaves. The *Caſtilian* and his Wife had the Comfort to be under the ſame Maſter; who ſeeing how dearly they loved one another, and gaſped after their Liberty, demanded a moſt exorbitant Price for their Ranſom. The *Caſtilian*, though he would rather have died in Slavery himſelf, than have paid ſuch a Sum as he found would go near to ruin him, was ſo moved with Compaſſion towards his Wife, that he ſent repeated Orders to his Friend in *Spain*, (who happened to be his next Relation) to ſell his Eſtate, and tranſmit the Money to him. His Friend hoping that the Terms of his Ranſom might be made more reaſonable, and unwilling to ſell an Eſtate which he himſelf had ſome Proſpect of inheriting, formed ſo many Delays, that three whole Years paſſed away without any thing being done for the ſetting them at Liberty.

THERE happened to live a *French* Renegado in the ſame Place where the *Caſtilian* and his Wife were kept Priſoners. As this Fellow had in him all the Vivacity of his Nation, he often entertained the Captives with Accounts of his own Adventures; to which he ſometimes added a Song or a Dance, or ſome other Piece of Mirth, to divert them during their Confinement. His Acquaintance with the Manners of the *Algerines*, enabled him likewiſe to do them ſeveral good Offices. The *Caſtilian*, as he was one Day in Converſation with this Renegado, diſcovered to him the Negligence and Treachery of his Correſpondent in *Caſtile*, and at the ſame time asked his Advice how he ſhould behave himſelf in that Exigency: He further told the Renegado, that he found it would be impoſſible for him to raiſe the Money, unleſs he himſelf might go over to diſpoſe of his Eſtate. The Renegado, after having repreſented to him that his *Algerine* Maſter would never

never conſent to his Releaſe upon ſuch a Pretence, at length contrived a Method for the *Caſtilian* to make his Eſcape in the Habit of a Seaman. The *Caſtilian* ſucceeded in his Attempt; and having ſold his Eſtate, being afraid leſt the Money ſhould miſcarry by the Way, and determining to periſh with it rather than loſe one who was much dearer to him than his Life, he returned himſelf in a little Veſſel that was going to *Algiers*. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the Joy he felt on this Occaſion, when he conſidered that he ſhould ſoon ſee the Wife whom he ſo much loved, and endear himſelf more to her by this uncommon Piece of Generoſity.

THE Renegado, during the Huſband's Abſence, ſo inſinuated himſelf into the good Graces of his young Wife, and ſo turned her Head with Stories of Galantry, that ſhe quickly thought him the fineſt Gentleman ſhe had ever converſed with. To be brief, her Mind was quite alienated from the honeſt *Caſtilian*, whom ſhe was taught to look upon as a formal old Fellow unworthy the Poſſeſſion of ſo charming a Creature. She had been inſtructed by the Renegado how to manage herſelf upon his Arrival; ſo that ſhe received him with an Appearance of the utmoſt Love and Gratitude, and at length perſuaded him to truſt their common Friend the Renegado with the Money he had brought over for their Ranſom; as not queſtioning but he would beat down the Terms of it, and negotiate the Affair more to their Advantage than they themſelves could do. The good Man admired her Prudence, and followed her Advice. I wiſh I could conceal the Sequel of this Story, but ſince I cannot I ſhall diſpatch it in as few Words as poſſible. The *Caſtilian* having ſlept longer than ordinary the next Morning, upon his awaking found his Wife had left him: He immediately aroſe and inquired after her, but was told that ſhe was ſeen with the Renegado about Break of Day. In a word, her Lover having got all things ready for their Departure, they ſoon made their Eſcape out of the Territories of *Algiers*, carried away the Money, and left the *Caſtilian* in Captivity; who partly through the cruel Treatment of the incenſed *Algerine* his Maſter, and partly through the unkind Uſage of his unfaithful Wife, died ſome few Months after.

N° 199 *Thurſday, October* 18.

——— *Scribere juſſit amor.* Ovid. Ep. 4. v. 10.

Love bid me write.

THE following Letters are written with ſuch an Air of Sincerity, that I cannot deny the inſerting of them.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THO' you are every where in your Writings a 'Friend to Women, I do not remember that you 'have directly conſidered the mercenary Practice of 'Men in the Choice of Wives. If you would pleaſe 'employ your Thoughts upon that Subject, you would 'eaſily conceive the miſerable Condition many of us are 'in, who not only from the Laws of Cuſtom and Mo-'deſty are reſtrained from making any Advances towards 'our Wiſhes, but are alſo, from the Circumſtance of 'Fortune, out of all Hope of being addreſſed to by 'thoſe whom we love. Under all theſe Diſadvantages I 'am obliged to apply myſelf to you, and hope I ſhall 'prevail with you to Print in your very next Paper the 'following Letter, which is a Declaration of Paſſion to 'one who has made ſome faint Addreſſes to me for ſome 'time. I believe he ardently loves me, but the Inequality 'of my Fortune makes him think he cannot anſwer it to 'the World, if he purſues his Deſigns by way of Mar-'riage; and I believe, as he does not want Diſcerning, 'he diſcovered me looking at him the other Day una-'wares in ſuch a Manner as has raiſed his Hopes of 'gaining me on Terms the Men call eaſier. But my 'Heart was very full on this Occaſion, and if you know 'what Love and Honour are, you will pardon me that I 'uſe no farther Arguments with you, but haſten to my 'Letter to him, whom I call *Oroondates*, becauſe if I do 'not ſucceed, it ſhall look like Romance; and if I am 'regarded,

'regarded, you ſhall receive a Pair of Gloves at my 'Wedding, ſent you under the Name of *Statira*.

To OROONDATES.

SIR,

'AFTER very much Perplexity in myſelf, and re-'volving how to acquaint you with my own Sen-'timents, and expoſtulate with you concerning yours, I 'have choſen this Way, by which means I can be at once 'revealed to you, or, if you pleaſe, lie concealed. 'If I do not within few Days find the Effect which I 'hope from this, the whole Affair ſhall be buried in Ob-'livion. But, alas! what am I going to do, when I am 'about to tell you that I love you? But after I have done 'ſo, I am to aſſure you, that with all the Paſſion which 'ever entered a tender Heart, I know I can baniſh you 'from my Sight for ever, when I am convinced that you 'have no Inclinations towards me but to my Diſhonour. 'But, alas! Sir, why ſhould you ſacrifice the real and 'eſſential Happineſs of Life, to the Opinion of a 'World, that moves upon no other Foundation but 'profeſs'd Error and Prejudice? You all can obſerve 'that Riches alone do not make you happy, and yet 'give up every Thing elſe when it ſtands in Com-'petition with Riches. Since the World is ſo bad, 'that Religion is left to us ſilly Women, and you Men 'act generally upon Principles of Profit and Pleaſure, 'I will talk to you without arguing from any Thing 'but what may be moſt to your Advantage, as a Man 'of the World. And I will lay before you the State 'of the Caſe, ſuppoſing that you had it in your Power 'to make me your Miſtreſs, or your Wife, and 'hope to convince you that the latter is more for your 'Intereſt, and will contribute more to your Plea-'ſure.

'WE will ſuppoſe then the Scene was laid, and you 'were now in Expectation of the approaching Even-'ing wherein I was to meet you, and be carried to what 'convenient Corner of the Town you thought fit, to 'conſummate all which your wanton Imagination has 'promiſed you in the Poſſeſſion of one who is in the

'Bloom

'Bloom of Youth, and in the Reputation of Innocence: 'you would ſoon have enough of me, as I am ſprightly, 'Young, Gay, and Airy. When Fancy is ſated, and finds 'all the Promiſes it made itſelf falſe, where is now the 'Innocence which charmed you? The firſt Hour you 'are alone you will find that the Pleaſure of a Debauchée 'is only that of a Deſtroyer; He blaſts all the Fruit he 'taſtes, and where the Brute has been devouring, there 'is nothing left worthy the Reliſh of the Man. Reaſon 'reſumes her Place after Imagination is cloyed; and I 'am, with the utmoſt Diſtreſs and Confuſion, to behold 'myſelf the Cauſe of uneaſy Reflexions to you, to be 'viſited by Stealth, and dwell for the future with the 'two Companions (the moſt unfit for each other in the 'World) Solitude and Guilt. I will not inſiſt upon the 'ſhameful Obſcurity we ſhould paſs our Time in, nor run 'over the little ſhort Snatches of freſh Air, and free 'Commerce which all People muſt be ſatisfied with, 'whoſe Actions will not bear Examination, but leave 'them to your Reflexions, who have ſeen of that Life, 'of which I have but a mere Idea.

'ON the other hand, if you can be ſo good and ge-'nerous as to make me your Wife, you may promiſe 'yourſelf all the Obedience and Tenderneſs with which 'Gratitude can inſpire a virtuous Woman. Whatever 'Gratifications you may promiſe yourſelf from an 'agreeable Perſon, whatever Compliances from an eaſy 'Temper, whatever Conſolations from a ſincere Friend-'ſhip, you may expect as the Due of your Generoſity. 'What at preſent in your ill View you promiſe your-'ſelf from me, will be followed by Diſtaſte and Satiety; 'but the Tranſports of a virtuous Love are the leaſt 'Part of its Happineſs. The Raptures of innocent 'Paſſion are but like Lightning to the Day, they rather 'interrupt than advance the Pleaſure of it. How happy 'then is that Life to be, where the higheſt Pleaſures of 'Senſe are but the loweſt Parts of its Felicity?

'NOW am I to repeat to you the unnatural Requeſt 'of taking me in direct Terms. I know there ſtands 'between me and that Happineſs, the haughty Daughter 'of a Man who can give you ſuitably to your Fortune. 'But if you weigh the Attendance and Behaviour of her

'who comes to you in Partnerſhip of your Fortune, and 'expects an Equivalent, with that of her who enters 'your Houſe as honoured and obliged by that Permiſ-'ſion, whom of the two will you chooſe? You, perhaps, 'will think fit to ſpend a Day abroad in the common 'Entertainments of Men of Senſe and Fortune; ſhe will 'think herſelf ill-uſed in that Abſence, and contrive at 'Home an Expence proportioned to the Appearance 'which you make in the World. She is in all things 'to have a Regard to the Fortune which ſhe brought 'you, I to the Fortune to which you introduced me. 'The Commerce between you two will eternally have 'the Air of a Bargain, between us of a Friendſhip: 'Joy will ever enter into the Room with you, and kind 'Wiſhes attend my Benefactor when he leaves it. Ask 'yourſelf, how would you be pleaſed to enjoy for ever 'the Pleaſure of having laid an immediate Obligation 'on a grateful Mind? ſuch will be your Caſe with me. 'In the other Marriage you will live in a conſtant Com-'pariſon of Benefits, and never know the Happineſs 'of conferring or receiving any.

'IT may be you will, after all, act rather in the 'prudential Way, according to the Senſe of the ordi-'nary World. I know not what I think or ſay, when 'that melancholy Reflexion comes upon me; but ſhall 'only add more, that it is in your Power to make me 'your grateful Wife, but never your abandoned 'Miſtreſs. T

Nº 200 *Friday, October* 19.

Vincit Amor Patriæ——— Virg. Æn. 6. v. 823.

The nobleſt Motive is the Publick Good.

THE Ambition of Princes is many times as hurtful to themſelves as to their People. This cannot be doubted of ſuch as prove unfortunate in their Wars, but it is often true too of thoſe who are celebrated for their

their Succeſſes. If a ſevere View were to be taken of their Conduct, if the Profit and Loſs by their Wars could be juſtly balanced, it would be rarely found that the Conqueſt is ſufficient to repay the Coſt.

AS I was the other Day looking over the Letters of my Correſpondents, I took this Hint from that of *Philarithmus*; which has turned my preſent Thoughts upon Political Arithmetick, an Art of greater Uſe than Entertainment. My Friend has offered an Eſſay towards proving that *Lewis* XIV. with all his Acquiſitions is not Maſter of more People than at the Beginning of his Wars, nay that for every Subject he had acquired, he had loſt Three that were his Inheritance: If *Philarithmus* is not miſtaken in his Calculations, *Lewis* muſt have been impoveriſhed by his Ambition.

THE Prince for the Publick Good has a Sovereign Property in every Private Perſon's Eſtate, and conſequently his Riches muſt increaſe or decreaſe in proportion to the Number and Riches of his Subjects. For example: If Sword or Peſtilence ſhould deſtroy all the People of this Metropolis, (God forbid there ſhould be Room for ſuch a Suppoſition! but if this ſhould be the Caſe) the Queen muſt needs loſe a great Part of her Revenue, or, at leaſt, what is charged upon the City muſt increaſe the Burden upon the reſt of her Subjects. Perhaps the Inhabitants here are not above a Tenth Part of the Whole; yet as they are better fed, and cloth'd, and lodg'd, than her other Subjects, the Cuſtoms and Exciſes upon their Conſumption, the Impoſts upon their Houſes, and other Taxes, do very probably make a fifth Part of the whole Revenue of the Crown. But this is not all; the Conſumption of the City takes off a great Part of the Fruits of the whole Iſland; and as it pays ſuch a Proportion of the Rent or Yearly Value of the Lands in the Country, ſo it is the Cauſe of paying ſuch a Proportion of Taxes upon thoſe Lands. The Loſs then of ſuch a People muſt needs be ſenſible to the Prince, and viſible to the whole Kingdom.

ON the other hand, if it ſhould pleaſe God to drop from Heaven a new People equal in Number and Riches to the City, I ſhould be ready to think their Exciſes, Cuſtoms, and Houſe-Rent would raiſe as great a Revenue to the

Crown as would be loſt in the former Caſe. And as the Conſumption of this New Body would be a new Market for the Fruits of the Country, all the Lands, eſpecially thoſe moſt adjacent, would riſe in their yearly Value, and pay greater yearly Taxes to the Publick. The Gain in this Caſe would be as ſenſible as the former Loſs.

WHATSOEVER is aſſeſs'd upon the General, is levied upon Individuals. It were worth the while then to conſider what is paid by, or by means of, the meaneſt Subjects, in order to compute the Value of every Subject to the Prince.

FOR my own part, I ſhould believe that Seven Eighths of the People are without Property in themſelves or the Heads of their Families, and forced to work for their daily Bread; and that of this Sort there are Seven Millions in the whole Iſland of *Great Britain:* And yet one would imagine that Seven Eighths of the whole People ſhould conſume at leaſt three Fourths of the whole Fruits of the Country. If this is the Caſe, the Subjects without Property pay three Fourths of the Rents, and conſequently enable the Landed Men to pay Three Fourths of their Taxes. Now if ſo great a Part of the Land-Tax were to be divided by Seven Millions, it would amount to more than three Shillings to every Head. And thus as the Poor are the Cauſe, without which the Rich could not pay this Tax, even the pooreſt Subject is upon this Account worth three Shillings yearly to the Prince.

AGAIN; One would imagine the Conſumption of ſeven Eighths of the whole People, ſhould pay two Thirds of all the Cuſtoms and Exciſes. And if this Sum too ſhould be divided by ſeven Millions, *viz.* the Number of poor People, it would amount to more than ſeven Shillings to every Head: And therefore with this and the former Sum every poor Subject, without Property, except of his Limbs or Labour, is worth at leaſt ten Shillings yearly to the Sovereign. So much then the Queen loſes with every one of her old, and gains with every one of her new Subjects.

WHEN I was got into this Way of thinking, I preſently grew conceited of the Argument, and was juſt preparing to write a Letter of Advice to a Member of Parliament,

liament, for opening the Freedom of our Towns and Trades, for taking away all manner of Diſtinctions between the Natives and Foreigners, for repealing our Laws of Pariſh Settlements, and removing every other Obſtacle to the Increaſe of the People. But as ſoon as I had recollected with what inimitable Eloquence my Fellow-Labourers had exaggerated the Miſchiefs of ſelling the Birth-right of *Britons* for a Shilling, of ſpoiling the pure *Britiſh* Blood with Foreign Mixtures, of introducing a Confuſion of Languages and Religions, and of letting in Strangers to eat the Bread out of the Mouths of our own People, I became ſo humble as to let my Project fall to the Ground, and leave my Country to increaſe by the ordinary Way of Generation.

AS I have always at Heart the Publick Good, ſo I am ever contriving Schemes to promote it; and I think I may without Vanity pretend to have contrived ſome as wiſe as any of the Caſtle-builders. I had no ſooner given up my former Project, but my Head was preſently full of draining Fens and Marſhes, banking out the Sea, and joining new Lands to my Country; for ſince it is thought impracticable to increaſe the People to the Land, I fell immediately to conſider how much would be gained to the Prince by increaſing the Land to the People.

IF the ſame omnipotent Power, which made the World, ſhould at this time raiſe out of the Ocean and join to *Great Britain* an equal Extent of Land, with equal Buildings, Corn, Cattle and other Conveniences and Neceſſaries of Life, but no Men, Women, nor Children, I ſhould hardly believe this would add either to the Riches of the People, or Revenue of the Prince; for ſince the preſent Buildings are ſufficient for all the Inhabitants, if any of them ſhould forſake the old to inhabit the new Part of the Iſland, the Increaſe of Houſe-Rent in this would be attended with at leaſt an equal Decreaſe of it in the other: Beſides, we have ſuch a Sufficiency of Corn and Cattle, that we give Bounties to our Neighbours to take what exceeds of the former off our Hands, and we will not ſuffer any of the latter to be imported upon us by our Fellow-Subjects; and for the remaining Product of the Country 'tis already equal to all our Markets. But if all theſe Things ſhould be doubled to the ſame Buyers, the

Owners muſt be glad with half their preſent Prices, the Landlords with half their preſent Rents; and thus by ſo great an Enlargement of the Country, the Rents in the whole would not increaſe, nor the Taxes to the Publick.

ON the contrary, I ſhould believe they would be very much diminiſhed; for as the Land is only valuable for its Fruits, and theſe are all periſhable, and for the moſt part muſt either be uſed within the Year, or periſh without Uſe, the Owners will get rid of them at any rate, rather than they ſhould waſte in their Poſſeſſion: So that it is probable the annual Production of thoſe periſhable things, even of the tenth Part of them, beyond all Poſſibility of Uſe, will reduce one Half of their Value. It ſeems to be for this Reaſon that our Neighbour Merchants who ingroſs all the Species, and know how great a Quantity is equal to the Demand, deſtroy all that exceeds it. It were natural then to think that the Annual Production of twice as much as can be uſed, muſt reduce all to an Eighth Part of their preſent Prices; and thus this extended Iſland would not exceed one fourth Part of its preſent Value, or pay more than one fourth Part of the preſent Tax.

IT is generally obſerved, That in Countries of the greateſt Plenty there is the pooreſt Living; like the Schoolmens Aſs in one of my Speculations, the People almoſt ſtarve between two Meals. The Truth is, the Poor, which are the Bulk of a Nation, work only that they may live; and if with two Days Labour they can get a wretched Subſiſtence, they will hardly be brought to work the other four: But then with the Wages of two Days they can neither pay ſuch Prices for their Proviſions, nor ſuch Exciſes to the Government.

THAT Paradox therefore in old *Heſiod* πλέον ἥμισυ παντός, or Half is more than the Whole, is very applicable to the preſent Caſe; ſince nothing is more true in political Arithmetick, than that the ſame People with half a Country is more valuable than with the Whole. I begin to think there was nothing abſurd in Sir *W. Petty*, when he fancied if all the Highlands of *Scotland* and the whole Kingdom of *Ireland* were ſunk in the Ocean, ſo that the People were all ſaved and brought into the Lowlands of *Great Britain*; nay, though they were to be reimburſt the Value of their Eſtates by the Body of the People, yet both

both the Sovereign and the Subjects in general would be enriched by the very Loſs.

IF the People only make the Riches, the Father of ten Children is a greater Benefactor to his Country, than he who has added to it 10000 Acres of Land and no People. It is certain *Lewis* has join'd vaſt Tracts of Land to his Dominions: But if *Philarithmus* ſays true, that he is not now Maſter of ſo many Subjects as before; we may then account for his not being able to bring ſuch mighty Armies into the Field, and for their being neither ſo well fed, nor clothed, nor paid as formerly. The Reaſon is plain, *Lewis* muſt needs have been impoveriſhed not only by his Loſs of Subjects, but by his Acquiſition of Lands. T

N° 201 *Saturday, October* 20.

Religentem eſſe oportet, Religioſum nefas.
Incerti Autoris apud Aul. Gell.

A Man ſhou'd be Religious, not Superſtitious.

IT is of the laſt Importance to ſeaſon the Paſſions of a Child with Devotion, which ſeldom dies in a Mind that has received an early Tincture of it. Though it may ſeem extinguiſhed for a while by the Cares of the World, the Heats of Youth, or the Allurements of Vice, it generally breaks out and diſcovers itſelf again as ſoon as Diſcretion, Conſideration, Age, or Misfortunes have brought the Man to himſelf. The Fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be intirely quenched and ſmothered.

A State of Temperance, Sobriety, and Juſtice, without Devotion, is a cold, lifeleſs, inſipid Condition of Virtue; and is rather to be ſtiled Philoſophy than Religion. Devotion opens the Mind to great Conceptions, and fills it with more ſublime Ideas than any that are to be met with in the moſt exalted Science; and at the ſame time warms and agitates the Soul more than ſenſual Pleaſure.

IT has been obſerved by ſome Writers, that Man is more diſtinguiſhed from the Animal World by Devotion than by Reaſon, as ſeveral Brute Creatures diſcover in their Actions ſomething like a faint Glimmering of Reaſon, though they betray in no ſingle Circumſtance of their Behaviour any Thing that bears the leaſt Affinity to Devotion. It is certain, the Propenſity of the Mind to Religious Worſhip, the natural Tendency of the Soul to fly to ſome ſuperior Being for Succour in Dangers and Diſtreſſes, the Gratitude to an inviſible Superintendent which ariſes in us upon receiving any extraordinary and unexpected good Fortune, the Acts of Love and Admiration with which the Thoughts of Men are ſo wonderfully tranſported in meditating upon the Divine Perfections, and the univerſal Concurrence of all the Nations under Heaven in the great Article of Adoration, plainly ſhew that Devotion or Religious Worſhip muſt be the Effect of Tradition from ſome firſt Founder of Mankind, or that it is conformable to the natural Light of Reaſon, or that it proceeds from an Inſtinct implanted in the Soul itſelf. For my part, I look upon all theſe to be the concurrent Cauſes: but which ever of them ſhall be aſſigned as the Principle of Divine Worſhip, it manifeſtly points to a Supreme Being as the firſt Author of it.

I may take ſome other Opportunity of conſidering thoſe particular Forms and Methods of Devotion which are taught us by Chriſtianity; but ſhall here obſerve into what Errors even this Divine Principle may ſometimes lead us, when it is not moderated by that right Reaſon which was given us as the Guide of all our Actions.

THE two great Errors into which a miſtaken Devotion may betray us, are Enthuſiaſm and Superſtition.

THERE is not a more melancholy Object than a Man who has his Head turned with religious Enthuſiaſm. A Perſon that is crazed, tho' with Pride or Malice, is a Sight very mortifying to Human Nature; but when the Diſtemper ariſes from any indiſcreet Fervours of Devotion, or too intenſe an Application of the Mind to its miſtaken Duties, it deſerves our Compaſſion in a more particular Manner. We may however learn this Leſſon from it, that ſince Devotion itſelf (which one would be apt

apt to think could not be too warm) may diſorder the Mind, unleſs its Heats are tempered with Caution and Prudence, we ſhould be particularly careful to keep our Reaſon as cool as poſſible, and to guard ourſelves in all Parts of Life againſt the Influence of Paſſion, Imagination, and Conſtitution.

DEVOTION, when it does not lie under the Check of Reaſon, is very apt to degenerate into Enthuſiaſm. When the Mind finds herſelf very much inflamed with her Devotions, ſhe is too much inclined to think they are not of her own kindling, but blown up by ſomething Divine within her. If ſhe indulges this Thought too far, and humours the growing Paſſion, ſhe at laſt flings herſelf into imaginary Raptures and Ecſtaſies; and when once ſhe fancies herſelf under the Influence of a Divine Impulſe, it is no Wonder if ſhe ſlights human Ordinances, and refuſes to comply with any eſtabliſhed Form of Religion, as thinking herſelf directed by a much ſuperior Guide.

AS Enthuſiaſm is a kind of Exceſs in Devotion, Superſtition is the Exceſs not only of Devotion, but of Religion in general, according to an old Heathen Saying, quoted by *Aulus Gellius*, *Religentem eſſe oportet, Religioſum nefas*; A Man ſhould be Religious, not Superſtitious: For as the Author tells us, *Nigidius* obſerved upon this Paſſage, that the *Latin* Words which terminate in *oſus* generally imply vicious Characters, and the having of any Quality to an Exceſs.

AN Enthuſiaſt in Religion is like an obſtinate Clown, a Superſtitious Man like an inſipid Courtier. Enthuſiaſm has ſomething in it of Madneſs, Superſtition of Folly. Moſt of the Sects that fall ſhort of the Church of *England* have in them ſtrong Tinctures of Enthuſiaſm, as the *Roman* Catholick Religion is one huge over-grown Body of childiſh and idle Superſtitions.

THE *Roman* Catholick Church ſeems indeed irrecoverably loſt in this Particular. If an abſurd Dreſs or Behaviour be introduced in the World, it will ſoon be found out and diſcarded: On the contrary, a Habit or Ceremony, tho' never ſo ridiculous, which has taken Sanctuary in the Church, ſticks in it for ever. A *Gothic* Biſhop perhaps, thought it proper to repeat ſuch a Form in

ſuch particular Shoes or Slippers; another fancied it would be very decent if ſuch a Part of publick Devotions were performed with a Mitre on his Head, and a Croſier in his Hand: To this a Brother *Vandal*, as wiſe as the others, adds an antick Dreſs, which he conceived would allude very aptly to ſuch and ſuch Myſteries, till by Degrees the whole Office has degenerated into an empty Show.

THEIR Succeſſors ſee the Vanity and Inconvenience of the Ceremonies; but inſtead of reforming, perhaps add others, which they think more ſignificant, and which take poſſeſſion in the ſame manner, and are never to be driven out after they have been once admitted. I have ſeen the Pope officiate at St. *Peter*'s, where, for two Hours together, he was buſied in putting on or off his different Accoutrements, according to the different Parts he was to act in them.

NOTHING is ſo glorious in the Eyes of Mankind, and ornamental to human Nature, ſetting aſide the infinite Advantages which ariſe from it, as a ſtrong, ſteady, maſculine Piety; but Enthuſiaſm and Superſtition are the Weakneſſes of human Reaſon, that expoſe us to the Scorn and Deriſion of Infidels, and ſink us even below the Beaſts that periſh.

IDOLATRY may be looked upon as another Error ariſing from miſtaken Devotion; but becauſe Reflexions on that Subject would be of no uſe to an *Engliſh* Reader, I ſhall not enlarge upon it. L

N° 202 *Monday, October* 22.

Sæpe decem vitiis inſtructior odit & horret.
Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 25.

Many, tho' faultier much Themſelves, pretend
Their leſs offending Neighbours Faults to mend.

THE other Day as I paſſed along the Street, I ſaw a ſturdy Prentice-Boy diſputing with an Hackney-Coachman; and in an Inſtant, upon ſome Word of Provocation, throw off his Hat and Periwig, clench his Fiſt, and ſtrike the Fellow a Slap on the Face; at the ſame time calling him Raſcal, and telling him he was, a Gentleman's Son. The young Gentleman was, it ſeems bound to a Blackſmiih; and the Debate aroſe about Payment for ſome Work done about a Coach, near which they fought. His Maſter, during the Combat, was full of his Boy's Praiſes; and as he called to him to play with his Hand and Foot, and throw in his Head, he made all us who ſtood round him of his Party, by declaring the Boy had very good Friends, and he could truſt him with untold Gold. As I am generally in the Theory of Mankind, I could not but make my Reflexions upon the ſudden Popularity which was raiſed about the Lad; and perhaps with my Friend *Tacitus*, fell into Obſervations upon it, which were too great for the Occaſion; or aſcribed this general Favour to Cauſes which had nothing to do towards it. But the young Blackſmith's being a Gentleman was, methought, what created him Good-will from his preſent Equality with the Mob about him: Add to this, that he was not ſo much a Gentleman, as not, at the ſame time that he called himſelf ſuch, to uſe as rough Methods for his Defence as his Antagoniſt. The Advantage of his having good Friends, as his Maſter expreſſed it, was not lazily urged; but he ſhewed himſelf ſuperior to the Coachman in the perſonal Qualities of Courage and Activity, to confirm that of his being well allied, before his Birth was of any Service to him.

IF one might moralize from this ſilly Story, a Man would ſay, that whatever Advantages of Fortune, Birth, or any other Good, People poſſeſs above the reſt of the World, they ſhould ſhew collateral Eminences beſides thoſe Diſtinctions; or thoſe Diſtinctions will avail only to keep up common Decencies and Ceremonies, and not to preſerve a real Place of Favour or Eſteem in the Opinion and common Senſe of their Fellow-Creatures.

THE Folly of People's Procedure, in imagining that nothing more is neceſſary than Property and ſuperior Circumſtances to ſupport them in Diſtinction, appears in no way ſo much as in the Domeſtick Part of Life. It is ordinary to feed their Humours into unnatural Excreſcences, if I may ſo ſpeak, and make their whole Being a wayward and uneaſy Condition, for want of the obvious Reflexion that all Parts of human Life is a Commerce. It is not only paying Wages, and giving Commands, that conſtitutes a Maſter of a Family; but Prudence, equal Behaviour, with Readineſs to protect and cheriſh them, is what intitles a Man to that Character in their very Hearts and Sentiments. It is pleaſant enough to obſerve, that Men expect from their Dependents, from their ſole Motive of Fear, all the good Effects which a liberal Education, and affluent Fortune, and every other Advantage, cannot produce in themſelves. A Man will have his Servant juſt, diligent, ſober and chaſte, for no other Reaſons but the Terror of loſing his Maſter's Favour; when all the Laws Divine and Human cannot keep him whom he ſerves within Bounds, with relation to any one of thoſe Virtues. But both in great and ordinary Affairs, all Superiority, which is not founded on Merit and Virtue, is ſupported only by Artifice and Stratagem. Thus you ſee Flatterers are the Agents in Families of Humouriſts, and thoſe who govern themſelves by any Thing but Reaſon. Make-Bates, diſtant Relations, poor Kinſmen, and indigent Followers, are the Fry which ſupport the Oeconomy of an humourſom rich Man. He is eternally whiſpered with Intelligence of who are true or falſe to him in Matters of no Conſequence, and he maintains twenty Friends to defend him againſt the Inſinuations of one who would perhaps cheat him of an old Coat.

I ſhall not enter into farther Speculation upon this Subject at preſent, but think the following Letters and Petition are made up of proper Sentiments on this Occaſion.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a Servant to an old Lady who is governed by 'one ſhe calls her Friend; who is ſo familiar an one, 'that ſhe takes upon her to adviſe her without being 'called to it, and makes her uneaſy with all about her. 'Pray, Sir, be pleaſed to give us ſome Remarks upon 'voluntary Counſellors; and let theſe People know 'that to give any Body Advice, is to ſay to that Perſon, 'I am your Betters. Pray, Sir, as near as you can, 'deſcribe that eternal Flirt and Diſturber of Families, 'Mrs. *Taperty*, who is always viſiting, and putting Peo-'ple in a Way, as they call it. If you can make her ſtay 'at home one Evening, you will be a general Bene-'factor to all the Ladies Women in Town, and particu-'larly to

Your loving Friend,

Suſan Civil.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a Footman, and live with one of thoſe Men, 'each of whom is ſaid to be one of the beſt humoured 'Men in the World, but that he is paſſionate. Pray be 'pleaſed to inform them, that he who is paſſionate, and 'takes no care to command his Haſtineſs, does more 'Injury to his Friends and Servants in one half Hour, 'than whole Years can atone for. This Maſter of mine, 'who is the beſt Man alive in common Fame, diſ-'obliges ſome Body every Day he lives; and ſtrikes me 'for the next thing I do, becauſe he is out of humour at 'it. If theſe Gentlemen knew that they do all the Miſ-'chief that is ever done in Converſation, they would re-'form; and I who have been a Spectator of Gentlemen 'at Dinner for many Years, have ſeen that Indiſcretion 'does ten times more Miſchief than Ill-nature. But you 'will repreſent this better than

Your abuſed humble Servant,

Thomas Smoky.

Te

To the SPECTATOR,

The humble Petition of *John Steward*, *Robert Butler*, *Harry Cook*, and *Abigail Chambers*, in Behalf of themſelves and their Relations, belonging to and diſperſed in the ſeveral Services of moſt of the great Families within the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

Sheweth,

'THAT in many of the Families in which your 'Petitioners live and are employed, the ſeveral 'Heads of them are wholly unacquainted with what is 'Buſineſs, and are very little Judges when they are well 'or ill uſed by us your ſaid Petitioners.

'THAT for want of ſuch Skill in their own Affairs, 'and by Indulgence of their own Lazineſs and Pride, 'they continually keep about them certain miſchievous 'Animals called Spies.

'THAT whenever a Spy is entertained, the Peace 'of that Houſe is from that Moment baniſhed.

'THAT Spies never give an Account of good Ser-'vices, but repreſent our Mirth and Freedom by the 'Words, Wantonneſs and Diſorder.

'THAT in all Families where there are Spies, there 'is a general Jealouſy and Miſunderſtanding.

'THAT the Maſters and Miſtreſſes of ſuch Houſes 'live in continual Suſpicion of their ingenuous and true 'Servants, and are given up to the Management of thoſe 'who are falſe and perfidious.

'THAT ſuch Maſters and Miſtreſſes who entertain 'Spies, are no longer more than Cyphers in their own 'Families; and that we your Petitioners are with great 'Diſdain obliged to pay all our Reſpect, and expect all 'our Maintenance from ſuch Spies.

'YOUR Petitioners therefore moſt humbly Pray, 'that you would repreſent the Premiſes to all Per-'ſons of Condition; and your Petitioners, as in 'Duty bound, ſhall for ever Pray, &c.

T

Tueſday,

N° 203 *Tueſday, October* 23.

Phœbe pater, ſi das hujus mihi nominis uſum,
Nec falſâ Clymene culpam ſub imagine celat;
Pignora da, Genitor —— Ovid. Met. l. 2. v. 36.

Illuſtrious Parent! ſince you don't deſpiſe
A Parent's Name, ſome certain Token give,
That I may Clymene's *proud Boaſt believe,*
Nor longer under falſe Reproaches grieve. ADDISON.

THERE is a looſe Tribe of Men whom I have not yet taken notice of, that ramble into all the Corners of this great City, in order to ſeduce ſuch unfortunate Females as fall into their Walks. Theſe abandoned Profligates raiſe up Iſſue in every Quarter of the Town, and very often, for a valuable Conſideration, father it upon the Church warden. By this means there are ſeveral married Men who have a little Family in moſt of the Pariſhes of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, and ſeveral Bachelors who are undone by a Charge of Children.

WHEN a Man once gives himſelf this Liberty of preying at large, and living upon the Common, he finds ſo much Game in a populous City, that it is ſurpriſing to conſider the Numbers which he ſometimes propagates. We ſee many a young Fellow who is ſcarce of Age, that could lay his Claim to the *Jus Trium Liberorum*, or the Privileges, which were granted by the *Roman* Laws to all ſuch as were Fathers of three Children: Nay, I have heard a Rake, who was not quite five and twenty, declare himſelf the Father of a ſeventh Son, and very prudently determine to breed him up a Phyſician. In ſhort, the Town is full of theſe young Patriarchs, not to mention ſeveral batter'd Beaus, who, like heedleſs Spendthrifts that ſquander away their Eſtates before they are Maſters of them, have raiſed up their whole Stock of Children before Marriage.

I muſt not here omit the particular Whim of an Impudent Libertine, that had a little Smattering of Heraldry; and

and obſerving how the Genealogies of great Families were often drawn up in the Shape of Trees, had taken a Fancy to diſpoſe of his own illegitimate Iſſue in a Figure of the ſame kind.

———*Nec longum tempus & ingens*
Exiit ad cælum ramis felicibus arbos,
Miraturque novas frondes, & non ſua poma.
Virg. Georg. 2. v. 80.

And in ſhort Space the laden Boughs ariſe,
With happy Fruit advancing to the Skies:
The Mother Plant admires the Leaves unknown
Of alien Trees, and Apples not her own. DRYDEN.

THE Trunk of the Tree was mark'd with his own Name, *Will Maple*. Out of the Side of it grew a large barren Branch, inſcribed *Mary Maple*, the Name of his unhappy Wife. The Head was adorned with five huge Boughs. On the Bottom of the firſt was written in Capital Characters *Kate Cole*, who branched out into three Sprigs, *viz. William*, *Richard*, and *Rebecca*, *Sal Twiford* gave Birth to another Bough that ſhot up into *Sarah*, *Tom*, *Will*, and *Frank*. The third Arm of the Tree had only a ſingle Infant on it, with a Space left for a ſecond, the Parent from whom it ſprung being near her Time when the Author took this ingenious Device into his Head. The two other great Boughs were very plentifully loaden with Fruit of the ſame kind; beſides which there were many ornamental Branches that did not bear. In ſhort, a more flouriſhing Tree never came out of the Herald's Office.

WHAT makes this Generation of Vermin ſo very prolifick, is the indefatigable Diligence with which they apply themſelves to their Buſineſs. A Man does not undergo more Watchings and Fatigues in a Campaign, than in the Courſe of a vicious Amour. As it is ſaid of ſome Men, that they make their Buſineſs their Pleaſure, theſe Sons of Darkneſs may be ſaid to make their Pleaſure their Buſineſs. They might conquer their corrupt Inclinations with half the pains they are at in gratifying them.

NOR is the Invention of theſe Men leſs to be admired than their Induſtry and Vigilance. There is a Fragment of *Apollodorus* the Comic Poet (who was Contemporary with

with *Menander*) which is full of Humour, as follows: *Thou mayeſt ſhut up thy Doors*, ſays he, *with Bars and Bolts: It will be impoſſible for the Blackſmith to make them ſo faſt, but a Cat and a Whoremaſter will find a Way through them.* In a word, there is no Head ſo full of Stratagems as that of a libidinous Man.

WERE I to propoſe a Puniſhment for this infamous Race of Propagators, it ſhould be to ſend them, after the ſecond or third Offence, into our *American* Colonies, in order to people thoſe Parts of her Majeſty's Dominions where there is a want of Inhabitants, and in the Phraſe of *Diogenes*, to *plant Men*. Some Countries puniſh this Crime with Death; but I think ſuch a Baniſhment would be ſufficient, and might turn this generative Faculty to the Advantage of the Publick.

IN the mean time, till theſe Gentlemen may be thus diſpoſed of, I would earneſtly exhort them to take care of thoſe unfortunate Creatures whom they have brought into the World by theſe indirect Methods, and to give their ſpurious Children ſuch an Education as may render them more virtuous than their Parents. This is the beſt Atonement they can make for their own Crimes, and indeed the only Method that is left them to repair their paſt Miſcarriages.

I would likewiſe deſire them to conſider, whether they are not bound in common Humanity, as well as by all the Obligations of Religion and Nature, to make ſome Proviſion for thoſe whom they have not only given life to, but entail'd upon them, tho' very unreaſonably, a Degree of Shame and Diſgrace. And here I cannot but take notice of thoſe depraved Notions which prevail among us, and which muſt have taken riſe from our natural Inclination to favour a Vice to which we are ſo very prone, namely, that *Baſtardy* and *Cuckoldom* ſhould be look'd upon as Reproaches, and that the Ignominy, which is only due to Lewdneſs and Falſhood, ſhould fall in ſo unreaſonable a manner upon the Perſons who are innocent.

I have been inſenſibly drawn into this Diſcourſe by the following Letter, which is drawn up with ſuch a Spirit of Sincerity, that I queſtion not but the Writer of it has repreſented his Caſe in a true and genuine Light.

SIR,

SIR,

'I Am one of thoſe People who by the General Opi-
'nion of the World are counted both infamous and
'unhappy.

'MY Father is a very eminent Man in this King-
'dom, and one who bears conſiderable Offices in it.
'I am his Son, but my Misfortune is, That I dare
'not call him Father, nor he without Shame own
'me as his Iſſue, I being illegitimate, and therefore
'deprived of that endearing Tenderneſs and unpa-
'rallel'd Satisfaction which a good Man finds in the
'Love and Converſation of a Parent: Neither have I
'the Opportunities to render him the Duties of a Son,
'he having always carried himſelf at ſo vaſt a Diſtance,
'and with ſuch Superiority towards me, That by long
'Uſe I have contracted a Timorouſneſs when before
'him, which hinders me from declaring my own Ne-
'ceſſities, and giving him to underſtand the Inconve-
'niences I undergo.

'IT is my Misfortune to have been neither bred a
'Scholar, a Soldier, nor to any kind of Buſineſs, which
'renders me intirely uncapable of making Proviſion for
'myſelf without his Aſſiſtance; and this creates a con-
'tinual Uneaſineſs in my Mind, fearing I ſhall in time
'want Bread; my Father, if I may ſo call him, giving
'me but very faint Aſſurances of doing any thing for me.

'I have hitherto lived ſomewhat like a Gentleman,
'and it would be very hard for me to labour for my
'Living. I am in continual Anxiety for my future For-
'tune, and under a great Unhappineſs in loſing the
'ſweet Converſation and friendly Advice of my Pa-
'rents; ſo that I cannot look upon myſelf otherwiſe
'than as a Monſter, ſtrangely ſprung up in Nature,
'which every one is aſhamed to own.

'I am thought to be a Man of ſome natural Parts,
'and by the continual Reading what you have offered
'the World, become an Admirer thereof, which has
'drawn me to make this Confeſſion; at the ſame time
'hoping, if any thing herein ſhall touch you with a
'Senſe of Pity, you would then allow me the Favour
'of your Opinion thereupon; as alſo what Part I, be-
'ing unlawfully born, may claim of the Man's Affection

'who

'who begot me, and how far in your Opinion I am to 'be thought his Son, or he acknowledged as my Fa- 'ther. Your Sentiments and Advice herein will be a 'great Conſolation and Satisfaction to,

SIR,

Your Admirer and

Humble Servant,

C W. B.

N° 204 *Wedneſday, October* 24.

Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimiùm lubricus aſpici.
Hor. Od. 19. l. 1. v. 7.

With winning Coyneſs ſhe my Soul diſarms:
Her Face darts forth a thouſand Rays;
My Eye-balls ſwim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.
CONGREVE.

I Am not at all diſpleaſed that I am become the Courier of Love, and that the Diſtreſſed in that Paſſion convey their Complaints to each other by my Means. The following Letters have lately come to my hands, and ſhall have their Place with great Willingneſs. As to the Reader's Entertainment, he will, I hope, forgive the inſerting ſuch Particulars as to him may perhaps ſeem frivolous, but are to the Perſons who wrote them of the higheſt Conſequence. I ſhall not trouble you with the Prefaces, Compliments, and Apologies made to me before each Epiſtle when it was deſired to be inſerted; but in general they tell me, that the Perſons to whom they are addreſſed have Intimations, by Phraſes and Alluſions in them, from whence they came.

To the Sothades.

'THE Word, by which I addreſs you, gives you, 'who underſtand *Portugueſe*, a lively Image of 'the tender Regard I have for you. The SPECTATOR's

'late

'late Letter from *Statira* gave me the Hint to uſe 'the ſame Method of explaining myſelf to you. I 'am not affronted at the Deſign your late Behaviour 'diſcovered you had in your Addreſſes to me; but I 'impute it to the Degeneracy of the Age, rather than 'your particular Fault. As I aim at nothing more than 'being yours, I am willing to be a Stranger to your 'Name, your Fortune, or any Figure which your Wife 'might expect to make in the World, provided my Com-'merce with you is not to be a guilty one. I reſign gay 'Dreſs, the Pleaſures of Viſits, Equipage, Plays, Balls, and 'Operas, for that one Satisfaction of having you for ever 'mine. I am willing you ſhall induſtriouſly conceal the 'only Cauſe of Triumph which I can know in this 'Life. I wiſh only to have it my Duty, as well as my 'Inclination, to ſtudy your Happineſs. If this has not 'the Effect this Letter ſeems to aim at, you are to un-'derſtand that I had a mind to be rid of you, and took 'the readieſt Way to pall you with an Offer of what you 'would never deſiſt purſuing while you received ill Uſage. 'Be a true Man; be my Slave while you doubt me, and 'neglect me when you think I love you. I defy you to 'find out what is your preſent Circumſtance with me; 'but I know while I can keep this Suſpence,

I am your admired

Belinda.

Madam,

'IT is a ſtrange State of Mind a Man is in, when the 'very Imperfections of a Woman he loves turn into 'Excellencies and Advantages. I do aſſure you, I am 'very much afraid of venturing upon you. I now like 'you in ſpite of my Reaſon, and think it an ill Circum-'ſtance to owe one's Happineſs to nothing but Infatua-'tion. I can ſee you ogle all the young Fellows who 'look at you, and obſerve your Eye wander after new 'Conqueſts every Moment you are in a publick Place; 'and yet there is ſuch a Beauty in all your Looks and 'Geſtures, that I cannot but admire you in the very Act of 'endeavouring to gain the Hearts of others. My Condi-'tion is the ſame with that of the Lover in the *Way of 'the World*. I have ſtudied your Faults ſo long, that

'they

'they are become as familiar to me, and I like them as 'well as I do my own. Look to it, Madam, and con-'ſider whether you think this gay Behaviour will appear 'to me as amiable when an Huſband, as it does now to me 'a Lover. Things are ſo far advanced, that we muſt 'proceed; and I hope you will lay it to heart, that it 'will be becoming in me to appear ſtill your Lover, but 'not in you to be ſtill my Miſtreſs. Gaiety in the Matri-'monial Life is graceful in one Sex, but exceptionable in 'the other. As you improve theſe little Hints, you will 'aſcertain the Happineſs or Uneaſineſs of,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient,

Moſt humble Servant,

T. D.

SIR,

'WHEN I ſat at the Window, and you at the 'other End of the Room by my Couſin, I ſaw 'you catch me looking at you. Since you have the 'Secret at laſt, which I am ſure you ſhould never have 'known but by Inadvertency, what my Eyes ſaid was 'true. But it is too ſoon to confirm it with my Hand, 'therefore ſhall not ſubſcribe my Name.

SIR,

'THERE were other Gentlemen nearer, and I 'know no Neceſſity you were under to take up 'that flippant Creature's Fan laſt Night; but you ſhall 'never touch a Stick of mine more, that's poſ.

Phillis.

To Colonel R——s *in* Spain.

'BEFORE this can reach the beſt of Huſbands and 'the fondeſt Lover, thoſe tender Names will be no 'more of Concern to me. The Indiſpoſition in which you, 'to obey the Dictates of your Honour and Duty, left me, 'has increaſed upon me; and I am acquainted by my 'Phyſicians I cannot live a Week longer. At this time 'my Spirits fail me; and it is the ardent Love I 'have for you that carries me beyond my Strength, and 'enables me to tell you, The moſt painful Thing in the

'Proſpect

'Proſpect of Death, is, that I muſt part with you. But let 'it be a Comfort to you, that I have no Guilt hangs 'upon me, no unrepented Folly that retards me; but I 'paſs away my laſt Hours in Reflexion upon the Happi-'neſs we have lived in together, and in Sorrow that it is 'ſo ſoon to have an End. This is a Frailty which I hope 'is ſo far from criminal, that methinks there is a kind of 'Piety in being ſo unwilling to be ſeparated from a State 'which is the Inſtitution of Heaven, and in which we 'have lived according to its Laws. As we know no more 'of the next Life, but that it will be an happy one to the 'Good, and miſerable to the Wicked, why may we not 'pleaſe ourſelves at leaſt, to alleviate the Difficulty of 'reſigning this Being, in imagining that we ſhall have a 'Senſe of what paſſes below, and may poſſibly be em-'ployed in guiding the Steps of thoſe with whom we walk-'ed with Innocence when mortal? Why may not I hope 'to go on in my uſual Work, and, tho' unknown to you, 'be aſſiſtant in all the Conflicts of your Mind? Give me 'leave to ſay to you, O beſt of Men, that I cannot 'figure to myſelf a greater Happineſs than in ſuch an 'Employment: To be preſent at all the Adventures to 'which human Life is expoſed, to adminiſter Slumber 'to thy Eyelids in the Agonies of a Fever, to cover thy 'beloved Face in the Day of Battle, to go with thee a 'Guardian Angel incapable of Wound or Pain, where 'I have longed to attend thee when a weak, a fearful 'Woman: Theſe, my Dear, are the Thoughts with 'which I warm my poor languid Heart; but indeed I 'am not capable under my preſent Weakneſs of bearing 'the ſtrong Agonies of Mind I fall into, when I form 'to myſelf the Grief you will be in upon your firſt hear-'ing of my Departure. I will not dwell upon this, be-'cauſe your kind and generous Heart will be but the 'more afflicted, the more the Perſon for whom you la-'ment offers you Conſolation: My laſt Breath will, if 'I am myſelf, expire in a Prayer for you. I ſhall never 'ſee thy Face again. Farewel for ever. T

N° 205 *Thurſday, October* 25.

Decipimur ſpecie recti —— Hor. Ars Poet. v. 25.
Deluded by a ſeeming Excellence. ROSCOMMON.

WHEN I meet with any vicious Character that is not generally known, in order to prevent its doing Miſchief, I draw it at length, and ſet it up as a Scarecrow; by which means I do not only make an Example of the Perſon to whom it belongs, but give Warning to all Her Majeſty's Subjects, that they may not ſuffer by it. Thus, to change the Alluſion, I have marked out ſeveral of the Shoals and Quickſands of Life, and am continually employed in diſcovering thoſe which are ſtill concealed, in order to keep the Ignorant and Unwary from running upon them. It is with this Intention that I publiſh the following Letter, which brings to light ſome Secrets of this Nature.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE are none of your Speculations which I 'read over with greater Delight, than thoſe which 'are deſigned for the Improvement of our Sex. You 'have endeavoured to correct our unreaſonable Fears 'and Superſtitions, in your Seventh and Twelfth Paper; 'our Fancy for Equipage, in your Fifteenth; our Love 'of Puppet-Shows, in your Thirty-Firſt; our Notions of 'Beauty, in your Thirty-Third; our Inclination for 'Romances, in your Thirty-Seventh; our Paſſion for '*French* Fopperies, in your Forty-Fifth; our Manhood 'and Party-zeal, in your Fifty-Seventh; our Abuſe of 'Dancing, in your Sixty-Sixth and Sixty-Seventh; our 'Levity, in your Hundred and Twenty Eighth; our 'Love of Coxcombs in your Hundred and Fifty-Fourth, 'and Hundred and Fifty-Seventh; our Tyranny over 'the Henpeckt, in your Hundred and Seventy-Sixth. 'You have deſcribed the *Pict* in your Forty-firſt; the

'Idol,

'Idol, in your Seventy-Third; the Demurrer, in your 'Eighty-Ninth; the Salamander, in your Hundred and 'Ninety-Eighth. You have likewiſe taken to pieces our 'Dreſs, and repreſented to us the Extravagances we are 'often guilty of in that Particular. You have fallen upon 'our Patches, in your Fiftieth and Eighty-Firſt; our 'Commodes, in your Ninety-Eighth; our Fans in your 'Hundred and Second; our Riding Habits in your Hun-'dred and Fourth; our Hoop-petticoats, in your Hun-'dred and Twenty-Seventh; beſides a great many little 'Blemiſhes which you have touched upon in your ſeve-'ral other Papers, and in thoſe many Letters that are 'ſcattered up and down your Works. At the ſame 'Time we muſt own, that the Compliments you pay 'our Sex are innumerable, and that thoſe very Faults 'which you repreſent in us, are neither black in them-'ſelves, nor as you own, univerſal among us. But, 'Sir, it is plain that theſe your Diſcourſes are calculated 'for none but the faſhionable Part of Womankind, and 'for the Uſe of thoſe who are rather indiſcreet than 'vicious. But, Sir, there is a Sort of Proſtitutes in the 'lower Part of our Sex, who are a Scandal to us, and 'very well deſerve to fall under your Cenſure. I know 'it would debaſe your Paper too much to enter into the 'Behaviour of theſe Female Libertines; but as your 'Remarks on ſome Part of it would be a doing of Juſ-'tice to ſeveral Women of Virtue and Honour, whoſe 'Reputations ſuffer by it, I hope you will not think it 'improper to give the Publick ſome Accounts of this 'Nature. You muſt know, Sir, I am provoked to write 'you this Letter by the Behaviour of an infamous Wo-'man, who having paſſed her Youth in a moſt ſhame-'leſs State of Proſtitution, is now one of thoſe who 'gain their Livelihood by ſeducing others, that are 'younger than themſelves, and by eſtabliſhing a crimi-'nal Commerce between the two Sexes. Among ſeve-'ral of her Artifices to get Money, ſhe frequently per-'ſuades a vain young Fellow, that ſuch a Woman of 'Quality, or ſuch a celebrated Toſt, entertains a ſe-'cret Paſſion for him, and wants nothing but an Oppor-'tunity of revealing it: Nay, ſhe has gone ſo far as 'to write Letters in the Name of a Woman of Figure,

'to

'to borrow Money of one of theſe fooliſh *Roderigo's*, 'which ſhe has afterwards appropriated to her own Uſe. 'In the mean time, the Perſon who has lent the Money, 'has thought a Lady under Obligations to him, who 'ſcarce knew his Name; and wondered at her Ingrati-'tude when he has been with her, that ſhe has not owned 'the Favour, though at the ſame time he was too much 'a Man of Honour to put her in mind of it.

'WHEN this abandoned Baggage meets with a Man 'who has Vanity enough to give Credit to Relations of 'this nature, ſhe turns him to very good Account, by 'repeating Praiſes that were never uttered, and delivering 'Meſſages that were never ſent. As the Houſe of this 'ſhameleſs Creature is frequented by ſeveral Foreigners, 'I have heard of another Artifice, out of which ſhe often 'raiſes Money. The Foreigner ſighs after ſome *Britiſh* 'Beauty, whom he only knows by Fame: Upon which 'ſhe promiſes, if he can be ſecret, to procure him a 'Meeting. The Stranger, raviſhed at his good For-'tune, gives her a Preſent, and in a little time is in-'troduced to ſome imaginary Title; for you muſt know 'that this cunning Purveyor has her Repreſentatives 'upon this Occaſion, of ſome of the fineſt Ladies in the 'Kingdom. By this Means, as I am informed, it is 'uſual enough to meet with a *German* Count in foreign 'Countries, that ſhall make his Boaſts of Favours he has 'received from Women of the higheſt Ranks, and the 'moſt unblemiſhed Characters. Now, Sir, what Safety 'is there for a Woman's Reputation, when a Lady may 'be thus proſtituted as it were by Proxy, and be reputed 'an unchaſte Woman; as the Hero in the ninth Book 'of *Dryden*'s Virgil is looked upon as a Coward, becauſe 'the Phantom which appeared in his Likeneſs ran away 'from *Turnus?* You may depend upon what I relate to 'you to be Matter of Fact, and the Practice of more 'than one of theſe female Pandars. If you print this 'Letter, I may give you ſome farther Accounts of this 'vicious Race of Women.

Your humble Servant,

BELVIDERA

I ſhall add two other Letters on different Subjects to fill up my Paper.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a Country Clergyman, and hope you will lend 'me your Aſſiſtance in ridiculing ſome little Inde-'cencies which cannot ſo properly be expoſed from the 'Pulpit.

'A Widow Lady, who ſtraggled this Summer from '*London* into my Pariſh for the Benefit of the Air, as ſhe 'ſays, appears every *Sunday* at Church with many 'faſhionable Extravagancies, to the great Aſtoniſhment 'of my Congregation.

'BUT what gives us the moſt Offence is her thea-'trical Manner of Singing the Pſalms. She introduces 'above fifty *Italian* Airs into the hundredth Pſalm, and 'whilſt we begin *All People* in the old ſolemn Tune of 'our Forefathers, ſhe in a quite different Key runs Di-'viſions on the Vowels, and adorns them with the Graces 'of *Nicolini*; if ſhe meets with Eke or Aye, which are 'frequent in the Metre of *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, we are 'certain to hear her quavering them half a Minute after 'us to ſome ſprightly Airs of the Opera.

'I am very far from being an Enemy to Church Mu-'ſick; but fear this Abuſe of it may make my *Pariſh* 'ridiculous, who already look on the Singing Pſalms as 'an Entertainment, and not Part of their Devotion: 'Beſides, I am apprehenſive that the Infection may ſpread, 'for Squire *Squeekum*, who by his Voice ſeems (if I may 'uſe the Expreſſion) to be cut out for an *Italian* Singer, 'was laſt *Sunday* practiſing the ſame Airs.

'I know the Lady's Principles, and that ſhe will plead 'the Toleration, which (as ſhe fancies) allows her Non-'Conformity in this Particular; but I beg you to acquaint 'her, That Singing the Pſalms in a different Tune from 'the reſt of the Congregation, is a Sort of Schiſm not 'tolerated by that Act.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

R. S.

Mr. SPEC-

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IN your Paper upon Temperance, you preſcribe to 'us a Rule of drinking, out of Sir *William Temple*, in 'the following Words; *The firſt Glaſs for myſelf, the 'ſecond for my Friends, the third for Good-humour, and 'the fourth for mine Enemies.* Now, Sir, you muſt 'know, that I have read this your *Spectator*, in a Club 'whereof I am a member; when our Preſident told us, 'there was certainly an Error in the Print, and that the 'Word *Glaſs* ſhould be *Bottle*; and therefore has ordered 'me to inform you of this Miſtake, and to deſire you 'to publiſh the following *Errata*: In the Paper of *Sa-'turday, Octob.* 13, Col. 3, Line 11, for *Glaſs* read '*Bottle.*

L *Yours,* Robin Good-fellow.

Nº 206 *Friday, October* 26.

Quanto quiſque ſibi plura negaverit,
A Diis plura feret——— Hor. Od. 16. l. 3. v. 21.

They that do much Themſelves deny,
Receive more Bleſſings from the Sky. CREECH.

THERE is a Call upon Mankind to value and eſteem thoſe who ſet a moderate Price upon their own Merit; and Self-denial is frequently attended with unexpected Bleſſings, which in the End abundantly recompenſe ſuch Loſſes as the Modeſt ſeem to ſuffer in the ordinary Occurrences of Life. The Curious tell us, a Determination in our Favour or to our Diſadvantage is made upon our firſt Appearance, even before they know any thing of our Characters, but from the Intimations Men gather from our Aſpect. A Man, they ſay, wears the Picture of his Mind in his Countenance; and one Man's Eyes are Spectacles to his who looks at him to read his Heart. But tho' that Way of raiſing an Opinion of thoſe we behold in Publick is very fallacious, certain it is, that thoſe, who by their Words and Actions take as much upon themſelves, as they can but barely demand in

the ſtrict Scrutiny of their Deſerts, will find their Account leſſen every Day. A modeſt Man preſerves his Character, as a frugal Man does his Fortune; if either of them live to the Height of either, one will find Loſſes, the other Errors, which he has not Stock by him to make up. It were therefore a juſt Rule, to keep your Deſires, your Words and Actions, within the Regard you obſerve your Friends have for you; and never, if it were in a Man's Power, to take as much as he poſſibly might either in Preferment or Reputation. My Walks have lately been among the mercantile Part of the World; and one gets Phraſes naturally from thoſe with whom one converſes: I ſay then, he that in his Air, his Treatment of others, or an habitual Arrogance to himſelf, gives himſelf Credit for the leaſt Article of more Wit, Wiſdom, Goodneſs, or Valour than he can poſſibly produce if he is called upon, will find the World break in upon him, and conſider him as one who has cheated them of all the Eſteem they had before allowed him. This brings a Commiſſion of Bankruptcy upon him; and he that might have gone on to his Life's End in a proſperous Way, by aiming at more than he ſhould, is no longer Proprietor of what he really had before, but his Pretenſions fare as all Things do which are torn inſtead of being divided.

THERE is no one living would deny *Cinna* the Applauſe of an agreeable and facetious Wit; or could poſſibly pretend that there is not ſomething inimitably unforced and diverting in his Manner of delivering all his Sentiments in his Converſation, if he were able to conceal the ſtrong Deſire of Applauſe which he betrays in every Syllable he utters. But they who converſe with him, ſee that all the Civilities they could do to him, or the kind Things they could ſay to him, would fall ſhort of what he expects; and therefore inſtead of ſhewing him the Eſteem they have for his Merit, their Reflexions turn only upon that they obſerve he has of it himſelf.

IF you go among the Women, and behold *Gloriana* trip into a Room with that theatrical Oſtentation of her Charms, *Mirtilla* with that ſoft Regularity in her Motion, *Chloe* with ſuch an indifferent Familiarity, *Corinna* with ſuch a fond Approach, and *Roxana* with ſuch a Demand of Reſpect in the great Gravity of her Entrance; you find all the

the Sex, who underſtand themſelves and act naturally, wait only for their Abſence, to tell you that all theſe Ladies would impoſe themſelves upon you; and each of them carry in their Behaviour a Conſciouſneſs of ſo much more than they ſhould pretend to, that they loſe what would otherwiſe be given them.

I remember the laſt time I ſaw *Macbeth*, I was wonderfully taken with the Skill of the Poet, in making the Murderer form Fears to himſelf from the Moderation of the Prince whoſe Life he was going to take away. He ſays of the King, *He bore his Faculties ſo meekly*; and juſtly inferred from thence, That all divine and human Power would join to avenge his Death, who had made ſuch an abſtinent Uſe of Dominion. All that is in a Man's Power to do to advance his own Pomp and Glory, and forbears, is ſo much laid up againſt the Day of Diſtreſs; and Pity will always be his Portion in Adverſity, who acted with Gentleneſs in Proſperity.

THE great Officer who foregoes the Advantages he might take to himſelf, and renounces all prudential Regards to his own Perſon in Danger, has ſo far the Merit of a Volunteer; and all his Honours and Glories are unenvied, for ſharing the common Fate with the ſame Frankneſs as they do who have no ſuch endearing Circumſtances to part with. But if there were no ſuch Conſiderations as the good Effect which Self-denial has upon the Senſe of other Men towards us, it is of all Qualities the moſt deſirable for the agreeable Diſpoſition in which it places our own Minds. I cannot tell what better to ſay of it, than that it is the very Contrary of Ambition; and that Modeſty allays all thoſe Paſſions and Inquietudes to which that Vice expoſes us. He that is moderate in his Wiſhes from Reaſon and Choice, and not reſigned from Sourneſs, Diſtaſte, or Diſappointment, doubles all the Pleaſures of his Life. The Air, the Seaſon, a Sun-ſhiny Day, or a fair Proſpect, are Inſtances of Happineſs, and that which he enjoys in common with all the World, (by his Exemption from the Inchantments by which all the World are betwitched) are to him uncommon Benefits and new Acquiſitions. Health is not eaten up with Care, nor Pleaſure interrupted by Envy. It is not to him of any Conſequence what this Man is famed for, or for what the other is preferred.

He knows there is in ſuch a Place an uninterrupted Walk; he can meet in ſuch a Company an agreeable Converſation: He has no Emulation, he is no Man's Rival, but every Man's Well-wiſher; can look at a proſperous Man, with a Pleaſure in reflecting that he hopes he is as happy as himſelf; and has his Mind and his Fortune (as far as Prudence will allow) open to the Unhappy and to the Stranger.

LUCCEIUS has Learning, Wit, Humour, Eloquence, but no ambitious Proſpects to purſue with theſe Advantages; therefore to the ordinary World he is perhaps thought to want Spirit, but known among his Friends to have a Mind of the moſt conſummate Greatneſs. He wants no Man's Admiration, is in no Need of Pomp. His Clothes pleaſe him if they are faſhionable and warm; his Companions are agreeable if they are civil and well-natured. There is with him no Occaſion for Superfluity at Meals, for Jollity in Company, in a word, for any thing extraordinary to adminiſter Delight to him. Want of Prejudice and Command of Appetite are the Companions which make his Journey of Life ſo eaſy, that he in all Places meets with more Wit, more good Cheer and more Good-humour, than is neceſſary to make him enjoy himſelf with Pleaſure and Satisfaction. T

Nº 207 *Saturday, October 27.*

Omnibus in terris, quæ ſunt à Gadibus uſque
Auroram & Gangem, pauci dignoſcere poſſunt
Vera bona, atque illis multùm diverſa, remotâ
Erroris nebulâ——— Juv. Sat. 10. v. 1.

Look round the habitable World, how few
Know their own Good, or, knowing it, purſue. DRYDEN.

IN my laſt *Saturday*'s Paper I laid down ſome Thoughts upon Devotion in general, and ſhall here ſhew what were the Notions of the moſt refined Heathens on this Subject, as they are repreſented in *Plato*'s Dialogue upon Prayer, intitled, *Alcibiades the Second*, which doubtleſs gave

gave Occaſion to *Juvenal*'s tenth Satire, and to the ſecond Satire of *Perſius*; as the laſt of theſe Authors has almoſt tranſcribed the preceding Dialogue, intitled *Alcibiades the Firſt*, in his Fourth Satire.

THE Speakers in this Dialogue upon Prayer, are *Socrates* and *Alcibiades*; and the Subſtance of it (when drawn together out of the Intricacies and Digreſſions) as follows.

SOCRATES meeting his Pupil *Alcibiades*, as he was going to his Devotions, and obſerving his Eyes to be fixed upon the Earth with great Seriouſneſs and Attention, tells him, that he had reaſon to be thoughtful on that Occaſion, ſince it was poſſible for a Man to bring down Evils upon himſelf by his own Prayers, and that thoſe things, which the Gods ſend him in Anſwer to his Petitions, might turn to his Deſtruction: This, ſays he, may not only happen when a Man prays for what he knows is miſchievous in its own Nature, as *Oedipus* implored the Gods to ſow Diſſenſion between his Sons; but when he prays for what he believes would be for his Good, and againſt what he believes would be to his Detriment. This the Philoſopher ſhews muſt neceſſarily happen among us, ſince moſt Men are blinded with Ignorance, Prejudice, or Paſſion, which hinder them from ſeeing ſuch Things as are really beneficial to them. For an Inſtance, he asks *Alcibiades*, Whether he would not be thoroughly pleaſed and ſatisfied if that God, to whom he was going to addreſs himſelf, ſhould promiſe to make him the Sovereign of the whole Earth? *Alcibiades* anſwers, That he ſhould doubtleſs look upon ſuch a Promiſe as the greateſt Favour that could be beſtowed upon him. *Socrates* then asks him, If after receiving this great Favour he would be contented to loſe his Life? or if he would receive it though he was ſure he ſhould make an ill Uſe of it? To both which Queſtions *Alcibiades* anſwers in the Negative. *Socrates* then ſhews him, from the Examples of others, how theſe might very probably be the Effects of ſuch a Bleſſing. He then adds, That other reputed Pieces of Good-fortune, as that of having a Son, or procuring the higheſt Poſt in a Government, are ſubject to the like fatal Conſequences; which nevertheleſs, ſays he, Men ardently deſire, and would not fail to pray for, if

they thought their Prayers might be effectual for the obtaining of them.

HAVING eſtabliſhed this great Point, That all the moſt apparent Bleſſings in this Life are obnoxious to ſuch dreadful Conſequences, and that no Man knows what in its Events would prove to him a Bleſſing or a Curſe, he teaches *Alcibiades* after what manner he ought to pray.

IN the firſt Place, he recommends to him, as the Model of his Devotions, a ſhort Prayer, which a *Greek* Poet compoſed for the Uſe of his Friends, in the following Words; *O* Jupiter, *give us thoſe Things which are good for us, whether they are ſuch Things as we pray for, or ſuch Things as we do not pray for: and remove from us thoſe Things which are hurtful, though they are ſuch Things as we pray for.*

IN the ſecond Place, that his Diſciple may ask ſuch Things as are expedient for him, he ſhews him, that it is abſolutely neceſſary to apply himſelf to the Study of true Wiſdom, and to the Knowledge of that which is his chief Good, and the moſt ſuitable to the Excellency of his Nature.

IN the third and laſt Place he informs him, that the beſt Methods he could make uſe of to draw down Bleſſings upon himſelf, and to render his Prayers acceptable, would be to live in a conſtant Practice of his Duty towards the Gods, and towards Men. Under this Head he very much recommends a Form of Prayer the *Lacedemonians* make uſe of, in which they petition the Gods, *to give them all good Things ſo long as they were virtuous.* Under this Head likewiſe he gives a very remarkable Account of an Oracle to the following Purpoſe.

WHEN the *Athenians* in the War with the *Lacedemonians* received many Defeats both by Sea and Land, they ſent a Meſſage to the Oracle of *Jupiter Ammon*, to ask the Reaſon why they who erected ſo many Temples to the Gods, and adorned them with ſuch coſtly Offerings; why they who had inſtituted ſo many Feſtivals, and accompanied them with ſuch Pomps and Ceremonies; in ſhort, why they who had ſlain ſo many Hecatombs at their Altars, ſhould be leſs ſucceſsful than the *Lacedemonians*, who fell ſo ſhort of them in all theſe Parti-

Particulars. To this, ſays he, the Oracle made the following Reply; *I am better pleaſed with the Prayers of the* Lacedemonians, *than with all the Oblations of the* Greeks. As this Prayer implied and encouraged Virtue in thoſe who made it; the Philoſopher proceeds to ſhew how the moſt vicious Man might be devout, ſo far as Victims could make him, but that his Offerings were regarded by the Gods as Bribes, and his Petitions as Blaſphemies. He likewiſe quotes on this Occaſion two Verſes out of *Homer*, in which the Poet ſays, That the Scent of the *Trojan* Sacrifices was carried up to Heaven by the Winds; but that it was not acceptable to the Gods, who were diſpleaſed with *Priam* and all his People.

THE Concluſion of this Dialogue is very remarkable. *Socrates* having deterred *Alcibiades* from the Prayers and Sacrifice which he was going to offer, by ſetting forth the above-mentioned Difficulties of performing that Duty as he ought, adds theſe Words, *We muſt therefore wait till ſuch Time as we may learn how we ought to behave ourſelves towards the Gods, and towards Men.* But when will that Time come, ſays *Alcibiades*, and who is it that will inſtruct us? For I would fain ſee this Man, whoever he is. It is one, ſays *Socrates*, who takes care of you; but as *Homer* tells us, that *Minerva* removed the Miſt from *Diomedes* his Eyes, that he might plainly diſcover both Gods and Men; ſo the Darkneſs that hangs upon your Mind muſt be removed before you are able to diſcern what is Good and what is Evil. Let him remove from my Mind, ſays *Alcibiades*, the Darkneſs, and what elſe he pleaſes, I am determined to refuſe nothing he ſhall order me, whoever he is, ſo that I may become the better Man by it. The remaining Part of this Dialogue is very obſcure: There is ſomething in it that would make us think *Socrates* hinted at himſelf, when he ſpoke of this Divine Teacher who was to come into the World, did not he own that he himſelf was in this reſpect as much at a Loſs, and in as great Diſtreſs as the reſt of Mankind.

SOME learned Men look upon this Concluſion as a Prediction of our Saviour, or at leaſt that *Socrates*, like the High-Prieſt, propheſied unknowingly, and pointed

at that Divine Teacher who was to come into the World ſome Ages after him. However that may be, we find that this great Philoſopher ſaw, by the Light of Reaſon, that it was ſuitable to the Goodneſs of the Divine Nature, to ſend a Perſon into the World who ſhould inſtruct Mankind in the Duties of Religion, and, in particular, teach them how to Pray.

WHOEVER reads this Abſtract of *Plato*'s Diſcourſe on Prayer, will, I believe, naturally make this Reflexion, That the great Founder of our Religion, as well by his own Example, as in the Form of Prayer which he taught his Diſciples, did not only keep up to thoſe Rules which the Light of Nature had ſuggeſted to this great Philoſopher, but inſtructed his Diſciples in the whole Extent of this Duty, as well as of all others. He directed them to the proper Object of Adoration, and taught them, according to the third Rule abovementioned, to apply themſelves to him in their Cloſets, without Show or Oſtentation, and to worſhip him in Spirit and in Truth. As the *Lacedemonians* in their Form of Prayer implored the Gods in general to give them all good things ſo long as they were virtuous, we ask in particular *that our Offences may be forgiven, as we forgive thoſe of others.* If we look into the ſecond Rule which *Socrates* has preſcribed, namely, That we ſhould apply ourſelves to the Knowledge of ſuch Things as are beſt for us, this too is explain'd at large in the Doctrines of the Goſpel, where we are taught in ſeveral Inſtances to regard thoſe things as Curſes, which appear as Bleſſings in the Eye of the World; and on the contrary, to eſteem thoſe things as Bleſſings, which to the Generality of Mankind appear as Curſes. Thus in the Form which is preſcribed to us we only pray for that Happineſs which is our chief Good, and the great End of our Exiſtence, when we petition the ſupreme Being for *the coming of his Kingdom*, being ſolicitous for no other temporal Bleſſings but our *daily Suſtenance.* On the other ſide, We pray againſt nothing but Sin, and againſt *Evil* in general, leaving it with Omniſcience to determine what is really ſuch. If we look into the firſt of *Socrates* his Rules of Prayer, in which he recommends the above-mentioned Form of the ancient Poet, we find that Form not only compre-

comprehended, but very much improved in the Petition, wherein we pray to the Supreme Being that *his Will may be done:* which is of the ſame Force with that Form which our Saviour uſed, when he prayed againſt the moſt painful and moſt ignominious of Deaths, *Nevertheleſs not my Will, but thine be done.* This comprehenſive Petition is the moſt humble, as well as the moſt prudent, that can be offered up from the Creature to his Creator, as it ſuppoſes the Supreme Being wills nothing but what is for our Good, and that he knows better than ourſelves what is ſo. L.

N° 208 *Monday, October* 29.

——*Veniunt ſpectentur ut ipſæ.*

Ovid. Ars Am. l. 1. v. 99.

To be Themſelves a Spectacle, they come.

I Have ſeveral Letters of People of good Senſe, who lament the Depravity or Poverty of Taſte the Town is fallen into with relation to Plays and publick Spectacles. A Lady in particular obſerves, that there is ſuch a Levity in the Minds of her own Sex, that they ſeldom attend any thing but Impertinences. It is indeed prodigious to obſerve how little Notice is taken of the moſt exalted Parts of the beſt Tragedies in *Shakeſpear*; nay, it is not only viſible that Senſuality has devoured all Greatneſs of Soul, but the Under-Paſſion (as I may ſo call it) of a noble Spirit, Pity, ſeems to be a Stranger to the Generality of an Audience. The Minds of Men are indeed very differently diſpoſed; and the Reliefs from Care and Attention are of one Sort in a great Spirit, and of another in an ordinary one. The Man of a great Heart and a ſerious Complexion, is more pleaſed with Inſtances of Generoſity and Pity, than the light and ludicrous Spirit can poſſibly be with the higheſt Strains of Mirth and Laughter: It is therefore a melancholy Proſpect when we ſee a numerous Aſſembly loſt to all ſerious Entertainments,

tainments, and ſuch Incidents, as ſhould move one Sort of Concern, excite in them a quite contrary one. In the Tragedy of *Macbeth*, the other Night, when the Lady who is conſcious of the Crime of murdering the King, ſeems utterly aſtoniſhed at the News, and makes an Exclamation at it, inſtead of the Indignation which is natural to the Occaſion, that Expreſſion is received with a loud Laugh: They were as merry when a Criminal was ſtabbed. It is certainly an occaſion of rejoicing when the wicked are ſeized in their Deſigns; but I think it is not ſuch a Triumph as is exerted by Laughter.

YOU may generally obſerve, that the Appetites are ſooner moved than the Paſſions: A ſly Expreſſion which alludes to Baudry, puts a whole Row into a pleaſing Smirk; when a good Sentence that deſcribes an inward Sentiment of the Soul, is received with the greateſt Coldneſs and Indifference. A Correſpondent of mine, upon this Subject, has divided the Female Part of the Audience, and accounts for their Prepoſſeſſions againſt this reaſonable Delight in the following manner. The Prude, ſays he, as ſhe acts always in Contradiction, ſo ſhe is gravely ſullen at a Comedy, and extravagantly gay at a Tragedy. The Coquette is ſo much taken up with throwing her Eyes around the Audience, and conſidering the Effect of them, that ſhe cannot be expected to obſerve the Actors but as they are her Rivals, and take off the Obſervation of the Men from herſelf. Beſides theſe Species of Women, there are the *Examples*, or the firſt of the Mode: Theſe are to be ſuppoſed too well acquainted with what the Actor was going to ſay to be moved at it. After theſe one might mention a certain flippant Set of Females who are Mimicks, and are wonderfully diverted with the Conduct of all the People around them, and are Spectators only of the Audience. But what is of all the moſt to be lamented, is the Loſs of a Party whom it would be worth preſerving in their right Senſes upon all Occaſions, and theſe are thoſe whom we may indifferently call the Innocent or the Unaffected. You may ſometimes ſee one of theſe ſenſibly touched with a well-wrought Incident; but then ſhe is immediately ſo impertinently obſerved by the Men, and frowned at by ſome inſenſible

Supe-

Superior of her own Sex, that ſhe is aſhamed, and loſes the Enjoyment of the moſt laudable Concern, Pity. Thus the whole Audience is afraid of letting fall a Tear, and ſhun as a Weakneſs the beſt and worthieſt Part of our Senſe.

SIR,

'AS you are one that doth not only pretend to re-
'form, but effects it amongſt People of any Senſe;
'makes me (who am one of the greateſt of your Ad-
'mirers) give you this Trouble to deſire you will ſettle
'the Method of us Females knowing when one another
'is in Town: For they have now got a Trick of never
'ſending to their Acquaintance when they firſt come;
'and if one does not viſit them within the Week which
'they ſtay at home, it is a mortal Quarrel. Now, Dear
'Mr. SPEC, either command them to put it in the Ad-
'vertiſement of your Paper, which is generally read by
'our Sex, or elſe order them to breathe their ſaucy Foot-
'men (who are good for nothing elſe) by ſending them
'to tell all their Acquaintance. If you think to print this,
'pray put it into a better Stile as to the ſpelling Part.
'The Town is now filling every Day, and it cannot be
'deferred, becauſe People take Advantage of one ano-
'ther by this Means and break off Acquaintance, and are
'rude: Therefore pray put this in your Paper as ſoon
'as you can poſſibly, to prevent any future Miſcarriages
'of this Nature. I am, as I ever ſhall be,

Dear SPEC,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant,

Mary Meanwell.

'PRAY ſettle what is to be a proper Notification of
'a Perſon's being in Town, and how that differs
'according to People's Quality.

Mr. SPECTATOR, October *the* 20*th.*

'I Have been out of Town, ſo did not meet with your
'Paper dated *September* the 28th, wherein you, to my
'Heart's Deſire, expoſe that curſed Vice of inſnaring poor
young

'young Girls, and drawing them from their Friends. I 'aſſure you without Flattery it has ſaved a Prentice of 'mine from Ruin; and in Token of Gratitude as well 'as for the Benefit of my Family, I have put it in a 'Frame and Glaſs, and hung it behind my Counter. I 'ſhall take care to make my young ones read it every 'Morning, to fortify them againſt ſuch pernicious Raſ-'cals. I know not whether what you writ was Matter 'of Fact, or your own Invention; but this I will take 'my Oath on, the firſt Part is ſo exactly like what hap-'pened to my Prentice, that had I read your Paper 'then, I ſhould have taken your Method to have ſe-'cured a Villain. Go on and proſper.

Your moſt obliged humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WITHOUT Rallery, I deſire you to inſert this 'Word for Word in your next, as you value a 'Lover's Prayers. You ſee it is an Hue and Cry after 'a ſtray Heart (with the Marks and Blemiſhes under-'written) which whoever ſhall bring to you, ſhall re-'ceive Satisfaction. Let me beg of you not to fail, as 'you remember the Paſſion you had for her to whom 'you lately ended a Paper.

Noble, Generous, Great and Good,
But never to be underſtood;
Fickle as the Wind, ſtill changing,
After every Female ranging,
Panting, trembling, ſighing, dying,
But addicted much to Lying:
When the Siren Songs repeats,
Equal Meaſures ſtill it beats;
Who-e'er ſhall wear it, it will ſmart her,
And who-e'er takes it, takes a Tartar.

T

Tueſday,

N° 209 *Tueſday, October* 30.

Γυναικὸς ἐσθλὲ χρῆμ' ἀνὴρ λαίζεται
Ἐσθλῆς ἄμεινον, ἐσθλὲ ῥίγιον κακῆς. Simonides.

Of earthly Goods the beſt, is a Good Wife;
A Bad, the bittereſt Curſe of human Life.

THERE are no Authors I am more pleaſed with, than thoſe who ſhew human Nature in a Variety of Views, and deſcribe the ſeveral Ages of the World in their different Manners. A Reader cannot be more rationally entertained, than by comparing the Virtues and Vices of his own Times with thoſe which prevailed in the Times of his Forefathers; and drawing a Parallel in his Mind between his own private Character, and that of other Perſons, whether of his own Age, or of the Ages that went before him. The Contemplation of Mankind under theſe changeable Colours, is apt to ſhame us out of any particular Vice, or animate us to any particular Virtue; to make us pleaſed or diſpleaſed with ourſelves in the moſt proper Points, to clear our Minds of Prejudice and Prepoſſeſſion, and rectify that Narrowneſs of Temper which inclines us to think amiſs of thoſe who differ from ourſelves.

IF we look into the Manners of the moſt remote Ages of the World, we diſcover human Nature in her Simplicity; and the more we come downward towards our own Times, may obſerve her hiding herſelf in Artifices and Refinements, poliſhed inſenſibly out of her Original Plainneſs, and at length intirely loſt under Form and Ceremony, and (what we call) Good-breeding. Read the Accounts of Men and Women as they are given us by the moſt ancient Writers, both Sacred and Profane, and you would think you were reading the Hiſtory of another Species.

AMONG the Writers of Antiquity, there are none who inſtruct us more openly in the Manners of their reſpective

ſpective Times in which they lived, than thoſe who have employed themſelves in Satire, under what Dreſs ſoever it may appear; as there are no other Authors whoſe Province it is to enter ſo directly into the Ways of Men, and ſet their Miſcarriages in ſo ſtrong a Light.

SIMONIDES, a Poet famous in his Generation, is, I think, Author of the oldeſt Satire that is now extant; and, as ſome ſay, of the firſt that was ever written. This Poet flouriſhed about four hundred Years after the Siege of *Troy*; and ſhews, by his way of Writing, the Simplicity, or rather Coarſeneſs, of the Age in which he lived. I have taken notice, in my hundred and ſixty firſt Speculation, that the Rule of obſerving what the *French* call the *Bienſeance*, in an Alluſion, has been found out of latter Years; and that the Ancients, provided there was a Likeneſs in their Similitudes, did not much trouble themſelves about the Decency of the Compariſon. The Satire or Iambicks of *Simonides*, with which I ſhall entertain my Readers in the preſent Paper, are a remarkable Inſtance of what I formerly advanced. The Subject of this Satire is Woman. He deſcribes the Sex in their ſeveral Characters, which he derives to them from a fanciful Suppoſition raiſed upon the Doctrine of Præexiſtence. He tells us, That the Gods formed the Souls of Women out of thoſe Seeds and Principles which compoſe ſeveral Kinds of Animals and Elements; and that their good or bad Diſpoſitions ariſe in them according as ſuch and ſuch Seeds and Principles predominate in their Conſtitutions. I have tranſlated the Author very faithfully, and if not Word for Word (which our Language would not bear) at leaſt ſo as to comprehend every one of his Sentiments, without adding any thing of my own. I have already apologized for this Author's Want of Delicacy, and muſt further premiſe, That the following Satire affects only ſome of the lower Part of the Sex, and not thoſe who have been refined by a polite Education, which was not ſo common in the Age of this Poet.

IN the Beginning God made the Souls of Womankind out of different Materials, and in a ſeparate State from their Bodies.

THE

THE Souls of one Kind of Women were formed out of thoſe Ingredients which compoſe a Swine. A Woman of this Make is a Slut in her Houſe and a Glutton at her Table. She is uncleanly in her Perſon, a Slattern in her Dreſs, and her Family is no better than a Dunghil.

A Second Sort of Female Soul was formed out of the ſame Materials that enter into the Compoſition of a Fox. Such an one is what we call a notable diſcerning Woman, who has an Inſight into every Thing, whether it be good or bad. In this Species of Females there are ſome virtuous and ſome vicious.

A Third Kind of Women were made up of Canine Particles. Theſe are what we commonly call Scolds, *who imitate the Animals out of which they were taken, that are always buſy and barking, that ſnarl at every one who comes in their Way, and live in perpetual Clamour.*

THE Fourth Kind of Women were made out of the Earth. Theſe are your Sluggards, who paſs away their Time in Indolence and Ignorance, hover over the Fire a whole Winter, and apply themſelves with Alacrity to no kind of Buſineſs but Eating.

THE Fifth Species of Females were made out of the Sea. Theſe are Women of variable uneven Tempers, ſometimes all Storm and Tempeſt, ſometimes all Calm and Sunſhine. The Stranger who ſees one of theſe in her Smiles and Smoothneſs, would cry her up for a Miracle of Good-humour; but on a ſudden her Looks and her Words are changed, ſhe is nothing but Fury and Outrage, Noiſe and Hurricane.

THE Sixth Species were made up of the Ingredients which compoſe an Aſs, or a Beaſt of Burden. Theſe are naturally exceeding ſlothful, but, upon the Husband's exerting his Authority, will live upon hard Fare, and do every Thing to pleaſe him. They are however far from being averſe to Venereal Pleaſure, and ſeldom refuſe a Male Companion.

THE Cat furniſhed Materials for a Seventh Species of Women, who are of a melancholy, froward, unamiable Nature, and ſo repugnant to the Offers of Love, that they fly in the Face of their Husband when he approaches them with conjugal Endearments. This Species of Women are likewiſe ſubject to little Thefts, Cheats and Pilferings.

THE Mare with a flowing Mane, which was never broke to any ſervile Toil and Labour, compoſed an Eighth Species of Women. Theſe are they who have little Regard

for

for their Husbands, who paſs away their Time in Dreſſing, Bathing, and Perfuming; who throw their Hair into the niceſt Curls, and trick it up with the faireſt Flowers and Garlands. A Woman of this Species is a very pretty Thing for a Stranger to look upon, but very detrimental to the Owner, unleſs it be a King or Prince who takes a Fancy to ſuch a Toy.

THE Ninth Species of Females were taken out of the Ape. Theſe are ſuch as are both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful in themſelves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule every Thing which appears ſo in others.

THE Tenth and laſt Species of Women were made out of the Bee; and happy is the Man who gets ſuch an one for his Wife. She is altogether faultleſs and unblameable; her Family flouriſhes and improves by her good Management. She loves her Husband, and is beloved by him. She brings him a Race of beautiful and virtuous Children. She diſtinguiſhes herſelf among her Sex. She is ſurrounded with Graces. She never ſits among the looſe Tribe of Women, nor paſſes away her Time with them in wanton Diſcourſes. She is full of Virtue and Prudence, and is the beſt Wife that Jupiter *can beſtow on Man.*

I ſhall conclude theſe Iambicks with the Motto of this Paper, which is a Fragment of the ſame Author: *A Man cannot poſſeſs any Thing that is better than a good Woman, nor any thing that is worſe than a bad one.*

AS the Poet has ſhewn a great Penetration in this Diverſity of Female Characters, he has avoided the Fault which *Juvenal* and Monſieur *Boileau* are guilty of, the former in his ſixth, and the other in his laſt Satire, where they have endeavoured to expoſe the Sex in general, without doing Juſtice to the valuable Part of it. Such levelling Satires are of no Uſe to the World, and for this Reaſon I have often wondered how the *French* Author abovementioned, who was a Man of exquiſite Judgment, and a Lover of Virtue, could think human Nature a proper Subject for Satire in another of his celebrated Pieces, which is called *The Satire upon Man*. What Vice or Frailty can a Diſcourſe correct, which cenſures the whole Species alike, and endeavours to ſhew by ſome ſuperficial Strokes of Wit, that Brutes are the moſt excellent Creatures of the two? A Satire ſhould expoſe nothing but what is corrigible,

corrigible, and make a due Diſcrimination between thoſe who are, and thoſe who are not the proper Objects of it. L

N° 210 *Wedneſday, October* 31.

Neſcio quomodo inhæret in mentibus quaſi ſeculorum quoddam augurium futurorum; idque in maximis ingeniis altiſſimiſque animis & exiſtit maximè & apparet facillimè.

Cic. Tuſc. Quæſt.

There is, I know not how, in the Minds of Men a certain Preſage, as it were, of a future Exiſtence; and this takes the deepeſt Root, and is moſt diſcoverable in the greateſt Genius's and moſt exalted Souls.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'I Am fully perſuaded that one of the beſt Springs of 'generous and worthy Actions, is the having gene-'rous and worthy Thoughts of ourſelves. Whoever 'has a mean Opinion of the Dignity of his Nature, 'will act in no higher a Rank than he has allotted him-'ſelf in his own Eſtimation. If he conſiders his Being 'as circumſcribed by the uncertain Term of a few Years, 'his Deſigns will be contracted into the ſame narrow 'Span he imagines is to bound his Exiſtence. How can 'he exalt his Thoughts to any thing great and noble, 'who only believes that, after a ſhort Turn on the Stage 'of this World, he is to ſink into Oblivion, and to loſe 'his Conſciouſneſs for ever?

'FOR this Reaſon I am of Opinion, that ſo uſeful 'and elevated a Contemplation as that of the *Soul*'s *Im-'mortality* cannot be reſumed too often. There is not a 'more improving Exerciſe to the human Mind, than to 'be frequently reviewing its own great Privileges and 'Endowments; nor a more effectual Means to awaken in 'us an Ambition raiſed above low Objects and little Pur-'ſuits, than to value ourſelves as Heirs of Eternity.

'IT

'IT is a very great Satisfaction to conſider the beſt 'and wiſeſt of Mankind in all Nations and Ages, aſſert- 'ing, as with one Voice, this their Birthright, and to 'find it ratify'd by an expreſs Revelation. At the ſame 'time if we turn our Thoughts inward upon ourſelves, 'we may meet with a kind of ſecret Senſe concurring 'with the Proofs of our own Immortality.

'YOU have, in my Opinion, raiſed a good preſump- 'tive Argument from the increaſing Appetite the Mind 'has to Knowledge, and to the extending its own Facul- 'ties, which cannot be accompliſhed, as the more re- 'ſtrained Perfection of lower Creatures may, in the Limits 'of a ſhort Life. I think another probable Conjecture 'may be raiſed from our Appetite to Duration itſelf, and 'from a Reflexion on our Progreſs through the ſeveral 'Stages of it: *We are complaining*, as you obſerve in a 'former Speculation, *of the Shortneſs of Life, and yet are 'perpetually hurrying over the Parts of it, to arrive at 'certain little Settlements, or imaginary Points of Reſt, 'which are diſperſed up and down in it.*

'NOW let us conſider what happens to us when we 'arrive at theſe *imaginary Points of Reſt:* Do we ſtop our 'Motion, and ſit down ſatisfied in the Settlement we have 'gain'd? or are we not removing the Boundary, and 'marking out new Points of Reſt, to which we preſs for- 'ward with the like Eagerneſs, and which ceaſe to be 'ſuch as faſt as we attain them? Our Caſe is like that 'of a Traveller upon the *Alps*, who ſhould fancy that 'the Top of the next Hill muſt end his Journey, be- 'cauſe it terminates his Proſpect; but he no ſooner ar- 'rives at it, than he ſees new Ground and other Hills 'beyond it, and continues to travel on as before.

'THIS is ſo plainly every Man's Condition in Life, 'that there is no one who has obſerved any thing, but 'may obſerve, that as faſt as his Time wears away, his 'Appetite to ſomething future remains. The Uſe there- 'fore I would make of it is this, That ſince Nature (as 'ſome love to expreſs it) does nothing in vain, or, to 'ſpeak properly, ſince the Author of our Being has 'planted no wandering Paſſion in it, no Deſire which has 'not its Object, Futurity is the proper Object of the 'Paſſion ſo conſtantly exercis'd about it; and this Reſt-

'leſneſs

'leſneſs in the preſent, this aſſigning ourſelves over to 'further Stages of Duration, this ſucceſſive graſping at 'ſomewhat ſtill to come, appears to me (whatever it may 'to others) as a kind of Inſtinct or natural Symptom 'which the Mind of Man has of its own Immortality.

'I take it at the ſame time for granted, that the Im-'mortality of the Soul is ſufficiently eſtabliſhed by other 'Arguments: And if ſo, this Appetite, which otherwiſe 'would be very unaccountable and abſurd, ſeems very 'reaſonable, and adds Strength to the Concluſion. But 'I am amazed when I conſider there are Creatures capable 'of Thought, who, in ſpite of every Argument, can 'form to themſelves a ſullen Satisfaction in thinking other-'wiſe. There is ſomething ſo pitifully mean in the in-'verted Ambition of that Man who can hope for Annihi-'lation, and pleaſe himſelf to think that his whole Fabrick 'ſhall one Day crumble into Duſt, and mix with the Maſs 'of inanimate Beings, that it equally deſerves our Admi-'ration and Pity. The Myſtery of ſuch Mens Unbelief is 'not hard to be penetrated; and indeed amounts to no-'thing more than a ſordid Hope that they ſhall not be 'immortal, becauſe they dare not be ſo.

'THIS brings me back to my firſt Obſervation, and 'gives me Occaſion to ſay further, That as worthy Actions 'ſpring from worthy Thoughts, ſo worthy Thoughts are 'likewiſe the Conſequence of worthy Actions: But the 'Wretch who has degraded himſelf below the Character 'of Immortality, is very willing to reſign his Pretenſions 'to it, and to ſubſtitute in its Room a dark negative 'Happineſs in the Extinction of his Being.

THE admirable *Shakeſpear* has given us a ſtrong 'Image of the unſupported Condition of ſuch a Perſon 'in his laſt Minutes in the ſecond Part of King *Henry* the 'Sixth, where Cardinal *Beaufort*, who had been con-'cerned in the Murder of the good Duke *Humphrey*, is 'repreſented on his Death-bed. After ſome ſhort confuſed 'Speeches which ſhew an Imagination diſturbed with 'Guilt, juſt as he was expiring, King *Henry* ſtanding by 'him full of Compaſſion, ſays,

Lord Cardinal! if thou think'ſt on Heaven's Bliſs,
Hold up thy Hand, make Signal of that Hope!
He dies, and makes no Sign!——— 'THE

'THE Deſpair which is here ſhewn, without a Word
'or Action on the Part of the dying Perſon, is beyond
'what could be painted by the moſt forcible Expreſſions
'whatever.

'I ſhall not purſue this Thought farther, but only add,
'That as Annihilation is not to be had with a Wiſh, ſo
'it is the moſt abject Thing in the World to wiſh it.
'What are Honour, Fame, Wealth, or Power when com-
'pared with the generous Expectation of a Being with-
'out End, and a Happineſs adequate to that Being?

'I ſhall trouble you no farther; but with a certain
'Gravity which theſe Thoughts have given me, I reflect
'upon ſome Things People ſay of you, (as they will of
'Men who diſtinguiſh themſelves) which I hope are not
'true; and wiſh you as good a Man as you are an
'Author.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant,

Z T. D.

N° 211 *Thurſday, November* 1.

Fictis meminerit nos jocari Fabulis. Phædr. l. 1. Prol.

Let it be remember'd that we ſport in fabled Stories.

HAVING lately tranſlated the Fragment of an old Poet which deſcribes Womankind under ſeveral Characters, and ſuppoſes them to have drawn their different Manners and Diſpoſitions from thoſe Animals and Elements out of which he tells us they were compounded; I had ſome Thoughts of giving the Sex their Revenge, by laying together in another Paper the many vicious Characters which prevail in the Male World, and ſhewing the different Ingredients that go to the making up of ſuch different Humours and Conſtitutions. *Horace* has a Thought which is ſomething akin to this, when, in order to excuſe himſelf to his Miſtreſs, for an Invective

Invective which he had written againſt her, and to account for that unreaſonable Fury with which the Heart of Man is often tranſported, he tells us that, when *Prometheus* made his Man of Clay, in the kneading up of the Heart, he ſeaſon'd it with ſome furious Particles of the Lion. But upon turning this Plan to and fro in my Thoughts, I obſerved ſo many unaccountable Humours in Man, that I did not know out of what Animals to fetch them. Male Souls are diverſify'd with ſo many Characters, that the World has not Variety of Materials ſufficient to furniſh out their different Tempers and Inclinations. The Creation, with all its Animals and Elements, would not be large enough to ſupply their ſeveral Extravagancies.

INSTEAD therefore of purſuing the Thought of *Simonides*, I ſhall obſerve, that as he has expoſed the vicious Part of Women from the Doctrine of Præexiſtence, ſome of the ancient Philoſophers have, in a manner, ſatirized the vicious Part of the human Species in general, from a Notion of the Soul's Poſtexiſtence, if I may ſo call it; and that as *Simonides* deſcribes Brutes entring into the Compoſition of Women, others have repreſented human Souls as entring into Brutes. This is commonly termed the Doctrine of Tranſmigration, which ſuppoſes that human Souls, upon their leaving the Body, become the Souls of ſuch Kinds of Brutes as they moſt reſemble in their Manners; or to give an Account of it as Mr. *Dryden* has deſcribed it in his Tranſlation of *Pythagoras* his Speech in the fifteenth Book of *Ovid*, where that Philoſopher diſſuades his Hearers from eating Fleſh:

Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies,
And here and there th' unbody'd Spirit flies:
By Time, or Force, or Sickneſs diſpoſſeſs'd,
And lodges where it lights, in Bird or Beaſt,
Or hunts without till ready Limbs it find,
And actuates thoſe according to their Kind:
From Tenement to Tenement is toſs'd:
The Soul is ſtill the ſame, the Figure only loſt.

Then

Then let not Piety be put to Flight,
To pleaſe the Taſte of Glutton-Appetite;
But ſuffer inmate Souls ſecure to dwell,
Leſt from their Seats your Parents you expel;
With rabid Hunger feed upon your Kind,
Or from a Beaſt diſlodge a Brother's Mind.

PLATO in the Viſion of *Erus* the *Armenian*, which I may poſſibly make the Subject of a future Speculation, records ſome beautiful Tranſmigrations; as that the Soul of *Orpheus*, who was muſical, melancholy, and a Woman-hater, entered into a Swan; the Soul of *Ajax*, which was all Wrath and Fierceneſs, into a Lion; the Soul of *Agamemnon*, that was rapacious and imperial, into an Eagle; and the Soul of *Therſites*, who was a Mimick and a Buffoon, into a Monkey.

Mr. *Congreve*, in a Prologue to one of his Comedies, has touch'd upon this Doctrine with great Humour.

Thus Ariſtotle's *Soul of old that was,*
May now be damn'd to animate an Aſs;
Or in this very Houſe, for ought we know,
Is doing painful Penance in ſome Beau.

I ſhall fill up this Paper with ſome Letters which my laſt *Tueſday*'s Speculation has produced. My following Correſpondents will ſhew, what I there obſerved, that the Speculation of that Day affects only the lower Part of the Sex.

From my Houſe in the Strand, October 30, 1711.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'UPON reading your *Tueſday*'s Paper, I find by ſeveral Symptoms in my Conſtitution that I am a Bee. My Shop, or, if you pleaſe to call it ſo, my Cell, is in that great Hive of Females which goes by the Name of *The New-Exchange*; where I am daily employed in gathering together a little Stock of Gain from the fineſt Flowers about the Town, I mean the Ladies and the Beaus. I have a numerous Swarm of Children, to whom I give the beſt Education I am able: But, Sir, it is my Misfortune to be married to a Drone, who

'lives

'lives upon what I get, without bringing any thing into 'the common Stock. Now, Sir, as on the one hand I 'take care not to behave myſelf towards him like a 'Waſp, ſo likewiſe I would not have him look upon me 'as an Humble-Bee; for which Reaſon I do all I can to 'put him upon laying up Proviſions for a bad Day, and 'frequently repreſent to him the fatal Effects, his Sloth 'and Negligence may bring upon us in our old Age. I 'muſt beg that you will join with me in your good Ad-'vice upon this Occaſion, and you will for ever oblige

Your humble Servant,

MELISSA.

SIR, *Picadilly, October* 31, 1711.

'I Am joined in Wedlock for my Sins to one of thoſe 'Fillies who are deſcribed in the old Poet with that 'hard Name you gave us the other Day. She has a 'flowing Mane, and a Skin as ſoft as Silk: But, Sir, ſhe 'paſſes half her Life at her Glaſs, and almoſt ruins me 'in Ribbons. For my own part, I am a plain handicraft 'Man, and in Danger of breaking by her Lazineſs and 'Expenſiveneſs. Pray, Maſter, tell me in your next Pa-'per, whether I may not expect of her ſo much Drud-'gery as to take care of her Family, and to curry her 'Hide in caſe of Refuſal.

Your loving Friend,

Barnaby Brittle.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Cheapſide, October* 30.

'I Am mightily pleaſed with the Humour of the Cat, 'be ſo kind as to enlarge upon that Subject.

Yours till Death,

Joſiah Henpeck.

P. S. 'You muſt know I am married to a *Grimalkin.*

SIR, *Wapping, October* 31, 1711.

'EVER ſince your *Spectator* of *Tueſday* laſt came into 'our Family, my Husband is pleaſed to call me his 'Oceana, becauſe the fooliſh old Poet that you have tranſ-

'lated ſays, That the Souls of ſome Women are made of 'Sea-Water. This, it ſeems, has encouraged my Sauce-'Box to be witty upon me. When I am angry, he cries 'Pr'ythee my Dear *be calm*; when I chide one of my Ser-'vants, Pr'ythee Child *do not bluſter*. He had the Impu-'dence about an Hour ago to tell me, That he was a Sea-'faring Man, and muſt expect to divide his Life between '*Storm* and *Sunſhine*. When I beſtir myſelf with any 'Spirit in my Family, it is *high Sea* in his Houſe; and 'when I ſit ſtill without doing any thing, his Affairs for-'ſooth are *Wind-bound*. When I ask him whether it rains, 'he makes Anſwer, It is no Matter, ſo that it be *fair 'Weather* within Doors. In ſhort, Sir, I cannot ſpeak 'my Mind freely to him, but I either *ſwell* or *rage*, or 'do ſomething that is not fit for a civil Woman to hear. 'Pray, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, ſince you are ſo ſharp upon 'other Women, let us know what Materials your Wife 'is made of, if you have one. I ſuppoſe you would 'make us a Parcel of poor-ſpirited tame inſipid Crea-'tures; but, Sir, I would have you to know, we have 'as good Paſſions in us as yourſelf, and that a Woman 'was never deſigned to be a Milk-Sop.

L *MARTHA TEMPEST.*

Nº 212 *Friday, November* 2.

——*Eripe turpi*
Colla jugo, liber, liber ſum, dic age—Hor. Sat. 7. l. 2. v. 92.
——*Looſe thy Neck from this ignoble Chain,*
And boldly ſay thou'rt free. CREECH.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Never look upon my dear Wife, but I think of the 'Happineſs Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY enjoys, in 'having ſuch a Friend as you to expoſe in proper 'Colours the Cruelty and Perverſeneſs of his Miſtreſs. 'I have very often wiſhed you viſited in our Family, and 'were acquainted with my Spouſe; ſhe would afford 'you for ſome Months at leaſt Matter enough for one

'*Spectator*

'*Spectator* a Week. Since we are not ſo happy as to be of
'your Acquaintance, give me leave to repreſent to you
'our preſent Circumſtances as well as I can in Writing.
'You are to know then that I am not of a very different
'Conſtitution from *Nathaniel Henrooft*, whom you have
'lately recorded in your Speculations; and have a
'Wife who makes a more tyrannical Uſe of the Know-
'ledge of my eaſy Temper than that Lady ever pre-
'tended to. We had not been a Month married, when
'ſhe found in me a certain Pain to give Offence, and an
'Indolence that made me bear little Inconveniences ra-
'ther than diſpute about them. From this Obſervation it
'ſoon came to that paſs, that if I offered to go abroad,
'ſhe would get between me and the Door, kiſs me, and
'ſay ſhe could not part with me; and then down again
'I ſat. In a Day or two after this firſt pleaſant Step to-
'wards confining me, ſhe declared to me, that I was all
'the World to her, and ſhe thought ſhe ought to be all
'the World to me. If, ſaid ſhe, my Dear loves me as
'much as I love him, he will never be tired of my Com-
'pany. This Declaration was followed by my being
'denied to all my Acquaintance; and it very ſoon came
'to that paſs, that to give an Anſwer at the Door before
'my Face, the Servants would ask her whether I was
'within or not; and ſhe would anſwer No with great
'Fondneſs, and tell me I was a good Dear. I will
'not enumerate more little Circumſtances to give you a
'livelier Senſe of my Condition; but tell you in general,
'that from ſuch Steps as theſe at firſt, I now live the
'Life of a Priſoner of State; my Letters are opened,
'and I have not the Uſe of Pen, Ink and Paper, but in
'her Preſence. I never go abroad, except ſhe ſometimes
'takes me with her in her Coach to take the Air, if it
'may be called ſo, when we drive, as we generally do,
'with the Glaſſes up. I have overheard my Servants la-
'ment my Condition, but they dare not bring me Meſ-
'ſages without her Knowledge, becauſe they doubt my
'Reſolution to ſtand by 'em. In the midſt of this inſipid
'Way of Life, an old Acquaintance of mine, *Tom Meggot*,
'who is a Favourite with her, and allowed to viſit me in
'her Company becauſe he ſings prettily, has rouſed me
'to rebel, and conveyed his Intelligence to me in the fol-

'lowing Manner. My Wife is a great Pretender to Mu-
'ſick, and very ignorant of it; but far gone in the
'*Italian* Taſte. *Tom* goes to *Armſtrong*, the famous fine
'Writer of Muſick, and deſires him to put this Sentence
'of *Tully* in the Scale of an *Italian* Air, and write it out
'for my Spouſe from him. *An ille mihi liber cui mulier*
'*imperat? Cui leges imponit, præſcribit, jubet, vetat, quod*
'*videtur? Qui nihil imperanti negare, nihil recuſare*
'*audet? Poſcit? dandum eſt. Vocat? veniendum. Ejicit?*
'*abeundum. Minitatur? extimiſcendum. Does he live like*
'*a Gentleman who is commanded by a Woman? He to*
'*whom ſhe gives Law, grants and denies what ſhe pleaſes?*
'*who can neither deny her any thing ſhe asks, or refuſe to do*
'*any thing ſhe commands?*

'TO be ſhort, my Wife was extremely pleaſed with
'it; ſaid the *Italian* was the only Language for Muſick;
'and admired how wonderfully tender the Sentiment
'was, and how pretty the Accent is of that Language,
'with the reſt that is ſaid by Rote on that Occaſion.
'Mr. *Meggot* is ſent to ſing this Air, which he per-
'forms with mighty Applauſe; and my Wife is in Ec-
'ſtaſy on the Occaſion, and glad to find, by my being
'ſo much pleaſed, that I was at laſt come into the No-
'tion of the *Italian*; for, ſaid ſhe, it grows upon one
'when one once comes to know a little of the Language;
'and pray, Mr. *Meggot*, ſing again thoſe Notes, *Nihil*
'*Imperanti negare, nihil recuſare*. You may believe I was
'not a little delighted with my Friend *Tom*'s Expedient
'to alarm me, and in Obedience to his Summons I
'give all this Story thus at large; and I am reſolved,
'when this appears in the *Spectator*, to declare for my-
'ſelf. The manner of the Inſurrection I contrive by your
'Means, which ſhall be no other than that *Tom Meggot*,
'who is at our Tea-table every Morning, ſhall read it to
'us; and if my Dear can take the Hint, and ſay not one
'Word, but let this be the Beginning of a new Life with-
'out farther Explanation, it is very well; for as ſoon as
'the *Spectator* is read out, I ſhall, without more ado, call
'for the Coach, name the Hour when I ſhall be at home,
'if I come at all; if I do not, they may go to Dinner.
'If my Spouſe only ſwells and ſays nothing, *Tom* and I
'go out together, and all is well, as I ſaid before; but if

'ſhe

'she begins to command or expostulate, you shall in my 'next to you receive a full Account of her Resistance and 'Submission, for submit the dear thing must to,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

Anthony Freeman.

P. S. 'I hope I need not tell you that I desire this 'may be in your very next. T

N° 213 *Saturday, November* 3.

——*Mens sibi conscia recti.* Virg. Æn. 1. v. 608.

A Good Intention.

IT is the great Art and Secret of Christianity, if I may use that Phrase, to manage our Actions to the best Advantage, and direct them in such a manner, that every thing we do may turn to Account at that great Day, when every thing we have done will be set before us.

IN order to give this Consideration its full Weight, we may cast all our Actions under the Division of such as are in themselves either Good, Evil, or Indifferent. If we divide our Intentions after the same Manner, and consider them with regard to our Actions, we may discover that great Art and Secret of Religion which I have here mentioned.

A good Intention joined to a good Action, gives it its proper Force and Efficacy; joined to an Evil Action, extenuates its Malignity, and in some Cases may take it wholly away; and joined to an indifferent Action turns it to a virtue, and makes it meritorious as far as human Actions can be so.

IN the next Place, to consider in the same manner the Influence of an Evil Intention upon our Actions. An Evil Intention perverts the best of Actions, and makes them in reality, what the Fathers with a witty kind of Zeal have termed the Virtues of the Heathen World, so

many *ſhining Sins*. It deſtroys the Innocence of an indifferent Action, and gives an evil Action all poſſible Blackneſs and Horror, or in the emphatical Language of Sacred Writ, makes *Sin exceeding ſinful*.

IF, in the laſt Place, we conſider the Nature of an indifferent Intention, we ſhall find that it deſtroys the Merit of a good Action; abates, but never takes away, the Malignity of an evil Action; and leaves an indifferent Action in its natural State of Indifference.

IT is therefore of unſpeakable Advantage to poſſeſs our Minds with an habitual good Intention, and to aim all our Thoughts, Words, and Actions at ſome laudable End, whether it be the Glory of our Maker, the Good of Mankind, or the Benefit of our own Souls.

THIS is a ſort of Thrift or Good-Husbandry in moral Life, which does not throw away any ſingle Action, but makes every one go as far as it can. It multiplies the Means of Salvation, increaſes the Number of our Virtues, and diminiſhes that of our Vices.

THERE is ſomething very devout, though not ſolid, in *Acoſta*'s Anſwer to *Limborch*, who objects to him the Multiplicity of Ceremonies in the *Jewiſh* Religion, as Waſhings, Dreſſes, Meats, Purgations, and the like. The Reply which the *Jew* makes upon this Occaſion, is, to the beſt of my Remembrance, as follows: 'There are 'not Duties enough (ſays he) in the eſſential Parts of the 'Law for a zealous and active Obedience. Time, Place, 'and Perſon are requiſite, before you have an Opportu-'tunity of putting a Moral Virtue into Practice. We have 'therefore, ſays he, enlarged the Sphere of our Duty, 'and made many Things, which are in themſelves indif-'ferent, a Part of our Religion, that we may have more 'Occaſions of ſhewing our Love to God, and in all the 'Circumſtances of Life be doing ſomething to pleaſe him.

MONSIEUR *St. Evremond* has endeavoured to palliate the Superſtitions of the Roman-Catholick Religion with the ſame kind of Apology, where he pretends to conſider the different Spirit of the Papiſts and the Calviniſts, as to the great Points wherein they diſagree. He tells us, that the former are actuated by Love, and the other by Fear; and that in their Expreſſions of Duty and Devotion towards the Supreme Being, the former

ſeem

ſeem particularly careful to do every thing which may poſſibly pleaſe him, and the other to abſtain from every thing which may poſſibly diſpleaſe him.

BUT notwithſtanding this plauſible Reaſon with which both the Jew and the Roman-Catholick would excuſe their reſpective Superſtitions, it is certain there is ſomething in them very pernicious to Mankind, and deſtructive to Religion; becauſe the Injunction of ſuperfluous Ceremonies makes ſuch Actions Duties, as were before indifferent, and by that means renders Religion more burdenſom and difficult than it is in its own Nature, betrays many into Sins of Omiſſion which they could not otherwiſe be guilty of, and fixes the Minds of the Vulgar to the ſhadowy uneſſential Points, inſtead of the more weighty and more important Matters of the Law.

THIS zealous and active Obedience however takes place in the great Point we are recommending; for, if, inſtead of preſcribing to ourſelves indifferent Actions as Duties, we apply a good Intention to all our moſt indifferent Actions, we make our very Exiſtence one continued Act of Obedience, we turn our Diverſions and Amuſements to our eternal Advantage, and are pleaſing him (whom we are made to pleaſe) in all the Circumſtances and Occurrences of Life.

IT is this excellent Frame of Mind, this *holy Officiouſneſs* (if I may be allowed to call it ſuch) which is recommended to us by the Apoſtle in that uncommon Precept, wherein he directs us to propoſe to ourſelves the Glory of our Creator in all our moſt indifferent Actions, *whether we eat or drink, or whatſoever we do.*

A Perſon therefore who is poſſeſſed with ſuch an habitual good Intention, as that which I have been here ſpeaking of, enters upon no ſingle Circumſtance of Life, without conſidering it as well-pleaſing to the great Author of his Being, conformable to the Dictates of Reaſon, ſuitable to human Nature in general, or to that particular Station in which Providence has placed him. He lives in a perpetual Senſe of the Divine Preſence, regards himſelf as acting, in the whole Courſe of his Exiſtence, under the Obſervation and Inſpection of that Being, who is privy to all his Motions and all his Thoughts, who knows his *Down-ſitting and his Up-riſing, who is about his Path,*

and about his Bed, and ſpieth out all his Ways. In a word, he remembers that the Eye of his Judge is always upon him, and in every Action he reflects that he is doing what is commanded or allowed by Him who will hereafter either reward or puniſh it. This was the Character of thoſe holy Men of old, who in that beautiful Phraſe of Scripture are ſaid to have *walked with God.*

WHEN I employ myſelf upon a Paper of Morality, I generally conſider how I may recommend the particular Virtue which I treat of, by the Precepts or Examples of the ancient Heathens; by that Means, if poſſible, to ſhame thoſe who have greater Advantages of knowing their Duty, and therefore greater Obligations to perform it, into a better Courſe of Life: Beſides that many among us are unreaſonably diſpoſed to give a fairer hearing to a Pagan Philoſopher, than to a Chriſtian Writer.

I ſhall therefore produce an Inſtance of this excellent Frame of Mind in a Speech of *Socrates*, which is quoted by *Eraſmus*. This great Philoſopher on the Day of his Execution, a little before the Draught of Poiſon was brought to him, entertaining his Friends with a Diſcourſe on the Immortality of the Soul, has theſe Words: *Whether or no God will approve of my Actions, I know not; but this I am ſure of, that I have at all Times made it my Endeavour to pleaſe him, and I have a good Hope that this my Endeavour well be accepted by him.* We find in theſe Words of that great Man the habitual good Intention which I would here inculcate, and with which that divine Philoſopher always acted. I ſhall only add, that *Eraſmus*, who was an unbigotted Roman-Catholick, was ſo much tranſported with this Paſſage of *Socrates*, that he could ſcarce forbear looking upon him as a Saint, and deſiring him to pray for him; or as that ingenious and learned Writer has expreſſed himſelf in a much more lively manner: *When I reflect on ſuch a Speech pronounced by ſuch a Perſon, I can ſcarce forbear crying out,* Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis: *O holy* Socrates, *pray for us.* L

Monday,

Nº 214 *Monday, November* 5.

——— *Perierunt tempora longi*
Servitii ——— Juv. Sat. 3. v. 124.

A long Dependence in an Hour is loſt. DRYDEN.

I Did ſome time ago lay before the World the unhappy Condition of the trading Part of Mankind, who ſuffer by want of Punctuality in the Dealings of Perſons above them; but there is a Set of Men who are much more the Objects of Compaſſion than even thoſe, and theſe are the Dependents on great Men, whom they are pleaſed to take under their Protection as ſuch as are to ſhare in their Friendſhip and Favour. Theſe indeed, as well from the Homage that is accepted from them, as the Hopes which are given to them, are become a Sort of Creditors; and theſe Debts, being Debts of Honour, ought, according to the accuſtomed Maxim, to be firſt diſcharged.

WHEN I ſpeak of Dependents, I would not be underſtood to mean thoſe who are worthleſs in themſelves, or who, without any Call, will preſs into the Company of their Betters. Nor, when I ſpeak of Patrons, do I mean thoſe who either have it not in their Power, or have no Obligation to aſſiſt their Friends; but I ſpeak of ſuch Leagues where there is Power and Obligation on the one Part, and Merit and Expectation on the other.

THE Diviſion of Patron and Client, may, I believe, include a Third of our Nation; the Want of Merit and real Worth in the Client, will ſtrike out about Ninety-Nine in a Hundred of theſe; and the Want of Ability in Patrons, as many of that Kind. But however, I muſt beg leave to ſay, that he who will take up another's Time and Fortune in his Service, though he has no Proſpect of rewarding his Merit towards him, is as unjuſt in his Dealings as he who takes up Goods of a Tradeſman without Intention or Ability to pay him. Of the few of the Claſs which

I think fit to conſider, there are not two in ten who ſucceed, inſomuch that I know a Man of good Senſe who put his Son to a Blackſmith, tho' an Offer was made him of his being received as a Page to a Man of Quality. There are not more Cripples come out of the Wars than there are from thoſe great Services; ſome through Diſcontent loſe their Speech, ſome their Memories, others their Senſes or their Lives; and I ſeldom ſee a Man thoroughly diſcontented, but I conclude he has had the Favour of ſome great Man. I have known of ſuch as have been for twenty Years together within a Month of a good Employment, but never arrived at the Happineſs of being poſſeſſed of any Thing.

THERE is nothing more ordinary, than that a Man who is got into a conſiderable Station, ſhall immediately alter his Manner of treating all his Friends, and from that Moment he is to deal with you as if he were your Fate. You are no longer to be conſulted, even in Matters which concern yourſelf; but your Patron is of a Species above you, and a free Communication with you is not to be expected. This perhaps may be your Condition all the while he bears Office, and when that is at an end, you are as intimate as ever you were, and he will take it very ill if you keep the Diſtance he preſcribed you towards him in his Grandeur. One would think this ſhould be a Behaviour a Man could fall into with the worſt Grace imaginable; but they who know the World have ſeen it more than once. I have often, with ſecret Pity, heard the ſame Man who has profeſſed his Abhorrence againſt all Kind of paſſive Behaviour, loſe Minutes, Hours, Days, and Years in a fruitleſs Attendance on one who had no Inclination to befriend him. It is very much to be regarded, that the Great have one particular Privilege above the reſt of the World, of being ſlow in receiving Impreſſions of Kindneſs, and quick in taking Offence. The Elevation above the reſt of Mankind, except in very great Minds, makes Men ſo giddy, that they do not ſee after the ſame manner they did before: Thus they deſpiſe their own Friends, and ſtrive to extend their Intereſt to new Pretenders. By this

this means it often happens, that when you come to know how you loſt ſuch an Employment, you will find the Man who got it never dreamed of it; but, forſooth, he was to be ſurpriſed into it, or perhaps ſolicited to receive it. Upon ſuch Occaſions as theſe a Man may perhaps grow out of humour; if you are ſo, all Mankind will fall in with the Patron, and you are an Humouriſt and untractable if you are capable of being ſour at a Diſappointment: But it is the ſame thing, whether you do or do not reſent ill Uſage, you will be uſed after the ſame manner; as ſome good Mothers will be ſure to whip their Children till they cry, and then whip them for crying.

THERE are but two Ways of doing any thing with great People, and thoſe are by making yourſelf either conſiderable or agreeable: The former is not to be attained but by finding a Way to live without them, or concealing that you want them; the latter is only by falling into their Taſte and Pleaſures: This is of all the Employments in the World the moſt ſervile, except it happens to be of your own natural Humour. For to be agreeable to another, eſpecially if he be above you, is not to be poſſeſſed of ſuch Qualities and Accompliſhments as ſhould render you agreeable in yourſelf, but ſuch as make you agreeable in reſpect to him. An Imitation of his Faults, or a Compliance, if not Subſervience, to his Vices, muſt be the Meaſures of your Conduct.

WHEN it comes to that, the unnatural State a Man lives in, when his Patron pleaſes, is ended; and his Guilt and Complaiſance are objected to him, tho' the Man who rejects him for his Vices was not only his Partner but Seducer. Thus the Client (like a young Woman who has given up the Innocence which made her charming) has not only loſt his Time, but alſo the Virtue which could render him capable of reſenting the Injury which is done him.

IT would be endleſs to recount the Tricks of turning you off from themſelves to Perſons who have leſs Power to ſerve you, the Art of being ſorry for ſuch an unaccountable Accident in your Behaviour, that ſuch a one (who, perhaps, has never heard of you) oppoſes your Advancement; and if you have any thing more than ordinary

dinary in you, you are flattered with a Whiſper, that 'tis no Wonder People are ſo ſlow in doing for a Man of your Talents and the like.

AFTER all this Treatment, I muſt ſtill add the pleaſanteſt Inſolence of all, which I have once or twice ſeen; to wit, That when a ſilly Rogue has thrown away one Part in three of his Life in unprofitable Attendance, it is taken wonderfully ill that he withdraws, and is reſolved to employ the reſt for himſelf.

WHEN we conſider theſe Things, and reflect upon ſo many honeſt Natures (which one, who makes Obſervation of what paſſes, may have ſeen) that have miſcarried by ſuch ſort of Applications, it is too melancholy a Scene to dwell upon; therefore I ſhall take another Opportunity to diſcourſe of good Patrons, and diſtinguiſh ſuch as have done their Duty to thoſe who have depended upon them, and were not able to act without their Favour. Worthy Patrons are like *Plato*'s Guardian Angels, who are always doing good to their Wards; but negligent Patrons are like *Epicurus*'s Gods, that lie lolling on the Clouds, and inſtead of Bleſſings pour down Storms and Tempeſts on the Heads of thoſe that are offering Incenſe to them. T

Nº 215 *Tueſday, November* 6.

——Ingenuas didiciſſe fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec ſinit eſſe feros.
Ovid. Ep. 9. l. 2. de Ponto, v. 47.

Ingenuous Arts, where they an Entrance find,
Soften the Manners, and ſubdue the Mind.

I Conſider an human Soul without Education like Marble in the Quarry, which ſhews none of its inherent Beauties, 'till the Skill of the Poliſher fetches out the

the Colours, makes the Surface ſhine, and diſcovers every ornamental Cloud, Spot, and Vein that runs through the Body of it. Education, after the ſame manner, when it works upon a noble Mind, draws out to View every latent Virtue and Perfection, which without ſuch Helps are never able to make their Appearance.

IF my Reader will give me leave to change the Alluſion ſo ſoon upon him, I ſhall make uſe of the ſame Inſtance to illuſtrate the Force of Education, which *Ariſtotle* has brought to explain his Doctrine of Subſtantial Forms, when he tells us that a Statue lies hid in a Block of Marble; and that the Art of the Statuary only clears away the ſuperfluous Matter, and removes the Rubbiſh. The Figure is in the Stone, the Sculptor only finds it. What Sculpture is to a Block of Marble, Education is to an human Soul. The Philoſopher, the Saint, or the Hero, the Wiſe, the Good, or the Great Man, very often lie hid and concealed in a Plebeian, which a proper Education might have dis-interred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the Accounts of ſavage Nations, and with contemplating thoſe Virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to ſee Courage exerting itſelf in Fierceneſs, Reſolution in Obſtinacy, Wiſdom in Cunning, Patience in Sullenneſs and Deſpair.

MENS Paſſions operate variouſly, and appear in different Kinds of Actions, according as they are more or leſs rectify'd and ſway'd by Reaſon. When one hears of Negroes, who upon the Death of their Maſters, or upon changing their Service, hang themſelves upon the next Tree, as it frequently happens in our *American* Plantations, who can forbear admiring their Fidelity, tho' it expreſſes itſelf in ſo dreadful a manner? What might not that ſavage Greatneſs of Soul which appears in theſe poor Wretches on many Occaſions, be raiſed to, were it rightly cultivated? And what Colour of Excuſe can there be for the Contempt with which we treat this Part of our Species? That we ſhould not put them upon the common foot of Humanity, that we ſhould only ſet an inſignificant Fine upon the Man who murders them; nay, that we ſhould, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the Proſpects of Happineſs in another World as well as in this,

this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper Means for attaining it?

SINCE I am engaged on this Subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a Story which I have lately heard, and which is ſo well atteſted, that I have no manner of reaſon to ſuſpect the Truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild Tragedy that paſſed about twelve Years ago at St. *Chriſtophers*, one of our *Britiſh* Leeward Iſlands. The Negroes who were the Perſons concern'd in it, were all of them the Slaves of a Gentleman who is now in *England*.

THIS Gentleman among his Negroes had a young Woman, who was look'd upon as a moſt extraordinary Beauty by thoſe of her own Complexion. He had at the ſame time two young Fellows who were likewiſe Negroes and Slaves, remarkable for the Comelineſs of their Perſons, and for the Friendſhip which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happen'd that both of them fell in love with the Female Negroe above-mentioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her Huſband, provided they could agree between themſelves which ſhould be the Man. But they were both ſo paſſionately in love with her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his Rival; and at the ſame time were ſo true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his Friend's Conſent. The Torments of theſe two Lovers were the Diſcourſe of the Family to which they belonged, who could not forbear obſerving the ſtrange Complication of Paſſions which perplexed the Hearts of the poor Negroes, that often dropped Expreſſions of the Uneaſineſs they underwent, and how impoſſible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

AFTER a long Struggle between Love and Friendſhip, Truth and Jealouſy, they one Day took a Walk together into a Wood, carrying the Miſtreſs along with them: Where, after abundance of Lamentations, they ſtabbed her to the Heart, of which ſhe immediately died. A Slave who was at his Work not far from the Place where this aſtoniſhing Piece of Cruelty was committed, hearing the Shrieks of the dying Perſon, ran to ſee what was the Occaſion of them. He there diſcovered the Woman

man lying dead upon the Ground, with the two Negroes on each ſide of her, kiſſing the dead Corps, weeping over it, and beating their Breaſts in the utmoſt Agonies of Grief and Deſpair. He immediately ran to the *Engliſh* Family with the News of what he had ſeen; who upon coming to the Place ſaw the Woman dead, and the two Negroes expiring by her with Wounds they had given themſelves.

WE ſee in this amazing Inſtance of Barbarity, what ſtrange Diſorders are bred in the Minds of thoſe Men whoſe Paſſions are not regulated by Virtue, and diſciplined by Reaſon. Tho' the Action which I have recited is in itſelf full of Guilt and Horror, it proceeded from a Temper of Mind which might have produced very noble Fruits, had it been informed and guided by a ſuitable Education.

IT is therefore an unſpeakable Bleſſing to be born in thoſe Parts of the World where Wiſdom and Knowledge flouriſh; tho' it muſt be confeſs'd, there are, even in theſe Parts, ſeveral poor uninſtructed Perſons, who are but little above the Inhabitants of thoſe Nations of which I have been here ſpeaking; as thoſe who have had the Advantages of a more liberal Education, riſe above one another by ſeveral different Degrees of Perfection. For to return to our Statue in the Block of Marble, we ſee it ſometimes only begun to be chipped, ſometimes roughhewn, and but juſt ſketched into an human Figure; ſometimes we ſee the Man appearing diſtinctly in all his Limbs and Features, ſometimes we find the Figure wrought up to a great Elegancy, but ſeldom meet with any to which the Hand of a *Phidias* or *Praxiteles* could not give ſeveral nice Touches and Finiſhings.

DISCOURSES of Morality, and Reflexions upon human Nature, are the beſt Means we can make uſe of to improve our Minds, and gain a true Knowledge of ourſelves, and conſequently to recover our Souls out of the Vice, Ignorance, and Prejudice, which naturally cleave to them. I have all along profeſt myſelf in this Paper a Promoter of theſe great Ends; and I flatter myſelf that I do from Day to Day contribute ſomething to the poliſhing of Mens Minds: at leaſt my Deſign is laudable, whatever the Execution may be. I muſt confeſs I am not a little

a little encouraged in it by many Letters which I receive from unknown Hands, in Approbation of my Endeavours; and muſt take this Opportunity of returning my Thanks to thoſe who write them, and excuſing myſelf for not inſerting ſeveral of them in my Papers, which I am ſenſible would be a very great Ornament to them. Should I publiſh the Praiſes which are ſo well penned, they would do Honour to the Perſons who write them, but my publiſhing of them would I fear be a ſufficient Inſtance to the World that I did not deſerve them. C

Nº 216 *Wedneſday, November 7.*

Siquidem herclè poſſis, nil prius, neque fortius:
Verùm ſi incipies, neque perficies naviter,
Atque, ubi pati non poteris, cùm nemo expetet,
Infectâ pace, ultrò ad eam venies, indicans
Te amare, & ferre non poſſe: Actum eſt, ilicet,
Periſti: eludet, ubi te victum ſenſerit.

Ter. Eun. Act 1. Sc. 1.

If indeed you can keep to your Reſolution, you will act a noble and a manly part: but if, when you have ſet about it, your Courage fails you, and you make a voluntary Submiſſion, acknowledging the Violence of your Paſſion, and your Inability to hold out any longer; all's over with you; you are undone, and may go hang yourſelf; ſhe will inſult over you, when ſhe finds you her Slave.

To Mr. SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'THIS is to inform you, that Mr. *Freeman* had no 'ſooner taken Coach, but his Lady was taken 'with a terrible Fit of the Vapours, which 'tis 'feared will make her miſcarry, if not endanger her 'Life; therefore, dear Sir, if you know of any Receipt 'that is good againſt this faſhionable reigning Diſtem-

'per,

'per, be pleaſed to communicate it for the Good of the 'Publick, and you will oblige

Yours,

A. NOEWILL.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Uproar was ſo great aſſoon as I had read 'the *Spectator* concerning Mrs. *Freeman*, that af-'ter many Revolutions in her Temper, of raging, ſwoon-'ing, railing, fainting, pitying herſelf, and reviling her 'Huſband, upon an accidental coming in of a neigh-'bouring Lady (who ſays ſhe has writ to you alſo) ſhe 'had nothing left for it but to fall in a Fit. I had the 'Honour to read the Paper to her, and have a pretty good 'Command of my Countenance and Temper on ſuch 'Occaſions; and ſoon found my hiſtorical Name to be '*Tom Meggot* in your Writings, but concealed myſelf 'till I ſaw how it affected Mrs. *Freeman*. She looked 'frequently at her Huſband, as often at me; and ſhe 'did not tremble as ſhe filled Tea, till ſhe came to the 'Circumſtance of *Armſtrong*'s writing out a Piece of '*Tully* for an Opera Tune: Then ſhe burſt out, She was 'expoſed, ſhe was deceiv'd, ſhe was wronged and abuſed: 'The Tea-cup was thrown in the Fire; and without 'taking Vengeance on her Spouſe, ſhe ſaid of me, That 'I was a pretending Coxcomb, a Medler that knew not 'what it was to interpoſe in ſo nice an Affair as between 'a Man and his Wife. To which Mr. *Freeman*, Madam, 'were I leſs fond of you than I am, I ſhould not have 'taken this Way of writing to the SPECTATOR, to 'inform a Woman whom God and Nature has placed 'under my Direction, with what I requeſt of her; but 'ſince you are ſo indiſcreet as not to take the Hint 'which I gave you in that Paper, I muſt tell you, Ma-'dam, in ſo many Words, that you have for a long and 'tedious Space of Time acted a Part unſuitable to the 'Senſe you ought to have of the Subordination in which 'you are placed. And I muſt acquaint you once for all, 'that the Fellow without, ha *Tom!* (here the Footman 'entered and anſwered Madam) Sirrah don't you know 'my Voice? look upon me when I ſpeak to you: I ſay,

'Madam,

'Madam, this Fellow here is to know of me myſelf, 'whether I am at Leiſure to ſee Company or not. I am 'from this Hour Maſter of this Houſe; and my Buſineſs 'in it, and every where elſe, is to behave myſelf in ſuch 'a manner, as it ſhall be hereafter an Honour to you to 'bear my Name; and your Pride, that you are the De-'light, the Darling and Ornament of a Man of Honour, 'uſeful and eſteemed by his Friends; and I no longer 'one that has buried ſome Merit in the World, in Com-'pliance to a froward Humour which has grown upon 'an agreeable Woman by his Indulgence. Mr. *Freeman* 'ended this with a Tenderneſs in his Aſpect and a down-'caſt Eye, which ſhewed he was extremely moved at the 'Anguiſh he ſaw her in; for ſhe ſat ſwelling with Paſ-'ſion, and her Eyes firmly fixed on the Fire; when 'I, fearing he would loſe again, took upon me to 'provoke her out of that amiable Sorrow ſhe was in, to 'fall upon me; upon which I ſaid very ſeaſonably for 'my Friend, That indeed Mr. *Freeman* was become the 'common Talk of the Town; and that nothing was ſo 'much a Jeſt, as when it was ſaid in Company Mr. *Free-*'*man* has promiſed to come to ſuch a Place. Upon which 'the good Lady turned her Softneſs into downright 'Rage, and threw the ſcalding Tea-kettle upon your 'humble Servant; flew into the Middle of the Room, 'and cried out ſhe was the unfortunateſt of all Women: 'Others kept Family Diſſatisfactions for Hours of Pri-'vacy and Retirement: No Apology was to be made to 'her, no Expedient to be found, no previous Manner of 'breaking what was amiſs in her; but all the World was 'to be acquainted with her Errors, without the leaſt Ad-'monition. Mr. *Freeman* was going to make a ſoft'ning 'Speech, but I interpoſed; Look you, Madam, I have 'nothing to ſay to this Matter, but you ought to con-'ſider you are now paſt a Chicken; this Humour, which 'was well enough in a Girl, is inſufferable in one 'of your motherly Character. With that ſhe loſt all Pa-'tience, and flew directly at her Huſband's Periwig. I 'got her in my Arms, and defended my Friend: He 'making Signs at the ſame time that it was too much; 'I beckoning, nodding, and frowning over her Shoulder, 'that he was loſt if he did not perſiſt. In this manner ſhe

'flew

'flew round and round the Room in a Moment, 'till the 'Lady I ſpoke of above and Servants entered; upon 'which ſhe fell on a Couch as breathleſs. I ſtill kept up 'my Friend; but he, with a very ſilly Air, bid them 'bring the Coach to the Door, and we went off, I 'forced to bid the Coachman drive on. We were no 'ſooner come to my Lodgings, but all his Wife's Rela-'tions came to enquire after him; and Mrs. *Freeman*'s 'Mother writ a Note, wherein ſhe thought never to have 'ſeen this Day, and ſo forth.

'IN a word, Sir, I am afraid we are upon a thing we 'have no Talents for; and I can obſerve already, my 'Friend looks upon me rather as a Man that knows a 'Weakneſs of him that he is aſhamed of, than one who 'has reſcu'd him from Slavery. Mr. SPECTATOR, I 'am but a young Fellow, and if Mr. *Freeman* ſubmits, I 'ſhall be looked upon as an Incendiary, and never get a 'Wife as long as I breathe. He has indeed ſent word 'home he ſhall lie at *Hampſtead* to-night; but I believe 'Fear of the firſt Onſet after this Rupture has too great 'a Place in this Reſolution. Mrs. *Freeman* has a very 'pretty Siſter; ſuppoſe I delivered him up, and articled 'with the Mother for her bringing him home. If he 'has not Courage to ſtand it, (you are a great Caſuiſt) 'is it ſuch an ill thing to bring myſelf off, as well as 'I can? What makes me doubt my Man, is, that I 'find he thinks it reaſonable to expoſtulate at leaſt with 'her; and Capt. SENTREY will tell you, if you let 'your Orders be diſputed, you are no longer a Com-'mander. I wiſh you could adviſe me how to get clear 'of this Buſineſs handſomly.

T *Yours*, Tom Meggot.

Thurſday,

N° 217 *Thurſday, November* 8.

——— *Tunc fœmina ſimplex,*
Et pariter toto repetitur clamor ab antro.
Juv. Sat. 6. v. 326.

Then unreſtrain'd by Rules of Decency,
Th' aſſembled Females raiſe a general Cry.

I Shall entertain my Reader to-day with ſome Letters from my Correſpondents. The firſt of them is the Deſcription of a Club, whether real or imaginary, I cannot determine; but am apt to fancy, that the Writer of it, whoever ſhe is, has formed a kind of Nocturnal Orgie out of her own Fancy: Whether this be ſo or not, her Letter may conduce to the Amendment of that Kind of Perſons who are repreſented in it, and whoſe Characters are frequent enough in the World.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IN ſome of your firſt Papers you were pleaſed to give 'the Publick a very diverting Account of ſeveral 'Clubs and nocturnal Aſſemblies; but I am a Member 'of a Society which has wholly eſcap'd your Notice, I 'mean a Club of She-Romps. We take each a Hackney-'Coach, and meet once a Week in a large upper Cham-'ber, which we hire by the Year for that Purpoſe; our 'Landlord and his Family, who are quiet People, con-'ſtantly contriving to be abroad on our Club-Night. We 'are no ſooner come together, than we throw off all that 'Modeſty and Reſervedneſs with which our Sex are 'obliged to diſguiſe themſelves in publick Places. I am 'not able to expreſs the Pleaſure we enjoy from Ten at 'Night 'till four in the Morning, in being as rude as 'you Men can be for your Lives. As our Play runs 'high, the Room is immediately fill'd with broken Fans, 'torn Petticoats, Lappets, or Head-dreſſes, Flounces, 'Furbelows, Garters, and Working-Aprons. I had for-'got to tell you at firſt, that beſides the Coaches we

'come

'come in ourſelves, there is one which ſtands always 'empty to carry off our *dead Men*, for ſo we call all thoſe 'Fragments and Tatters with which the Room is ſtrew'd, 'and which we pack up together in Bundles and put in-'to the aforeſaid Coach: It is no ſmall Diverſion for us 'to meet the next Night at ſome Member's Chamber, 'where every one is to pick out what belonged to her 'from this confuſed Bundle of Silks, Stuffs, Laces, and 'Ribbons. I have hitherto given you an Account of our 'Diverſion on ordinary Club-Nights; but muſt acquaint 'you further, that once a Month we *demoliſh a Prude*, 'that is, we get ſome queer formal Creature in among 'us, and unrig her in an Inſtant. Our laſt Month's Prude 'was ſo armed and fortified in Whalebone and Buck-'ram, that we had much ado to come at her; but you 'would have died with laughing to have ſeen how the 'ſober aukward Thing looked when ſhe was forced out 'of her Intrenchments. In ſhort, Sir, it is impoſſible 'to give you a true Notion of our Sport, unleſs you 'would come one Night amongſt us; and tho' it be di-'rectly againſt the Rules of our Society to admit a Male 'Viſitant, we repoſe ſo much Confidence in your Silence 'and Taciturnity, that it was agreed by the whole Club, 'at our laſt Meeting, to give you Entrance for one Night 'as a Spectator.

I am your humble Servant,

Kitty Termagant.

P.S. *We ſhall demoliſh a Prude next* Thurſday.

THO' I thank *Kitty* for her kind Offer, I do not at preſent find in myſelf any Inclination to venture my Perſon with her and her romping Companions. I ſhould regard myſelf as a ſecond *Clodius* intruding on the myſterious Rites of the *Bona Dea*, and ſhould apprehend being *Demoliſhed* as much as the *Prude*.

THE following Letter comes from a Gentleman, whoſe Taſte I find is much too delicate to endure the leaſt Advance towards Romping. I may perhaps hereafter improve upon the Hint he has given me, and make it the Subject of a whole *Spectator*; in the mean time take it as it follows in his own Words.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IT is my Misfortune to be in love with a young 'Creature who is daily committing Faults, which 'though they give me the utmoſt Uneaſineſs, I know 'not how to reprove her for, or even acquaint her with. 'She is pretty, dreſſes well, is rich, and good-humour'd; 'but either wholly neglects, or has no Notion of that 'which polite People have agreed to diſtinguiſh by the 'Name of *Delicacy*. After our Return from a Walk the 'other Day ſhe threw herſelf into an Elbow-Chair, and 'profeſſed before a large Company, that *ſhe was all over 'in a Sweat*. She told me this Afternoon that her *Sto-'mach ak'd*; and was complaining Yeſterday at Dinner 'of ſomething that *ſtuck in her Teeth*. I treated her with 'a Baſket of Fruit laſt Summer, which ſhe eat ſo very 'greedily, as almoſt made me reſolve never to ſee her 'more. In ſhort, Sir, I begin to tremble whenever I 'ſee her about to ſpeak or move. As ſhe does not want 'Senſe, if ſhe takes theſe Hints I am happy; if not, I am 'more than afraid, that theſe Things which ſhock me 'even in the Behaviour of a Miſtreſs, will appear inſup-'portable in that of a Wife.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

MY next Letter comes from a Correſpondent whom I cannot but very much value, upon the Account which ſhe gives of herſelf.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am happily arrived at a State of Tranquillity, which 'few People envy, I mean that of an old Maid; 'therefore being wholly unconcerned in all that Medley 'of Follies which our Sex is apt to contract from their 'ſilly Fondneſs of yours, I read your Ralleries on us 'without Provocation. I can ſay with *Hamlet*,

——— *Man delights not me,*
Nor Woman neither ———

'Therefore, dear Sir, as you never ſpare your own Sex, 'do not be afraid of reproving what is ridiculous in ours, 'and you will oblige at leaſt one Woman, who is

Your Humble Servant, Suſannah Froſt.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am Wife to a Clergyman, and cannot help think-
'ing that in your Tenth or Tithe Character of Wo-
'mankind you meant myſelf, therefore I have no Quarrel
'againſt you for the other Nine Characters.

X *Your Humble Servant*, A. B.

N° 218 *Friday, November* 9.

Quid de quoque viro, & cui dicas, ſæpe caveto.
Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 68.

——————— *Have a care*
Of whom you talk, to whom, and what, and where.
POOLY.

I Happened the other Day, as my Way is, to ſtroll into a little Coffee-houſe beyond *Aldgate*; and as I ſat there, two or three very plain ſenſible Men were talking of the SPECTATOR. One ſaid, he had that Morning drawn the great Benefit Ticket; another wiſhed he had; but a third ſhaked his Head and ſaid, It was pity that the Writer of that Paper was ſuch a ſort of Man, that it was no great Matter whether he had it or no. He is, it ſeems, ſaid the good Man, the moſt extravagant Creature in the World; has run thro' vaſt Sums, and yet been in continual Want; a Man, for all he talks ſo well of Oeconomy, unfit for any of the Offices of Life by reaſon of his Profuſeneſs. It would be an unhappy Thing to be his Wife, his Child, or his Friend; and yet he talks as well of thoſe Duties of Life as any one. Much Reflexion has brought me to ſo eaſy a Contempt for every thing which is falſe, that this heavy Accuſation gave me no manner of Uneaſineſs; but at the ſame time it threw me into deep Thought upon the Subject of Fame in general; and I could not but pity ſuch as were ſo weak, as to value what the common People ſay out of their own

own talkative Temper to the Advantage or Diminution of thoſe whom they mention, without being moved either by Malice or Good-will. It will be too long to expatiate upon the Senſe all Mankind have of Fame, and the inexpreſſible Pleaſure which there is in the Approbation of worthy Men, to all who are capable of worthy Actions; but methinks one may divide the general Word Fame into three different Species, as it regards the different Orders of Mankind who have any Thing to do with it. Fame therefore may be divided into Glory, which reſpects the Hero; Reputation, which is preſerved by every Gentleman; and Credit, which muſt be ſupported by every Tradeſman. Theſe Poſſeſſions in Fame are dearer than Life to theſe Characters of Men, or rather are the Life of thoſe Characters. Glory, while the Hero purſues great and noble Enterpriſes, is impregnable; and all the Aſſailants of his Renown do but ſhew their Pain and Impatience of its Brightneſs, without throwing the leaſt Shade upon it. If the Foundation of an high Name be Virtue and Service, all that is offered againſt it is but Rumour, which is too ſhort-liv'd to ſtand up in Competition with Glory, which is everlaſting.

REPUTATION, which is the Portion of every Man who would live with the elegant and knowing Part of Mankind, is as ſtable as Glory, if it be as well founded; and the common Cauſe of human Society is thought concerned when we hear a Man of good Behaviour calumniated: Beſides which, according to a prevailing Cuſtom amongſt us, every Man has his Defence in his own Arm: and Reproach is ſoon checked, put out of Countenance, and overtaken by Diſgrace.

THE moſt unhappy of all Men, and the moſt expoſed to the Malignity or Wantonneſs of the common Voice, is the Trader. Credit is undone in Whiſpers. The Tradeſman's Wound is received from one who is more private and more cruel than the Ruffian with the Lanthorn and Dagger. The Manner of repeating a Man's Name,--As; *Mr.* Caſh, *Oh! do you leave your Money at his Shop? Why, do you know Mr.* Searoom? *He is indeed a general Merchant.* I ſay, I have ſeen, from the Iteration of a Man's Name, hiding one Thought of him, and explaining what you hide, by ſaying ſomething to his

Advantage

Advantage when you ſpeak, a Merchant hurt in his Credit; and him who, every Day he lived, literally added to the Value of his Native Country, undone by one who was only a Burden and a Blemiſh to it. Since every Body who knows the World is ſenſible of this great Evil, how careful ought a Man to be in his Language of a Merchant? It may poſſibly be in the Power of a very ſhallow Creature to lay the Ruin of the beſt Family in the moſt opulent City; and the more ſo, the more highly he deſerves of his Country; that is to ſay, the farther he places his Wealth out of his Hands, to draw home that of another Climate.

IN this Caſe an ill Word may change Plenty into Want, and by a raſh Sentence a free and generous Fortune may in a few Days be reduced to Beggary. How little does a giddy Prater imagine, that an idle Phraſe to the Diſfavour of a Merchant, may be as pernicious in the Conſequence, as the Forgery of a Deed to bar an Inheritance would be to a Gentleman? Land ſtands where it did before a Gentleman was calumniated, and the State of a great Action is juſt as it was before Calumny was offered to diminiſh it, and there is Time, Place and Occaſion, expected to unravel all that is contrived againſt thoſe Characters; but the Trader who is ready only for probable Demands upon him, can have no Armour againſt the Inquiſitive, the Malicious, and the Envious, who are prepared to fill the Cry to his Diſhonour. Fire and Sword are ſlow Engines of Deſtruction, in Compariſon of the Babbler in the Caſe of the Merchant.

FOR this Reaſon I thought it an imitable Piece of Humanity of a Gentleman of my Acquaintance, who had great Variety of Affairs, and uſed to talk with Warmth enough againſt Gentlemen by whom he thought himſelf ill dealt with; but he would never let any thing be urged againſt a Merchant (with whom he had any Difference) except in a Court of Juſtice. He uſed to ſay, that to ſpeak ill of a Merchant, was to begin his Suit with Judgment and Execution. One cannot, I think, ſay more on this Occaſion, then to repeat, That the Merit of the Merchant is above that of all other Subjects; for while he is untouched in his Credit, his Hand-writing is a more portable Coin for the Service of his Fellow-Citizens, and his Word the Gold of *Ophir* to the Country wherein he reſides. T

N° 219 *Saturday, November* 10.

Vix ea noſtra voco—— Ovid. Met. l. 13. v. 141.

Theſe I ſcarce call our own.

THERE are but few Men, who are not ambitious of diſtinguiſhing themſelves in the Nation or Country where they live, and of growing conſiderable among thoſe with whom they converſe. There is a kind of Grandeur and Reſpect, which the meaneſt and moſt inſignificant Part of Mankind endeavour to procure in the little Circle of their Friends and Acquaintance. The pooreſt Mechanick, nay the Man who lives upon common Alms, gets him his Set of Admirers, and delights in that Superiority which he enjoys over thoſe who are in ſome reſpects beneath him. This Ambition, which is natural to the Soul of Man, might methinks receive a very happy Turn; and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a Perſon's Advantage, as it generally does to his Uneaſineſs and Diſquiet.

I ſhall therefore put together ſome Thoughts on this Subject, which I have not met with in other Writers; and ſhall ſet them down as they have occurred to me, without being at the pains to connect or methodiſe them.

ALL Superiority and Preeminence that one Man can have over another, may be reduced to the Notion of *Quality*, which, conſidered at large, is either that of Fortune, Body, or Mind. The firſt is that which conſiſts in Birth, Title, or Riches; and is the moſt foreign to our Natures, and what we can the leaſt call our own of any of the three Kinds of Quality. In relation to the Body, Quality ariſes from Health, Strength, or Beauty; which are nearer to us, and more a Part of ourſelves than the former. Quality, as it regards the Mind, has its Riſe from Knowledge or Virtue; and is that which is more eſſential to us, and more intimately united with us than either of the other two.

THE

THE Quality of Fortune, tho' a Man has leſs Reaſon to value himſelf upon it than on that of the Body or Mind, is however the kind of Quality which makes the moſt ſhining Figure in the Eye of the World.

AS Virtue is the moſt reaſonable and genuine Source of Honour, we generally find in Titles an Intimation of ſome particular Merit that ſhould recommend Men to the high Stations which they poſſeſs. Holineſs is aſcribed to the Pope; Majeſty to Kings; Serenity or Mildneſs of Temper to Princes; Excellence or Perfection to Ambaſſadors; Grace to Archbiſhops; Honour to Peers; Worſhip or Venerable Behaviour to Magiſtrates; and Reverence, which is of the ſame Import as the former, to the inferior Clergy.

IN the Founders of great Families, ſuch Attributes of Honour are generally correſpondent with the Virtues of the Perſon to whom they are applied; but in the Deſcendents they are too often the Marks rather of Grandeur than of Merit. The Stamp and Denomination ſtill continues, but the intrinſick Value is frequently loſt.

THE Death-bed ſhews the Emptineſs of Titles in a true Light. A poor diſpirited Sinner lies trembling under the Apprehenſions of the State he is entring on; and is asked by a grave Attendant how his Holineſs does? Another hears himſelf addreſſed to under the Title of Highneſs or Excellency, who lies under ſuch mean Circumſtances of Mortality as are the Diſgrace of human Nature. Titles at ſuch a time look rather like Inſults and Mockery than Reſpect.

THE Truth of it is, Honours are in this World under no Regulation; true Quality is neglected, Virtue is oppreſſed, and Vice triumphant. The laſt Day will rectify this Diſorder, and aſſign to every one a Station ſuitable to the Dignity of his Character; Ranks will be then adjuſted, and Precedency ſet right.

METHINKS we ſhould have an Ambition, if not to advance ourſelves in another World, at leaſt to preſerve our Poſt in it, and outſhine our Inferiors in Virtue here, that they may not be put above us in a State which is to ſettle the Diſtinction for Eternity.

MEN in Scripture are called *Strangers* and *Sojourners upon Earth*, and Life a *Pilgrimage*. Several Heathen, as

well as Chriſtian Authors, under the ſame kind of Metaphor, have repreſented the World as an Inn, which was only deſigned to furniſh us with Accommodations in this our Paſſage. It is therefore very abſurd to think of ſetting up our Reſt before we come to our Journey's End, and not rather to take care of the Reception we ſhall there meet, than to fix our Thoughts on the little Conveniences and Advantages which we enjoy one above another in the Way to it.

EPICTETUS makes uſe of another Kind of Alluſion, which is very beautiful, and wonderfully proper to incline us to be ſatisfied with the Poſt in which Providence has placed us. We are here, ſays he, as in a Theatre, where every one has a Part allotted to him. The great Duty which lies upon a Man is to act his Part in Perfection. We may indeed ſay, that our Part does not ſuit us, and that we could act another better. But this (ſays the Philoſopher) is not our Buſineſs. All that we are concerned in is to excel in the Part which is given us. If it be an improper one, the Fault is not in us, but in him who has *caſt* our ſeveral Parts, and is the great Diſpoſer of the Drama.

THE Part that was acted by this Philoſopher himſelf was but a very indifferent one, for he lived and died a Slave. His Motive to Contentment in this Particular, receives a very great Inforcement from the abovementioned Conſideration, if we remember that our Parts in the other World will be *new caſt*, and that Mankind will be there ranged in different Stations of Superiority and Preeminence, in Proportion as they have here excelled one another in Virtue, and performed in their ſeveral Poſts of Life the Duties which belong to them.

THERE are many beautiful Paſſages in the little Apocryphal Book, intitled, *The Wiſdom of* Solomon, to ſet forth the Vanity of Honour, and the like temporal Bleſſings which are in ſo great Repute among Men, and to comfort thoſe who have not the Poſſeſſion of them. It repreſents in very warm and noble Terms this Advancement of a good Man in the other World, and the great Surpriſe which it will produce among

among thoſe who are his Superiors in this. 'Then ſhall 'the righteous Man ſtand in great Boldneſs before the 'Face of ſuch as have afflicted him, and made no Ac-'count of his Labours. When they ſee it, they ſhall 'be troubled with terrible Fear, and ſhall be amazed at 'the Strangeneſs of his Salvation, ſo far beyond all that 'they looked for. And they repenting and groaning 'for Anguiſh of Spirit, ſhall ſay within themſelves; 'This was he whom we had ſometime in Deriſion, and 'a Proverb of Reproach We Fools accounted his Life 'Madneſs, and his End to be without Honour. How is 'he numbered among the Children of God, and his 'Lot is among the Saints!

IF the Reader would ſee the Deſcription of a Life that is paſſed away in Vanity and among the Shadows of Pomp and Greatneſs, he may ſee it very finely drawn in the ſame Place. In the mean time, ſince it is neceſſary in the preſent Conſtitution of Things, that Order and Diſtinction ſhould be kept in the World, we ſhould be happy, if thoſe who enjoy the upper Stations in it, would endeavour to ſurpaſs others in Virtue, as much as in Rank, and by their Humanity and Condeſcenſion make their Superiority eaſy and acceptable to thoſe who are beneath them; and if, on the contrary, thoſe who are in meaner Poſts of Life, would conſider how they may better their Condition hereafter, and by a juſt Deference and Submiſſion to their Superiors, make them happy in thoſe Bleſſings with which Providence has thought fit to diſtinguiſh them. C

N° 220 *Monday, November* 12.

Rumoreſque ſerit varios.—— Virg. Æn. 12. v. 228.

A thouſand Rumours ſpreads.

SIR,

'WHY will you apply to my Father for my Love? I cannot help it if he will give you my Perſon; but I aſſure you it is not in his Power, nor even in my own, to give you my Heart. Dear Sir, do but conſider the ill Conſequence of ſuch a Match; you are Fifty-five, I Twenty-one. You are a Man of Buſineſs, and mightily converſant in Arithmetick and making Calculations; be pleaſed therefore to conſider what Proportion your Spirits bear to mine, and when you have made a juſt Eſtimate of the neceſſary Decay on one Side, and the Redundance on the other, you will act accordingly. This perhaps is ſuch Language as you may not expect from a young Lady; but my Happineſs is at Stake, and I muſt talk plainly. I mortally hate you; and ſo, as you and my Father agree, you may take me or leave me: But if you will be ſo good as never to ſee me more, you will for ever oblige,

SIR, Your moſt humble Servant,

HENRIETTA.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE are ſo many Artifices and Modes of falſe Wit, and ſuch a Variety of Humour diſcovers itſelf among its Votaries, that it would be impoſſible to exhauſt ſo fertile a Subject, if you would think fit to reſume it. The following Inſtances may, if you think fit, be added by way of Appendix to your Diſcourſes on that Subject.

'THAT Feat of Poetical Activity mentioned by *Horace*, of an Author who could compoſe two hundred Verſes while he ſtood upon one Leg, has been imitated

(as

'(as I have heard) by a modern Writer; who priding himſelf on the Hurry of his Invention, thought it no ſmall Addition to his Fame to have each Piece minuted with the exact Number of Hours or Days it coſt him in the Compoſition. He could taſte no Praiſe till he had acquainted you in how ſhort Space of Time he had deſerved it; and was not ſo much led to an Oſtentation of his Art, as of his Diſpatch.

——*Accipe ſi vis,*
Accipiam tabulas; detur nobis locus, hora,
Cuſtodes: videamus uter plus ſcribere poſſit.
Hor. Sat. 4. l. 1. v. 14.

Here's Pen and Ink, and Time, and Place; let's try,
Who can write moſt, and faſteſt, you or I. CREECH.

'THIS was the whole of his Ambition; and therefore I cannot but think the Flights of this rapid Author very proper to be oppoſed to thoſe laborious Nothings which you have obſerved were the Delight of the *German* Wits, and in which they ſo happily got rid of ſuch a tedious Quantity of their Time.

'I have known a Gentleman of another Turn of Humour, who, deſpiſing the Name of an Author, never printed his Works, but contracted his Talent, and by the help of a very fine Diamond which he wore on his little Finger, was a conſiderable Poet upon Glaſs. He had a very good Epigrammatick Wit; and there was not a Parlour or Tavern-Window where he viſited or dined for ſome Years, which did not receive ſome Sketches or Memorials of it. It was his Misfortune at laſt to loſe his Genius and his Ring to a Sharper at Play, and he has not attempted to make a Verſe ſince.

'BUT of all Contractions or Expedients for Wit, I admire that of an ingenious Projector whoſe Book I have ſeen. This Virtuoſo being a Mathematician, has, according to his Taſte, thrown the Art of Poetry into a ſhort Problem, and contrived Tables by which any one without knowing a Word of Grammar or Senſe, may, to his great Comfort, be able to compoſe, or rather to erect *Latin* Verſes. His Tables are a kind of

'Poetical Logarithms, which being divided into ſeveral Squares, and all inſcribed with ſo many incoherent Words, appear to the Eye ſomewhat like a Fortune-telling Screen. What a Joy muſt it be to the unlearned Operator to find that theſe Words being carefully collected and writ down in Order according to the Problem, ſtart of themſelves into Hexameter and Pentameter Verſes? A Friend of mine, who is a Student in Aſtrology, meeting with this Book, performed the Operation, by the Rules there ſet down; he ſhewed his Verſes to the next of his Acquaintance, who happened to underſtand *Latin*; and being informed they deſcribed a Tempeſt of Wind, very luckily prefixed them, together with a Tranſlation, to an Almanack he was juſt then printing, and was ſuppoſed to have foretold the laſt great Storm.

'I think the only Improvement beyond this, would be that which the late Duke of *Buckingham* mentioned to a ſtupid Pretender to Poetry, as the Project of a *Dutch* Mechanick, *viz.* a Mill to make Verſes. This being the moſt compendious Method of all which have yet been propoſed, may deſerve the Thoughts of our modern Virtuoſi who are employed in new Diſcoveries for the publick Good: and it may be worth the while to conſider, whether in an Iſland where few are content without being thought Wits, it will not be a common Benefit, that Wit as well as Labour ſhould be made cheap.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant, &c.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I OFTEN dine at a Gentleman's Houſe, where there are two young Ladies in themſelves very agreeable, but very cold in their Behaviour, becauſe they underſtand me for a Perſon that is to break my Mind, as the Phraſe is, very ſuddenly to one of them. But I take this Way to acquaint them, that I am not in Love with either of them, in Hopes they will uſe me with that agreeable Freedom and Indifference which

'they

'they do all the reſt of the World, and not to drink to 'one another only, but ſometimes caſt a kind Look, with 'their Service to,

SIR, Your humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young Gentleman, and take it for a Piece of 'Good-breeding to pull off my Hat when I ſee any 'thing peculiarly charming in any Woman, whether I 'know her or not. I take care that there is nothing 'ludicrous or arch in my Manner, as if I were to betray 'a Woman into a Salutation by way of Jeſt or Humour; 'and yet except I am acquainted with her, I find ſhe 'ever takes it for a Rule, that ſhe is to look upon this 'Civility and Homage I pay to her ſuppoſed Merit, as 'an Impertinence or Forwardneſs which ſhe is to ob-'ſerve and neglect. I wiſh, Sir, you would ſettle the 'Buſineſs of Salutation; and pleaſe to inform me how 'I ſhall reſiſt the ſudden Impulſe I have to be civil to 'what gives an Idea of Merit; or tell theſe Creatures 'how to behave themſelves in Return to the Eſteem I 'have for them. My Affairs are ſuch, that your Deci-'ſion will be a Favour to me, if it be only to ſave the 'unneceſſary Expence of wearing out my Hat ſo faſt 'as I do at preſent.

I am,

SIR,

Yours, T. D.

P. S. 'THERE are ſome that do know me, and 'won't bow to me. T

Nº 221 *Tueſday, November* 13.

———*Ab Ovo*
Uſque ad Mala——— Hor. Sat. 3. l. 1. v. 6.

From Eggs, which firſt are ſet upon the Board,
To Apples ripe, with which it laſt is ſtor'd.

WHEN I have finiſhed any of my Speculations, it is my Method to conſider which of the ancient Authors have touched upon the Subject that I treat of. By this means I meet with ſome celebrated Thought upon it, or a Thought of my own expreſſed in better Words, or ſome Similitude for the Illuſtration of my Subject. This is what gives birth to the Motto of a Speculation, which I rather chooſe to take out of the Poets than the Proſe-writers, as the former generally give a finer Turn to a Thought than the latter, and by couching it in few Words, and in harmonious Numbers, make it more portable to the Memory.

MY Reader is therefore ſure to meet with at leaſt one good Line in every Paper, and very often finds his Imagination entertained by a Hint that awakens in his Memory ſome beautiful Paſſage of a Claſſick Author.

IT was a Saying of an ancient Philoſopher, which I find ſome of our Writers have aſcribed to Queen *Elizabeth*, who perhaps might have taken occaſion to repeat it, That a good Face is a Letter of Recommendation. It naturally makes the Beholders inquiſitive into the Perſon who is the Owner of it, and generally prepoſſeſſes them in his Favour. A handſom Motto has the ſame Effect. Beſides that it always gives a ſupernumerary Beauty to a Paper, and is ſometimes in a manner neceſſary when the Writer is engaged in what may appear a Paradox to vulgar Minds, as it ſhews that he is ſupported by good Authorities, and is not ſingular in his Opinion.

I muſt confeſs, the Motto is of little Uſe to an unlearned Reader, for which Reaſon I conſider it only as *a Word to the Wiſe*. But as for my unlearned Friends, if they

they cannot reliſh the Motto, I take care to make Proviſion for them in the Body of my Paper. If they do not underſtand the Sign that is hung out, they know very well by it, that they may meet with Entertainment in the Houſe; and I think I was never better pleaſed than with a plain Man's Compliment, who, upon his Friend's telling him that he would like the *Spectator* much better if he underſtood the Motto, replied, *That good Wine needs no Buſh.*

I have heard of a Couple of Preachers in a Country Town, who endeavoured which ſhould outſhine one another, and draw together the greateſt Congregation. One of them being well verſed in the Fathers, uſed to quote every now and then a *Latin* Sentence to his illiterate Hearers, who it ſeems found themſelves ſo edified by it, that they flocked in greater Numbers to this learned Man than to his Rival. The other finding his Congregation mouldering every *Sunday*, and hearing at length what was the Occaſion of it, reſolved to give his Pariſh a little *Latin* in his Turn; but being unacquainted with any of the Fathers, he digeſted into his Sermons the whole Book of *Quæ Genus*, adding however ſuch Explications to it as he thought might be for the Benefit of his People. He afterwards entered upon *As in præſenti*, which he converted in the ſame manner to the Uſe of his Pariſhioners. This in a very little time thickned his Audience, filled his Church, and routed his Antagoniſt.

THE natural Love to *Latin*, which is ſo prevalent in our common People, makes me think that my Speculations fare never the worſe among them for that little Scrap which appears at the Head of them; and what the more encourages me in the Uſe of Quotations in an unknown Tongue, is, that I hear the Ladies, whoſe Approbation I value more than that of the whole learned World, declare themſelves in a more particular manner pleaſed with my *Greek* Mottos.

DESIGNING this Day's Work for a Diſſertation upon the two Extremities of my Paper, and having already diſpatch'd my Motto, I ſhall, in the next Place, diſcourſe upon thoſe ſingle Capital Letters, which are placed at the End of it, and which have afforded great Matter of Speculation

lation to the Curious. I have heard various Conjectures upon this Subject. Some tell us that C is the Mark of thoſe Papers that are written by the Clergyman, though others aſcribe them to the Club in general: That the Papers marked with R were written by my Friend Sir ROGER: That L ſignifies the Lawyer, whom I have deſcribed in my ſecond Speculation; and that T ſtands for the Trader or Merchant: But the Letter X, which is placed at the End of ſome few of my Papers, is that which has puzzled the whole Town, as they cannot think of any Name which begins with that Letter, except *Xenophon* and *Xerxes*, who can neither of them be ſuppoſed to have had any Hand in theſe Speculations.

IN Anſwer to theſe inquiſitive Gentlemen, who have many of them made Inquiries of me by Letter, I muſt tell them the Reply of an ancient Philoſopher, who carried ſomething hidden under his Cloke. A certain Acquaintance deſiring him to let him know what it was he covered ſo carefully; *I cover it*, ſays he, *on purpoſe that you ſhould not know*. I have made uſe of theſe obſcure Marks for the ſame Purpoſe. They are, perhaps, little Amulets or Charms to preſerve the Paper againſt the Faſcination and Malice of evil Eyes; for which Reaſon I would not have my Reader ſurpriſed; if hereafter he ſees any of my Papers marked with a Q, a Z, a Y, an &c. or with the Word *Abracadabra*.

I ſhall, however, ſo far explain myſelf to the Reader, as to let him know that the Letters, C, L, and X, are Cabaliſtical, and carry more in them than it is proper for the World to be acquainted with. Thoſe who are verſed in the Philoſophy of *Pythagoras*, and ſwear by the *Tetrachtys*, that is the Number Four, will know very well that the Number *Ten*, which is ſignified by the Letter X, (and which has ſo much perplexed the Town) has in it many particular Powers; that it is called by Platonick Writers the Complete Number; that One, Two, Three and Four put together make up the Number Ten; and that Ten is all. But theſe are not Myſteries for ordinary Readers to be let into. A Man muſt have ſpent many Years in hard Study before he can arrive at the Knowledge of them.

WE

WE had a Rabbinical Divine in *England*, who was Chaplain to the Earl of *Eſſex* in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Time, that had an admirable Head for Secrets of this Nature. Upon his taking the Doctor of Divinity's Degree, he preached before the Univerſity of *Cambridge*, upon the *Firſt* Verſe of the *Firſt* Chapter of the *Firſt* Book of *Chronicles*, in which, ſays he, you have the three following Words,

Adam, Sheth, Enoſh.

He divided this ſhort Text into many Parts, and by diſcovering ſeveral Myſteries in each Word, made a moſt learned and elaborate Diſcourſe. The Name of this profound Preacher was Dr. *Alabaſter*, of whom the Reader may find a more particular Account in Dr. *Fuller*'s Book of *Engliſh* Worthies. This Inſtance will, I hope, convince my Readers that there may be a great deal of fine Writing in the Capital Letters which bring up the Rear of my Paper, and give them ſome Satisfaction in that Particular. But as for the full Explication of theſe Matters, I muſt refer them to Time, which diſcovers all Things. C

N° 222 *Wedneſday, November* 14.

Cur alter fratrum ceſſare, & ludere, & ungi,
Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus—

Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 183.

Why, of two Brothers, one his Pleaſure loves,
Prefers his Sports to Herod's fragrant Groves. CREECH.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is one thing I have often look'd for in your Papers, and have as often wondered to find myſelf diſappointed; the rather, becauſe I think it a Subject every way agreeable to your Deſign, and by being left unattempted by others, ſeems reſerved as a proper Employment for you; I mean a Diſquiſition, from whence it proceeds, that Men of the brighteſt Parts, and moſt comprehenſive Genius, completely furniſhed with Talents for any Province in human Affairs; ſuch as by their wiſe Leſſons of Oeconomy to others have made it evident, that they have the juſteſt Notions of

'of Life, and of true Senſe in the Conduct of it ——: 'from what unhappy contradictious Cauſe it proceeds, 'that Perſons thus finiſhed by Nature and by Art, ſhould 'ſo often fail in the Management of that which they ſo 'well underſtand, and want the Addreſs to make a right 'Application of their own Rules. This is certainly a pro-'digious Inconſiſtency in Behaviour, and makes much 'ſuch a Figure in Morals as a monſtrous Birth in Na-'turals, with this Difference only, which greatly ag-'gravates the Wonder, that it happens much more fre-'quently; and what a Blemiſh does it caſt upon Wit and 'Learning in the general Account of the World? And 'in how diſadvantageous a Light does it expoſe them 'to the buſy Claſs of Mankind, that there ſhould be 'ſo many Inſtances of Perſons who have ſo conducted 'their Lives in ſpite of theſe tranſcendent Advantages, 'as neither to be happy in themſelves, nor uſeful to their 'Friends; when every Body ſees it was intirely in their 'own Power to be eminent in both theſe Characters? For 'my part, I think there is no Reflexion more aſtoniſhing, 'than to conſider one of theſe Gentlemen ſpending a fair 'Fortune, running in every Body's Debt without the 'leaſt Apprehenſion of a future Reckoning, and at laſt 'leaving not only his own Children, but poſſibly thoſe of 'other People, by his Means, in ſtarving Circumſtances; 'while a Fellow, whom one would ſcarce ſuſpect to have 'a human Soul, ſhall perhaps raiſe a vaſt Eſtate out of 'Nothing, and be the Founder of a Family capable of 'being very conſiderable in their Country, and doing 'many illuſtrious Services to it. That this Obſervation 'is juſt, Experience has put beyond all Diſpute. But 'though the Fact be ſo evident and glaring, yet the 'Cauſes of it are ſtill in the Dark; which makes me 'perſuade myſelf, that it would be no unacceptable Piece 'of Entertainment to the Town, to inquire into the 'hidden Sources of ſo unaccountable an Evil.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt Humble Servant.

WHAT this Correſpondent wonders at, has been Matter of Admiration ever ſince there was any ſuch thing as human

human Life. *Horace* reflects upon this Inconſiſtency very agreeably in the Character of *Tigellius*, whom he makes a mighty Pretender to Oeconomy, and tells you, you might one Day hear him ſpeak the moſt philoſophick Things imaginable concerning being contented with a little, and his Contempt of every thing but mere Neceſſaries, and in half a Week after ſpend a thouſand Pound. When he ſays this of him with relation to Expence, he deſcribes him as unequal to himſelf in every other Circumſtance of Life. And indeed, if we conſider laviſh Men carefully, we ſhall find it always proceeds from a certain Incapacity of poſſeſſing themſelves, and finding Enjoyment in their own Minds. Mr. *Dryden* has expreſſed this very excellently in the Character of *Zimri*.

A Man ſo various, that he ſeem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.
Stiff in Opinion, always in the Wrong,
Was every Thing by Starts, and Nothing long;
But in the Courſe of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymiſt, Fidler, Stateſman, and Buffoon.
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking,
Beſides ten thouſand Freaks that died in thinking;
Bleſt Madman, who could every Hour employ
In ſomething new to wiſh or to enjoy!
In ſquandring Wealth was his peculiar Art,
Nothing went unrewarded but Deſert.

THIS looſe State of the Soul hurries the Extravagant from one Purſuit to another; and the Reaſon that his Expences are greater than another's, is, that his Wants are alſo more numerous. But what makes ſo many go on in this Way to their Lives End, is, that they certainly do not know how contemptible they are in the Eyes of the reſt of Mankind, or rather, that indeed they are not ſo contemptible as they deſerve. *Tully* ſays, it is the greateſt of Wickedneſs to leſſen your paternal Eſtate. And if a Man would thoroughly conſider how much worſe than Baniſhment it muſt be to his Child, to ride by the Eſtate which ſhould have been his, had it not been for his Father's Injuſtice to him, he would be ſmitten with the Reflexion more deeply than can be underſtood by any but one who

is

is a Father. Sure there can be nothing more afflicting, than to think it had been happier for his Son to have been born of any other Man living than himſelf.

IT is not perhaps much thought of, but it is certainly a very important Leſſon, to learn how to enjoy ordinary Life, and to be able to reliſh your Being without the Tranſport of ſome Paſſion, or Gratification of ſome Appetite. For want of this Capacity, the World is filled with Whetters, Tipplers, Cutters, Sippers, and all the numerous Train of thoſe who, for want of Thinking, are forced to be ever exerciſing their Feeling or Taſting. It would be hard on this Occaſion to mention the harmleſs Smokers of Tobacco and Takers of Snuff.

THE ſlower Part of Mankind, whom my Correſpondent wonders ſhould get Eſtates, are the more immediately formed for that Purſuit: They can expect diſtant Things without Impatience, becauſe they are not carried out of their Way either by violent Paſſion or keen Appetite to any Thing. To Men addicted to Delights, Buſineſs is an Interruption; to ſuch as are cold to Delights, Buſineſs is an Entertainment. For which Reaſon it was ſaid to one who commended a dull Man for his Application, *No Thanks to him; if he had no Buſineſs, he would have nothing to do.* T

N° 223 *Saturday, November* 15.

O ſuavis Anima! qualem te dicam bonam
Antehac fuiſſe, tales cùm ſint reliquiæ!
Phædr. Fab. 1. l. 3. v. 5.

O ſweet Soul! how good muſt you have been heretofore, when your Remains are ſo delicious!

WHEN I reflect upon the various Fate of thoſe Multitudes of ancient Writers who flouriſhed in *Greece* and *Italy*, I conſider Time as an immenſe Ocean, in which many noble Authors are intirely ſwallowed up, many very much ſhattered and damaged, ſome quite disjointed and broken into pieces, while ſome have wholly eſcaped the common Wreck; but the Number of the laſt is very ſmall.

Appa-

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto. Virg. Æn. 1. v. 122.
One here and there floats on the vaſt Abyſs.

AMONG the mutilated Poets of Antiquity, there is none whoſe Fragments are ſo beautiful as thoſe of *Sappho*. They give us a Taſte of her Way of Writing, which is perfectly conformable with that extraordinary Character we find of her, in the Remarks of thoſe great Criticks who were converſant with her Works when they were intire. One may ſee by what is left of them, that ſhe followed Nature in all her Thoughts, without deſcending to thoſe little Points, Conceits, and Turns of Wit with which many of our modern Lyricks are ſo miſerably infected. Her Soul ſeems to have been made up of Love and Poetry: She felt the Paſſion in all its Warmth, and deſcribed it in all its Symptoms. She is called by ancient Authors the Tenth Muſe; and by *Plutarch* is compared to *Cacus* the Son of *Vulcan*, who breathed out nothing but Flame. I do not know, by the Character that is given of her Works, whether it is not for the Benefit of Mankind that they are loſt. They are filled with ſuch bewitching Tenderneſs and Rapture, that it might have been dangerous to have given them a Reading.

AN inconſtant Lover, called *Phaon*, occaſioned great Calamities to this poetical Lady. She fell deſperately in Love with him, and took a Voyage into *Sicily*, in Purſuit of him, he having withdrawn himſelf thither on purpoſe to avoid her. It was in that Iſland, and on this Occaſion, ſhe is ſuppoſed to have made the Hymn to *Venus*, with a Tranſlation of which I ſhall preſent my Reader. Her Hymn was ineffectual for procuring that Happineſs which ſhe prayed for in it. *Phaon* was ſtill obdurate, and *Sappho* ſo tranſported with the Violence of her Paſſion, that ſhe was reſolved to get rid of it at any Price.

THERE was a Promontory in *Acarnania* called *Leucate*, on the Top of which was a little Temple dedicated to *Apollo*. In this Temple it was uſual for *deſpairing* Lovers to make their Vows in ſecret, and afterwards to fling themſelves from the Top of the Precipice into the Sea, where they were ſometimes taken up alive. This Place was therefore called, *The Lover's Leap*; and whether or no the

the Fright they had been in, or the Reſolution that could puſh them to ſo dreadful a Remedy, or the Bruiſes which they often received in their Fall, baniſhed all the tender Sentiments of Love, and gave their Spirits another Turn; thoſe who had taken this Leap were obſerved never to relapſe into that Paſſion. *Sappho* tried the Cure, but periſhed in the Experiment.

AFTER having given this ſhort Account of *Sappho* ſo far as it regards the following Ode, I ſhall ſubjoin the Tranſlation of it as it was ſent me by a Friend, whoſe admirable Paſtorals and *Winter-Piece* have been already ſo well received. The Reader will find in it that pathetick Simplicity which is ſo peculiar to him, and ſo ſuitable to the Ode he has here tranſlated. This Ode in the Greek (beſides thoſe Beauties obſerved by Madam *Dacier*) has ſeveral harmonious Turns in the Words, which are not loſt in the *Engliſh*: I muſt farther add, that the Tranſlation has preſerved every Image and Sentiment of *Sappho*, notwithſtanding it has all the Eaſe and Spirit of an Original. In a word, if the Ladies have a mind to know the Manner of Writing practiſed by the ſo much celebrated *Sappho*, they may here ſee it in its genuine and natural Beauty, without any foreign or affected Ornaments.

An HYMN to *VENUS*.

I.

O Venus *Beauty of the Skies,*
To whom a Thouſand Temples riſe,
Gaily falſe in gentle Smiles,
Full of Love-perplexing Wiles;
O Goddeſs! from my Heart remove
The waſting Cares and Pains of Love.

II.

If ever thou haſt kindly heard
A Song in ſoft Diſtreſs preferr'd,
Propitious to my tuneful Vow,
O gentle Goddeſs! hear me now.
Deſcend thou bright, immortal Gueſt,
In all thy radiant Charms confeſt.

III. *Thou*

III.

Thou once didſt leave Almighty Jove,
And all the Golden Roofs above:
The Car thy wanton Sparrows drew,
Hov'ring in Air they lightly flew;
As to my Bower they wing'd their Way,
I ſaw their quiv'ring Pinions play.

IV.

The Birds diſmiſt (while you remain)
Bore back their empty Car again:
Then you with Looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly Feature ſmil'd,
And aſk'd what new Complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my Aid?

V.

What Frenzy in my Boſom rag'd,
And by what Cure to be aſſuag'd?
What gentle Youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful Toils ſecure?
Who does thy tender Heart ſubdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, *tell me who?*

VI.

Tho' now he ſhuns thy longing Arms,
He ſoon ſhall court thy ſlighted Charms;
Tho' now thy Off'rings he deſpiſe,
He ſoon to thee ſhall ſacrifice;
Tho' now he freeze, he ſoon ſhall burn,
And be thy Victim in his Turn.

VII.

Celeſtial Viſitant, once more
Thy needful Preſence I implore!
In Pity come and eaſe my Grief,
Bring my diſtemper'd Soul Relief,
Favour thy Suppliant's hidden Fires,
And give me All my Heart deſires.

MADAM *Dacier* obſerves, there is ſomething very pretty in that Circumſtance of this Ode, wherein *Venus* is deſcribed as ſending away her Chariot upon her Arrival at *Sappho*'s Lodgings, to denote that it was not a ſhort tranſient Viſit which ſhe intended to make her. This Ode was preſerved by an eminent *Greek* Critick, who inſerted it

it intire in his Works, as a Pattern of Perfection in the Structure of it.

LONGINUS has quoted another Ode of this great Poeteſs, which is likewiſe admirable in its Kind, and has been tranſlated by the ſame Hand with the foregoing one. I ſhall oblige my Reader with it in another Paper. In the mean while, I cannot but wonder, that theſe two finiſhed Pieces have never been attempted before by any of our own Countrymen. But the Truth of it is, the Compoſitions of the Ancients, which have not in them any of thoſe unnatural Witticiſms that are the Delight of ordinary Readers, are extremely difficult to render into another Tongue, ſo as the Beauties of the Original may not appear weak and faded in the Tranſlation. C

N° 224 *Friday, November* 16.

— Fulgente trahit conſtrictos Gloria curru
Non minùs ignotos generoſis — Hor. Sat. 6. l. 1. v. 23.

— Glory's ſhining Chariot ſwiftly draws
With equal Whirl the noble and the baſe. CREECH.

IF we look abroad upon the great Multitude of Mankind, and endeavour to trace out the Principles of Action in every Individual, it will, I think, ſeem highly probable that Ambition runs through the whole Species, and that every Man in Proportion to the Vigour of his Complexion is more or leſs actuated by it. It is indeed no uncommon Thing to meet with Men, who, by the natural Bent of their Inclinations, and without the Diſcipline of Philoſophy, aſpire not to the Heights of Power and Grandeur; who never ſet their Hearts upon a numerous Train of Clients and Dependencies, nor other gay Appendages of Greatneſs; who are contented with a Competency, and will not moleſt their Tranquillity to gain an Abundance: But it is not therefore to be concluded that ſuch a Man is not Ambitious; his Deſires may have cut out another Channel, and determined him to other Purſuits; the Motive however may be ſtill the ſame; and in theſe Caſes

Caſes likewiſe the Man may be equally puſh'd on with the Deſire of Diſtinction.

THOUGH the pure Conſciouſneſs of worthy Actions, abſtracted from the Views of popular Applauſe, be to a generous Mind an ample Reward, yet the Deſire of Diſtinction was doubtleſs implanted in our Natures as an additional Incentive to exert ourſelves in virtuous Excellence.

THIS Paſſion indeed, like all others, is frequently perverted to evil and ignoble Purpoſes; ſo that we may account for many of the Excellencies and Follies of Life upon the ſame innate Principle, to wit, the Deſire of being remarkable: For this, as it has been differently cultivated by Education, Study and Converſe, will bring forth ſuitable Effects as it falls in with an ingenuous Diſpoſition, or a corrupt Mind; it does accordingly expreſs itſelf in Acts of Magnanimity or ſelfiſh Cunning, as it meets with a good or a weak Underſtanding. As it has been employed in embelliſhing the Mind, or adorning the Outſide, it renders the Man eminently praiſe-worthy or ridiculous. Ambition therefore is not to be confined only to one Paſſion or Purſuit; for as the ſame Humours, in Conſtitutions otherwiſe different, affect the Body after different Manners, ſo the ſame aſpiring Principle within us ſometimes breaks forth upon one Object, ſometimes upon another.

IT cannot be doubted, but that there is as great Deſire of Glory in a Ring of Wreſtlers or Cudgel-Players, as in any other more refined Competition for Superiority. No Man that could avoid it, would ever ſuffer his Head to be broken but out of a Principle of Honour. This is the ſecret Spring that puſhes them forward; and the Superiority which they gain above the undiſtinguiſh'd many, does more than repair thoſe Wounds they have received in the Combat. 'Tis Mr. *Waller*'s Opinion, that *Julius Cæſar*, had he not been Maſter of the *Roman* Empire, would in all Probability have made an excellent Wreſtler.

Great Julius *on the Mountains bred,*
A Flock perhaps or Herd had led;
He that the World ſubdu'd, had been
But the beſt Wreſtler on the Green.

That

That he ſubdu'd the World, was owing to the Accidents of Art and Knowledge; had he not met with thoſe Advantages, the ſame Sparks of Emulation would have kindled within him, and prompted him to diſtinguiſh himſelf in ſome Enterpriſe of a lower Nature. Since therefore no Man's Lot is ſo unalterably fixed in this Life, but that a thouſand Accidents may either forward or diſappoint his Advancement, it is, methinks, a pleaſant and inoffenſive Speculation, to conſider a great Man as diveſted of all the adventitious Circumſtances of Fortune, and to bring him down in one's Imagination to that low Station of Life, the Nature of which bears ſome diſtant Reſemblance to that high one he is at preſent poſſeſſed of. Thus one may view him exerciſing in Miniature thoſe Talents of Nature, which being drawn out by Education to their full Length, enable him for the Diſcharge of ſome important Employment. On the other hand, one may raiſe uneducated Merit to ſuch a Pitch of Greatneſs as may ſeem equal to the poſſible Extent of his improved Capacity.

THUS Nature furniſhes a Man with a general Appetite of Glory, Education determines it to this or that particular Object. The Deſire of Diſtinction is not, I think, in any Inſtance more obſervable than in the Variety of Outſides and new Appearances, which the modiſh Part of the World are obliged to provide, in order to make themſelves remarkable; for any Thing glaring and particular, either in Behaviour or Apparel, is known to have this good Effect, that it catches the Eye, and will not ſuffer you to paſs over the Perſon ſo adorned without due Notice and Obſervation. It has likewiſe, upon this Account, been frequently reſented as a very great Slight, to leave any Gentleman out of a Lampoon or Satire, who has as much Right to be there as his Neighbour, becauſe it ſuppoſes the Perſon not eminent enough to be taken notice of. To this paſſionate Fondneſs for Diſtinction are owing various frolickſom and irregular Practices, as ſallying out into Nocturnal Exploits, breaking of Windows, ſinging of Catches, beating the Watch, getting drunk twice a Day, killing a great Number of Horſes; with many other Enterpriſes of the like fiery Nature: For certainly many

IT may be thought then but common Prudence in a Man not to change a better State for a worſe, nor ever to quit that which he knows he ſhall take up again with Pleaſure; and yet if human Life be not a little moved with the gentle Gales of Hopes and Fears, there may be ſome Danger of its ſtagnating in an unmanly Indolence and Security. It is a known Story of *Domitian*, that after he had poſſeſſed himſelf of the *Roman* Empire, his Deſires turn'd upon catching Flies. Active and maſculine Spirits in the Vigour of Youth neither can nor ought to remain at Reſt; If they debar themſelves from aiming at a noble Object, their Deſires will move downwards, and they will feel themſelves actuated by ſome low and abject Paſſion. Thus if you cut off the top Branches of a Tree, and will not ſuffer it to grow any higher, it will not therefore ceaſe to grow, but will quickly ſhoot out at the Bottom. The Man indeed who goes into the World only with the narrow Views of Self-Intereſt, who catches at the Applauſe of an idle Multitude, as he can find no ſolid Contentment at the End of his Journey, ſo he deſerves to meet with Diſappointments in his Way; but he who is actuated by a noble Principle, whoſe Mind is ſo far enlarged as to take in the Proſpect of his Country's Good, who is enamoured with that Praiſe which is one of the fair Attendants of Virtue, and values not thoſe Acclamations which are not ſeconded by the impartial Teſtimony of his own Mind; who repines not at the low Station which Providence has at preſent allotted him, but yet would willingly advance himſelf by juſtifiable Means to a more-riſing and advantageous Ground; ſuch a Man is warmed with a generous Emulation; it is a virtuous Movement in him to wiſh and to endeavour that his Power of doing Good may be equal to his Will.

THE Man who is fitted out by Nature, and ſent into the World with great Abilities, is capable of doing great Good or Miſchief in it. It ought therefore to be the Care of Education to infuſe into the untainted Youth early Notices of Juſtice and Honour, that ſo the poſſible Advantages of good Parts may not take an evil Turn, nor be perverted to baſe and unworthy Purpoſes. It is the Buſineſs of Religion and Philoſophy not ſo much to extinguiſh our Paſſions, as to regulate and direct them

to

many a Man is more rakiſh and extravagant than he would willingly be, were there not others to look on and give their Approbation.

ONE very common, and at the ſame time the moſt abſurd Ambition that ever ſhewed itſelf in human Nature, is that which comes upon a Man with Experience and old Age, the Seaſon when it might be expected he ſhould be wiſeſt; and therefore it cannot receive any of thoſe leſſening Circumſtances which do, in ſome meaſure, excuſe the diſorderly Ferments of youthful Blood: I mean the Paſſion for getting Money, excluſive of the Character of the provident Father, the affectionate Husband, or the generous Friend. It may be remarked, for the Comfort of honeſt Poverty, that this Deſire reigns moſt in thoſe who have but few good Qualities to recommend them. This is a Weed that will grow in a barren Soil. Humanity, Good-nature, and the Advantages of a liberal Education, are incompatible with Avarice. 'Tis ſtrange to ſee how ſuddenly this abject Paſſion kills all the noble Sentiments and generous Ambitions that adorn human Nature; it renders the Man who is over-run with it a peeviſh and cruel Maſter, a ſevere Parent, an unſociable Husband, a diſtant and miſtruſtful Friend. But it is more to the preſent Purpoſe to conſider it as an abſurd Paſſion of the Heart, rather than as a vicious Affection of the Mind. As there are frequent Inſtances to be met with of a proud Humility, ſo this Paſſion, contrary to moſt others, affects Applauſe, by avoiding all Show and Appearance; for this Reaſon it will not ſometimes endure even the common Decencies of Apparel. *A covetous Man will call himſelf poor, that you may ſooth his Vanity by contradicting him.* Love and the Deſire of Glory, as they are the moſt natural, ſo they are capable of being refined into the moſt delicate and rational Paſſions. 'Tis true, the wiſe Man who ſtrikes out of the ſecret Paths of a private Life, for Honour and Dignity, allured by the Splendor of a Court, and the unfelt Weight of publick Employment, whether he ſucceeds in his Attempts or no, uſually comes near enough to this painted Greatneſs to diſcern the Dawbing; he is then deſirous of extricating himſelf out of the Hurry of Life, that he may paſs away the Remainder of his Days in Tranquillity and Retirement.

IT

to valuable well-choſen Objects: When theſe have pointed out to us which Courſe we may lawfully ſteer, 'tis no Harm to ſet out all our Sail; if the Storms and Tempeſts of Adverſity ſhould riſe upon us, and not ſuffer us to make the Haven where we would be, it will however prove no ſmall Conſolation to us in theſe Circumſtances, that we have neither miſtaken our Courſe, nor fallen into Calamities of our own procuring.

RELIGION therefore (were we to conſider it no farther than as it interpoſes in the Affairs of this Life) is highly valuable, and worthy of great Veneration; as it ſettles the various Pretenſions, and otherwiſe interfering Intereſts of mortal Men, and thereby conſults the Harmony and Order of the great Community; as it gives a Man room to play his Part, and exert his Abilities; as it animates to Actions truly laudable in themſelves, in their Effects beneficial to Society; as it inſpires rational Ambition, correct Love, and elegant Deſire.

N° 225 *Saturday, November* 17.

Nullum numen abeſt ſi ſit Prudentia——

Juv. Sat. 10. v. 365.

Prudence ſupplies the Want of ev'ry God.

I Have often thought if the Minds of Men were laid open, we ſhould ſee but little Difference between that of the wiſe Man and that of the Fool. There are infinite *Reveries*, numberleſs Extravagancies, and a perpetual Train of Vanities which paſs through both. The great Difference is that the firſt knows how to pick and cull his Thoughts for Converſation, by ſuppreſſing ſome, and communicating others; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in Words. This ſort of Diſcretion, however, has no Place in private Converſation between intimate Friends. On ſuch Occaſions the wiſeſt Men very often talk like the weakeſt; for indeed the talking with a Friend is nothing elſe but *thinking aloud*.

TULLY has therefore very juſtly expoſed a Precept delivered by ſome ancient Writers, That a Man ſhould live with his Enemy in ſuch a manner, as might leave him room to become his Friend; and with his Friend in ſuch a manner, that if he became his Enemy, it ſhould not be in his Power to hurt him. The firſt Part of this Rule, which regards our Behaviour towards an Enemy, is indeed very reaſonable, as well as very prudential; but the latter Part of it which regards our Behaviour towards a Friend, ſavours more of Cunning than of Diſcretion, and would cut a Man off from the greateſt Pleaſures of Life, which are the Freedoms of Converſation with a Boſom Friend. Beſides that when a Friend is turned into an Enemy, and, (as the Son of *Sirach* calls him) a Bewrayer of Secrets, the World is juſt enough to accuſe the Perfidiouſneſs of the Friend, rather than the Indiſcretion of the Perſon who confided in him.

DISCRETION does not only ſhew itſelf in Words, but in all the Circumſtances of Action; and is like an Under-Agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary Concerns of Life.

THERE are many more ſhining Qualities in the Mind of Man, but there is none ſo uſeful as Diſcretion; it is this indeed which gives a Value to all the reſt, which ſets them at work in their proper Times and Places, and turns them to the Advantage of the Perſon who is poſſeſſed of them. Without it Learning is Pedantry, and Wit Impertinence; Virtue itſelf looks like Weakneſs; the beſt Parts only qualify a Man to be more ſprightly in Errors, and active to his own Prejudice.

NOR does Diſcretion only make a Man the Maſter of his own Parts, but of other Mens. The diſcreet Man finds out the Talents of thoſe he converſes with, and knows how to apply them to proper Uſes. Accordingly if we look into particular Communities and Diviſions of Men, we may obſerve that it is the diſcreet Man, not the Witty, nor the Learned, nor the Brave, who guides the Converſation, and gives Meaſures to the Society. A Man with great Talents, but void of Diſcretion, is like *Polyphemus* in the Fable, ſtrong and blind, endued with an irreſiſtible Force, which for want of Sight is of no Uſe to him.

THOUGH

THOUGH a Man has all other Perfections, and wants Diſcretion, he will be of no great Conſequence in the World; but if he has this ſingle Talent in Perfection, and but a common Share of others, he may do what he pleaſes in his particular Station of Life.

AT the ſame time that I think Diſcretion the moſt uſeful Talent a Man can be Maſter of, I look upon Cunning to be the Accompliſhment of little, mean, ungenerous Minds. Diſcretion points out the nobleſt Ends to us, and purſues the moſt proper and laudable Methods of attaining them: Cunning has only private ſelfiſh Aims, and ſticks at nothing which may make them ſucceed. Diſcretion has large and extended Views, and, like a well-formed Eye, commands a whole Horizon: Cunning is a Kind of Short-ſightedneſs, that diſcovers the minuteſt Objects which are near at hand, but is not able to diſcern things at a diſtance. Diſcretion, the more it is diſcovered, gives a greater Authority to the Perſon who poſſeſſes it: Cunning, when it is once detected, loſes its Force, and makes a Man incapable of bringing about even thoſe Events which he might have done, had he paſſed only for a plain Man. Diſcretion is the Perfection of Reaſon, and a Guide to us in all the Duties of Life; Cunning is a kind of Inſtinct, that only looks out after our immediate Intereſt and Welfare. Diſcretion is only found in Men of ſtrong Senſe and good Underſtandings: Cunning is often to be met with in Brutes themſelves, and in Perſons who are but the feweſt Removes from them. In ſhort Cunning is only the Mimick of Diſcretion, and may paſs upon weak Men, in the ſame manner as Vivacity is often miſtaken for Wit, and Gravity for Wiſdom.

THE Caſt of Mind which is natural to a diſcreet Man, makes him look forward into Futurity, and conſider what will be his Condition Millions of Ages hence, as well as what it is at preſent. He knows that the Miſery or Happineſs which are reſerv'd for him in another World, loſe nothing of their Reality by being placed at ſo great Diſtance from him. The Objects do not appear little to him becauſe they are remote. He conſiders that thoſe Pleaſures and Pains which lie hid in Eternity, approach nearer to him every Moment, and will be

preſent with him in their full Weight and Meaſure, as much as thoſe Pains and Pleaſures which he feels at this very Inſtant. For this Reaſon he is careful to ſecure to himſelf that which is the proper Happineſs of his Nature, and the ultimate Deſign of his Being. He carries his Thoughts to the End of every Action, and conſiders the moſt diſtant as well as the moſt immediate Effects of it. He ſuperſedes every little Proſpect of Gain and Advantage which offers itſelf here, if he does not find it conſiſtent with his Views of an Hereafter. In a word, his Hopes are full of Immortality, his Schemes are large and glorious, and his Conduct ſuitable to one who knows his true Intereſt, and how to purſue it by proper Methods.

I have, in this Eſſay upon Diſcretion, conſidered it both as an Accompliſhment and as a Virtue, and have therefore deſcribed it in its full Extent; not only as it is converſant about worldly Affairs, but as it regards our whole Exiſtence; not only as it is the Guide of a mortal Creature, but as it is in general the Director of a reaſonable Being. It is in this Light that Diſcretion is repreſented by the wiſe Man, who ſometimes mentions it under the Name of Diſcretion, and ſometimes under that of Wiſdom. It is indeed (as deſcribed in the latter Part of this Paper) the greateſt Wiſdom, but at the ſame time in the Power of every one to attain. Its Advantages are infinite, but its Acquiſition eaſy; or to ſpeak of her in the Words of the Apocryphal Writer whom I quoted in my laſt *Saturday*'s Paper, *Wiſdom is glorious, and never fadeth away, yet ſhe is eaſily ſeen of them that love her, and found of ſuch as ſeek her. She preventeth them that deſire her, in making herſelf firſt known unto them. He that ſeeketh her early, ſhall have no great Travel: for he ſhall find her ſitting at his Doors. To think therefore upon her is Perfection of Wiſdom, and whoſo watcheth for her ſhall quickly be without Care. For ſhe goeth about ſeeking ſuch as are worthy of her, ſheweth herſelf favourably unto them in the Ways, and meeteth them in every Thought.* C

N° 226 *Monday, November* 19.

———*Mutum eſt picturæ poema.*
A Picture is a Poem without Words.

I Have very often lamented and hinted my Sorrow in ſeveral Speculations, that the Art of Painting is made ſo little Uſe of to the Improvement of our Manners. When we conſider that it places the Action of the Perſon repreſented in the moſt agreeable Aſpect imaginable, that it does not only expreſs the Paſſion or Concern as it ſits upon him who is drawn, but has under thoſe Features the Height of the Painter's Imagination, What ſtrong Images of Virtue and Humanity might we not expect would be inſtilled into the Mind from the Labours of the Pencil? There is a Poetry which would be underſtood with much leſs Capacity, and leſs Expence of Time, than what is taught by Writings; but the Uſe of it is generally perverted, and that admirable Skill proſtituted to the baſeſt and moſt unworthy Ends. Who is the better Man for beholding the moſt beautiful *Venus*, the beſt wrought *Bacchanal*, the Images of ſleeping *Cupids*, languiſhing Nymphs, or any of the Repreſentations of Gods, Goddeſſes, Demigods, Satyrs, *Polyphemes*, Sphinxes, or Fawns? But if the Virtues and Vices, which are ſometimes pretended to be repreſented under ſuch Draughts, were given us by the Painter in the Characters of real Life, and the Perſons of Men and Women whoſe Actions have rendered them laudable or infamous; we ſhould not ſee a good Hiſtory-Piece without receiving an inſtructive Lecture. There needs no other Proof of this Truth, than the Teſtimony of every reaſonable Creature who has ſeen the Cartons in her Majeſty's Gallery at *Hampton-Court*: Theſe are Repreſentations of no leſs Actions than thoſe of our bleſſed Saviour and his Apoſtles. As I now ſit and recollect the warm Images which the admirable *Raphael* has raiſed, it is impoſſible even from the faint Traces in one's

Memory of what one has not ſeen theſe two Years, to be unmoved at the Horror and Reverence which appear in the whole Aſſembly when the mercenary Man fell down dead; at the Amazement of the Man born blind, when he firſt receives Sight; or at the graceleſs Indignation of the Sorcerer, when he is ſtruck blind. The Lame, when they firſt find Strength in their Feet, ſtand doubtful of their new Vigour. The heavenly Apoſtles appear acting theſe great Things, with a deep Senſe of the Infirmities which they relieve, but no Value of themſelves who adminiſter to their Weakneſs. They know themſelves to be but Inſtruments; and the generous Diſtreſs they are painted in when divine Honours are offered to them, is a Repreſentation in the moſt exquiſite Degree of the Beauty of Holineſs. When St. *Paul* is preaching to the *Athenians*, with what wonderful Art are almoſt all the different Tempers of Mankind repreſented in that elegant Audience? You ſee one credulous of all that is ſaid, another wrapt up in deep Suſpence, another ſaying there is ſome Reaſon in what he ſays, another angry that the Apoſtle deſtroys a favourite Opinion which he is unwilling to give up, another wholly convinced and holding out his Hands in Rapture, while the Generality attend, and wait for the Opinion of thoſe who are of leading Characters in the Aſſembly. I will not pretend ſo much as to mention that Chart on which is drawn the Appearance of our bleſſed Lord after his Reſurrection. Preſent Authority, late Sufferings, Humility and Majeſty, deſpotick Command, and divine Love, are at once ſeated in his celeſtial Aſpect. The Figures of the eleven Apoſtles are all in the ſame Paſſion of Admiration, but diſcover it differently according to their Characters. *Peter* receives his Maſter's Orders on his Knees with an Admiration mixed with a more particular Attention: The two next with a more open Ecſtaſy, though ſtill conſtrained by the Awe of the divine Preſence: The beloved Diſciple, whom I take to be the Right of the two firſt Figures, has in his Countenance Wonder drowned in Love; and the laſt Perſonage, whoſe Back is towards the Spectators, and his Side towards the Preſence, one would fancy to be St. *Thomas*, as abaſhed by the Conſcience of his former Diffidence; which perplexed

plexed Concern it is poſſible *Raphael* thought too hard a Taſk to draw but by this Acknowledgment of the Difficulty to deſcribe it.

THE whole Work is an Exerciſe of the higheſt Piety in the Painter; and all the Touches of a religious Mind are expreſſed in a Manner much more forcible than can poſſibly be performed by the moſt moving Eloquence. Theſe invaluable Pieces are very juſtly in the Hands of the greateſt and moſt pious Sovereign in the World; and cannot be the frequent Object of every one at their own Leiſure: But as an Engraver is to the Painter what a Printer is to an Author, it is worthy Her Majeſty's Name, that ſhe has encouraged that noble Artiſt, Monſieur *Dorigny*, to publiſh theſe Works of *Raphael*. We have of this Gentleman a Piece of the Transfiguration, which, I think, is held a Work ſecond to none in the World.

METHINKS it would be ridiculous in our People of Condition after their large Bounties to Foreigners of no Name or Merit, ſhould they overlook this Occaſion of having, for a trifling Subſcription, a Work which it is impoſſible for a Man of Senſe to behold, without being warmed with the nobleſt Sentiments that can be inſpired by Love, Admiration, Compaſſion, Contempt of this World, and Expectation of a better.

IT is certainly the greateſt Honour we can do our Country, to diſtinguiſh Strangers of Merit who apply to us with Modeſty and Diffidence, which generally accompanies Merit. No Opportunity of this Kind ought to be neglected; and a modeſt Behaviour ſhould alarm us to examine whether we do not loſe ſomething excellent under that Diſadvantage in the Poſſeſſor of that Quality. My Skill in Paintings, where one is not directed by the Paſſion of the Pictures, is ſo inconſiderable, that I am in very great Perplexity when I offer to ſpeak of any Performances of Painters of Landſkips, Buildings, or ſingle Figures. This makes me at a loſs how to mention the Pieces which Mr. *Boul* expoſes to Sale by Auction on *Wedneſday next* in *Shandois-ſtreet*: But having heard him commended by thoſe who have bought of him heretofore for great Integrity in his Dealing, and overheard him himſelf (tho' a laudable Painter) ſay, Nothing of his own was fit to come into the Room

with thoſe he had to ſell, I fear'd I ſhould loſe an Occaſion of ſerving a Man of Worth, in omitting to ſpeak of his Auction. T

N° 227 *Tueſday, November* 20.

Ὤ μοι ἐγώ τι πάθω; τί ὁ δύσμορος; οὐχ ὑπακούεις;
Τὰν βαίταν ἀποδὺς εἰς κύματα τῆνα ἁλεῦμαι
Ὥπερ τὼς δύννως σκοπιάζεϑ' Ὄλπις ὁ γειπεύς.
Κἤκα μὴ ποθάνω, τό γε μὰν τεὸν ἄδυ τέτυκται.
Theocr.

IN my laſt *Thurſday*'s Paper I made mention of a Place called *The Lover's Leap*, which I find has raiſed a great Curioſity among ſeveral of my Correſpondents. I there told them that this Leap was uſed to be taken from a Promontory of *Leucas*. This *Leucas* was formerly a Part of *Acarnania*, being joined to it by a narrow Neck of Land, which the Sea has by Length of Time overflowed and waſhed away; ſo that at preſent *Leucas* is divided from the Continent, and is a little Iſland in the *Ionian* Sea. The Promontory of this Iſland, from whence the Lover took his Leap, was formerly called *Leucate*. If the Reader has a mind to know both the Iſland and the Promontory by their modern Titles, he will find in his Map the ancient Iſland of *Leucas* under the Name of St. *Mauro*, and the ancient Promontory of *Leucate* under the Name of *The Cape of St.* Mauro.

SINCE I am engaged thus far in Antiquity, I muſt obſerve that *Theocritus* in the Motto prefixed to my Paper, deſcribes one of his deſpairing Shepherds addreſſing himſelf to his Miſtreſs after the following manner, *Alas! What will become of me! Wretch that I am! Will you not hear me? I'll throw off my Clothes, and take a Leap into that Part of the Sea which is ſo much frequented by* Olphis *the Fiſherman. And tho' I ſhould eſcape with my Life, I know you will be pleaſed with it.* I ſhall leave it with the Criticks to

to determine whether the Place, which this Shepherd ſo particularly points out, was not the above-mentioned *Leucate*, or at leaſt ſome other Lover's Leap, which was ſuppoſed to have had the ſame Effect. I cannot believe, as all the Interpreters do, that the Shepherd means nothing farther here than that he would drown himſelf, ſince he repreſents the Iſſue of his Leap as doubtful, by adding, That if he ſhould eſcape with Life, he knows his Miſtreſs would be pleaſed with it; which is according to our Interpretation, that ſhe would rejoice any way to get rid of a Lover who was ſo troubleſom to her.

AFTER this ſhort Preface, I ſhall preſent my Reader with ſome Letters which I have received upon this Subject. The firſt is ſent me by a Phyſician.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Lover's Leap, which you mention in your '223d Paper, was generally, I believe, a very ef-'fectual Cure for Love, and not only for Love, but for 'all other Evils. In ſhort, Sir, I am afraid it was ſuch a 'Leap as that which *Hero* took to get rid of her Paſ-'ſion for *Leander*. A Man is in no Danger of breaking 'his Heart, who breaks his Neck to prevent it. I know 'very well the Wonders which ancient Authors relate 'concerning this Leap; and in particular, that very 'many Perſons who tried it, eſcaped not only with 'their Lives but their Limbs. If by this Means they 'got rid of their Love, tho' it may in part be aſcribed 'to the Reaſons you give for it; why may not we 'ſuppoſe that the cold Bath into which they plunged 'themſelves, had alſo ſome Share in their Cure? A 'Leap into the Sea or into any Creek of Salt Waters, 'very often gives a new Motion to the Spirits, and a new 'Turn to the Blood; for which Reaſon we preſcribe it 'in Diſtempers which no other Medicine will reach. I 'could produce a Quotation out of a very venerable 'Author, in which the Frenzy produced by Love, is 'compared to that which is produced by the Biting of a 'mad Dog. But as this Compariſon is a little too coarſe 'for your Paper, and might look as if it were cited to 'ridicule the Author who has made uſe of it; I ſhall on-'ly hint at it, and deſire you to conſider whether, if the

'Frenzy produced by theſe two different Cauſes be of 'the ſame Nature, it may not very properly be cured by 'the ſame Means.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

and Well-wiſher,

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a young Woman croſſed in Love. My Story is 'very long and melancholy. To give you the Heads 'of it: A young Gentleman, after having made his Ap-'plications to me for three Years together, and filled my 'Head with a thouſand Dreams of Happineſs, ſome few 'Days ſince married another. Pray tell me in what Part 'of the World your Promontory lies, which you call *The 'Lover's Leap*, and whether one may go to it by Land? 'But, alas, I am afraid it has loſt its Virtue, and that a 'Woman of our Times would find no more Relief in 'taking ſuch a Leap, than in ſinging an Hymn to *Venus*. 'So that I muſt cry out with *Dido* in *Dryden*'s *Virgil*,

Ah! cruel Heaven, that made no Cure for Love!

Your diſconſolate Servant,

ATHENAIS.

MISTER SPICTATUR,

'MY Heart is ſo full of Loſes and Paſſions for 'Mrs. *Gwinifrid*, and ſhe is ſo pettiſh and over-'run with Cholers againſt me, that if I had the good 'Happineſs to have my Dwelling (which is placed by 'my Creat-Cranfather upon the Pottom of an Hill) no 'farther Diſtance but twenty Mile from the Loſer's Leap, 'I would indeed indeafour to preak my Neck upon 'it on Purpoſe. Now, good Miſter SPICTATUR of '*Crete Pritain*, you muſt know it there is in *Caer-'narvanſhire* a very pig Mountain, the Clory of all '*Wales*, which is named *Penmainmaure*, and you muſt 'alſo know, it is no great Journey on Foot from me; 'but the Road is ſtony and bad for Shooes. Now, 'there is upon the Forehead of this Mountain a very

'high

'high Rock, (like a Pariſh Steeple) that cometh a huge 'deal over the Sea; ſo when I am in my Melancholies, 'and I do throw myſelf from it, I do deſire my very 'good Friend to tell me in his *Spectatur*, if I ſhall be 'cure of my griefous Loſes; for there is the Sea clear as 'Glaſs, and as creen as the Leek: Then likewiſe if I be 'drown, and preak my Neck, if Mrs. *Gwinifrid* will 'not loſe me afterwards. Pray be ſpeedy in your An-'ſwers, for I am in crete Haſte, and it is my Teſires to 'do my Puſineſs without Loſs of Time. I remain with 'cordial Affections, your ever loſing Friend,

Davyth ap Shenkyn.

P. S. 'My Law-ſuits have brought me to *London*, but 'I have loſt my Cauſes; and ſo have made my Reſolu-'tions to go down and leap before the Froſts begin; for 'I am apt to take Colds.

RIDICULE, perhaps, is a better Expedient againſt Love than ſober Advice, and I am of Opinion, that *Hudibras* and *Don Quixote* may be as effectual to cure the Extravagancies of this Paſſion, as any of the old Philoſophers. I ſhall therefore publiſh very ſpeedily the Tranſlation of a little *Greek* Manuſcript, which is ſent me by a learned Friend. It appears to have been a Piece of thoſe Records which were kept in the Temple of *Apollo*, that ſtood upon the Promontory of *Leucate*. The Reader will find it to be a Summary Account of ſeveral Perſons who tried the Lover's Leap, and of the Succeſs they found in it. As there ſeem to be in it ſome Anachroniſms and Deviations from the ancient Orthography, I am not wholly ſatisfied myſelf that it is authentick, and not rather the Production of one of thoſe *Grecian* Sophiſters, who have impoſed upon the World ſeveral ſpurious Works of this Nature. I ſpeak this by way of Precaution, becauſe I know there are ſeveral Writers, of uncommon Erudition, who would not fail to expoſe my Ignorance, if they caught me tripping in a Matter of ſo great Moment,

C

Wedneſday,

Nº 228 *Wedneſday, November* 21.

Percunctatorem fugito, nam Garrulus idem eſt.
Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 69.

Shun the inquiſitive and curious Man;
For what he hears he will relate again. POOLY.

THERE is a Creature who has all the Organs of Speech, a tolerable good Capacity for conceiving what is ſaid to it, together with a pretty proper Behaviour in all the Occurrences of common Life; but naturally very vacant of Thought in itſelf, and therefore forced to apply itſelf to foreign Aſſiſtances. Of this Make is that Man who is very inquiſitive. You may often obſerve, that tho' he ſpeaks as good Senſe as any Man upon any thing with which he is well acquainted, he cannot truſt to the Range of his own Fancy to entertain himſelf upon that Foundation, but goes on ſtill to new Inquiries. Thus, tho' you know he is fit for the moſt polite Converſation, you ſhall ſee him very well contented to ſit by a Jockey, giving an Account of the many Revolutions in his Horſe's Health, what Potion he made him take, how that agreed with him, how afterwards he came to his Stomach and his Exerciſe, or any the like Impertinence; and be as well pleaſed as if you talked to him on the moſt important Truths. This Humour is far from making a Man unhappy, tho' it may ſubject him to Rallery; for he generally falls in with a Perſon who ſeems to be born for him, which is your talkative Fellow. It is ſo ordered, that there is a ſecret Bent, as natural as the Meeting of different Sexes, in theſe two Characters, to ſupply each other's Wants. I had the Honour the other Day to ſit in a publick Room, and ſaw an inquiſitive Man look with an Air of Satisfaction upon the Approach of one of theſe Talkers. The Man of ready Utterance ſat down by him, and rubbing his Head, leaning on his Arm, and making an uneaſy Countenance, he began; 'There is no manner of News To-

'day.

'day. I cannot tell what is the Matter with me, but 'I ſlept very ill laſt Night; whether I caught Cold or no, 'I know not, but I fancy I do not wear Shoes thick 'enough for the Weather, and I have coughed all this 'Week: It muſt be ſo, for the Cuſtom of waſhing my 'Head Winter and Summer with cold Water, prevents 'any Injury from the Seaſon entering that Way; ſo it 'muſt come in at my Feet; But I take no Notice of it: 'as it comes ſo it goes. Moſt of our Evils proceed from 'too much Tenderneſs; and our Faces are naturally as 'little able to reſiſt the Cold as other Parts. The *Indian* 'anſwered very well to an *European*, who aſked him how 'he could go naked; I am all Face.

I obſerved this Diſcourſe was as welcome to my general Inquirer as any other of more Conſequence could have been; but ſome Body calling our Talker to another Part of the Room, the Inquirer told the next Man who ſat by him, that Mr. ſuch a one, who was juſt gone from him, uſed to waſh his Head in cold Water every Morning; and ſo repeated almoſt *verbatim* all that had been ſaid to him. The Truth is, the Inquiſitive are the Funnels of Converſation; they do not take in any thing for their own Uſe, but merely to paſs it to another: They are the Channels through which all the Good and Evil that is ſpoken in Town are conveyed. Such as are offended at them, or think they ſuffer by their Behaviour, may themſelves mend that Inconvenience; for they are not a malicious People, and if you will ſupply them, you may contradict any thing they have ſaid before by their own Mouths. A farther Account of a thing is one of the gratefulleſt Goods that can arrive to them; and it is ſeldom that they are more particular than to ſay, The Town will have it, or I have it from a good Hand: So that there is room for the Town to know the Matter more particularly, and for a better Hand to contradict what was ſaid by a good one.

I have not known this Humour more ridiculous than in a Father, who has been earneſtly ſolicitous to have an Account how his Son has paſſed his leiſure Hours; if it be in a Way thoroughly inſignificant, there cannot be a greater Joy than an Inquirer diſcovers in ſeeing

ſeeing him follow ſo hopefully his own Steps: But this Humour among Men is moſt pleaſant when they are ſaying ſomething which is not wholly proper for a third Perſon to hear, and yet is in itſelf indifferent. The other Day there came in a well-dreſſed young Fellow, and two Gentlemen of this Species immediately fell a whiſpering his Pedigree. I could overhear, by Breaks, She was his Aunt; then an Anſwer, Ay, ſhe was of the Mother's Side: Then again in a little lower Voice, His Father wore generally a darker Wig; Anſwer, Not much. But this Gentleman wears higher Heels to his Shoes.

AS the Inquiſitive, in my Opinion, are ſuch merely from a Vacancy in their own Imaginations, there is nothing, methinks, ſo dangerous as to communicate Secrets to them; for the ſame Temper of Inquiry makes them as impertinently communicative: But no Man, though he converſes with them, need put himſelf in their Power, for they will be contented with Matters of leſs Moment as well. When there is Fuel enough, no matter what it is———Thus the Ends of Sentences in the News Papers, as, *This wants Confirmation*, *This occaſions many Speculations*, and *Time will diſcover the Event*, are read by them, and conſidered not as mere Expletives.

ONE may ſee now and then this Humour accompanied with an inſatiable Deſire of knowing what paſſes, without turning it to any Uſe in the world but merely their own Entertainment. A Mind which is gratified this Way is adapted to Humour and Pleaſantry, and formed for an unconcerned Character in the World; and, like myſelf, to be a mere Spectator. This Curioſity, without Malice or Self-intereſt, lays up in the Imagination a Magazine of Circumſtances which cannot but entertain when they are produced in Converſation. If one were to know, from the Man of the firſt Quality to the meaneſt Servants, the different Intrigues, Sentiments, Pleaſures, and Intereſts of Mankind, would it not be the moſt pleaſing Entertainment imaginable to enjoy ſo conſtant a Farce, as the obſerving Mankind much more different from themſelves in their ſecret Thoughts and publick Actions, than in their Night-caps and long Periwigs?

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'PLUTARCH tells us, that *Caius Gracchus*, the *Roman*, was frequently hurried by his Paſſion into ſo loud and tumultuous a way of Speaking, and ſo ſtrained his Voice as not to be able to proceed. To remedy this Exceſs, he had an ingenious Servant, by Name *Licinius*, always attending him with a Pitch-pipe, or Inſtrument to regulate the Voice; who, whenever he heard his Maſter begin to be high, immediately touched a ſoft Note; at which, 'tis ſaid, *Caius* would preſently abate and grow calm.

'UPON recollecting this Story, I have frequently wondered that this uſeful Inſtrument ſhould have been ſo long diſcontinued; eſpecially ſince we find that this good Office of *Licinius* has preſerved his Memory for many hundred Years, which, methinks, ſhould have encouraged ſome one to have revived it, if not for the publick Good, yet for his own Credit. It may be objected, that our loud Talkers are ſo fond of their own Noiſe, that they would not take it well to be check'd by their Servants: But granting this to be true, ſurely any of their Hearers have a very good Title to play a ſoft Note in their own Defence. To be ſhort, no *Licinius* appearing and the Noiſe increaſing, I was reſolved to give this late long Vacation to the Good of my Country; and I have at length, by the Aſſiſtance of an ingenious Artiſt, (who works to the Royal Society) almoſt compleated my Deſign, and ſhall be ready in a ſhort Time to furniſh the Publick with what Number of theſe Inſtruments they pleaſe, either to lodge at Coffee-houſes, or carry for their own private Uſe. In the mean time I ſhall pay that Reſpect to ſeveral Gentlemen, who I know will be in Danger of offending againſt this Inſtrument, to give them notice of it by private Letters, in which I ſhall only write, *Get a* Licinius.

'I ſhould now trouble you no longer, but that I muſt not conclude without deſiring you to accept one of theſe Pipes, which ſhall be left for you with *Buckley*; and which I hope will be ſerviceable to you, ſince as you

'are

'are ſilent yourſelf you are moſt open to the Inſults of 'the Noiſy.

I am, SIR, &c. W. B.

'I had almoſt forgot to inform you, that as an Im-'provement in this Inſtrument, there will be a particu-'lar Note, which I call a Huſh-Note; and this is to be 'made uſe of againſt a long Story, Swearing, Obſcene-'neſs, and the like. T

N° 229 *Thurſday, November* 22.

——— *Spirat adhuc amor,*
Vivuntque commiſſi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ. Hor. Od. 9. l. 4. v. 10.

Sappho's charming Lyre
Preſerves her ſoft Deſire,
And tunes our raviſh'd Souls to Love. CREECH.

AMONG the many famous Pieces of Antiquity which are ſtill to be ſeen at *Rome*, there is the Trunk of a Statue which has loſt the Arms, Legs, and Head; but diſcovers ſuch an exquiſite Workmanſhip in what remains of it, that *Michael Angelo* declared he had learned his whole Art from it. Indeed he ſtudied it ſo attentively, that he made moſt of his Statues, and even his Pictures in that *Guſto*, to make uſe of the *Italian* Phraſe; for which Reaſon this maimed Statue is ſtill called *Michael Angelo*'s School.

A Fragment of *Sappho*, which I deſign for the Subject of this Paper, is in as great Reputation among the Poets and Criticks, as the mutilated Figure abovementioned is among the Statuaries and Painters. Several of our Countrymen, and Mr. *Dryden* in particular, ſeem very often to have copied after it in their Dramatick Writings, and in their Poems upon Love.

WHATEVER might have been the Occaſion of this Ode, the Engliſh Reader will enter into the Beauties

ties of it, if he ſuppoſes it to have been written in the Perſon of a Lover ſitting by his Miſtreſs. I ſhall ſet to View three different Copies of this beautiful Original: The firſt is a Tranſlation by *Catullus*, the ſecond by Monſieur *Boileau*, and the laſt by a Gentleman whoſe Tranſlation of the *Hymn to Venus* has been ſo deſervedly admired.

Ad LESBIAM.

Ille mî par eſſe Deo videtur,
Ille, ſi fas eſt, ſuperare Divos,
Qui ſedens adverſus identidem te
Spectat, & audit
Dulce ridentem, miſero quod omnis
Eripit ſenſus mihi: nam ſimul te,
Leſbia, adſpexi, nihil eſt ſuper mî
Quod loquar amens.
Lingua ſed torpet: tenuis ſub artus
Flamma dimanat, ſonitu ſuopte
Tinniunt aures: gemina teguntur
Lumina nocte.

MY learned Reader will know very well the Reaſon why one of theſe Verſes is printed in *Roman* Letter; and if he compares this Tranſlation with the Original, will find that the three firſt Stanzas are rendred almoſt Word for Word, and not only with the ſame Elegance, but with the ſame ſhort Turn of Expreſſion which is ſo remarkable in the *Greek*, and ſo peculiar to the *Sapphick* Ode. I cannot imagine for what Reaſon Madam *Dacier* has told us, that this Ode of *Sappho* is preſerved intire in *Longinus*, ſince it is manifeſt to any one who looks into that Author's Quotation of it, that there muſt at leaſt have been another Stanza, which is not tranſmitted to us.

THE ſecond Tranſlation of this Fragment which I ſhall here cite, is that of Monſieur *Boileau*.

Heureux! qui prés de toi, pour toi ſeul ſoûpire:
Qui jouït du plaiſir de t'entendre parler:
Qui te voit quelquefois doucement lui ſoûrire.
Les Dieux, dans ſon bonheur, peuvent-ils l'égaler?

Je

Je ſens de veine en veine une ſubtile flamme
Courir par tout mon corps, ſi-tôt que je te vois:
Et dans les doux tranſports, où s'egare mon ame,
Je ne ſçaurois trouver de langue, ni de voix.

Un nuage confus ſe répand ſur ma vuë,
Je n'entens plus, je tombe en de douces langueurs;
Et pâle, ſans haleine, interdite, eſperduë,
Un friſſon me ſaiſit, je tremble, je me meurs.

THE Reader will ſee that this is rather an Imitation than a Tranſlation. The Circumſtances do not lie ſo thick together, and follow one another with that Vehemence and Emotion as in the Original. In ſhort, Monſieur *Boileau* has given us all the Poetry, but not all the Paſſion of this famous Fragment. I ſhall, in the laſt Place, preſent my Reader with the *Engliſh* Tranſlation.

I.

Bleſt as th' immortal Gods is he,
The Youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees thee all the while
Softly ſpeak and ſweetly ſmile.

II.

'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Reſt,
And rais'd ſuch Tumults in my Breaſt;
For while I gaz'd, in Tranſport toſt,
My Breath was gone, my Voice was loſt:

III.

My Boſom glow'd; the ſubtle Flame
Ran quick through all my vital Frame;
O'er my dim Eyes a Darkneſs hung;
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung.

IV.

In dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd;
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd;
My feeble Pulſe forgot to play;
I fainted, ſunk, and dy'd away.

IN-

INSTEAD of giving any Character of this laſt Tranſlation, I ſhall deſire my learned Reader to look into the Criticiſms which *Longinus* has made upon the Original. By that means he will know to which of the Tranſlations he ought to give the Preference. I ſhall only add, that this Tranſlation is written in the very Spirit of *Sappho*, and as near the *Greek* as the Genius of our Language will poſſibly ſuffer.

LONGINUS has obſerved that this Deſcription of Love in *Sappho* is an exact Copy of Nature, and that all the Circumſtances which follow one another in ſuch an hurry of Sentiments, notwithſtanding they appear repugnant to each other, are really ſuch as happen in the Phrenzies of Love.

I wonder, that not one of the Criticks or Editors, through whoſe Hands this Ode has paſſed, has taken Occaſion from it to mention a Circumſtance related by *Plutarch*. That Author in the famous Story of *Antiochus*, who fell in Love with *Stratonice*, his Mother-in-law, and (not daring to diſcover his Paſſion) pretended to be confined to his Bed by Sickneſs, tells us, that *Eraſiſtratus*, the Phyſician, found out the Nature of his Diſtemper by thoſe Symptoms of Love which he had learnt from *Sappho*'s Writings. *Stratonice* was in the Room of the Love-ſick Prince, when theſe Symptoms diſcovered themſelves to his Phyſician; and it is probable, that they were not very different from thoſe which *Sappho* here deſcribes in a Lover ſitting by his Miſtreſs. The Story of *Antiochus* is ſo well known, that I need not add the Sequel of it, which has no Relation to my preſent Subject.

C

Friday,

N° 230 *Friday, November* 23.

Homines ad Deos nullâ re propiùs accedunt, quàm ſalutem Hominibus dando. Tull.

Men reſemble the Gods in nothing ſo much, as in doing good to their Fellow-creatures.

HUMAN Nature appears a very deformed, or a very beautiful Object, according to the different Lights in which it is viewed. When we ſee Men of inflamed Paſſions, or of wicked Deſigns, tearing one another to pieces by open Violence, or undermining each other by ſecret Treachery; when we obſerve baſe and narrow Ends purſued by ignominious and diſhoneſt Means; when we behold Men mixed in Society as if it were for the Deſtruction of it; we are even aſhamed of our Species, and out of Humour with our own Being: But in another Light, when we behold them mild, good, and benevolent, full of a generous Regard for the publick Proſperity, compaſſionating each other's Diſtreſſes, and relieving each other's Wants, we can hardly believe they are Creatures of the ſame Kind. In this View they appear Gods to each other, in the Exerciſe of the nobleſt Power, that of doing Good; and the greateſt Compliment we have ever been able to make to our own Being, has been by calling this Diſpoſition of Mind Humanity. We cannot but obſerve a Pleaſure ariſing in our own Breaſt upon the ſeeing or hearing of a generous Action, even when we are wholly diſintereſted in it. I cannot give a more proper Inſtance of this, than by a Letter from *Pliny*, in which he recommends a Friend in the moſt handſom manner, and, methinks, it would be a great Pleaſure to know the Succeſs of this Epiſtle, though each Party concerned in it has been ſo many hundred Years in his Grave.

To

To MAXIMUS.

'WHAT I ſhould gladly do for any Friend of 'yours, I think I may now with Confidence 'requeſt for a Friend of mine. *Arrianus Maturius* is the 'moſt conſiderable Man of his Country; when I call him 'ſo, I do not ſpeak with Relation to his Fortune, though 'that is very plentiful, but to his Integrity, Juſtice, Gra-'vity, and Prudence; his Advice is uſeful to me in Buſi-'neſs, and his Judgment in Matters of Learning: His Fi-'delity, Truth, and good Underſtanding, are very great; 'beſides this, he loves me as you do, than which I can-'not ſay any thing that ſignifies a warmer Affection. He 'has nothing that's aſpiring; and though he might riſe 'to the higheſt Order of Nobility, he keeps himſelf in 'an inferior Rank; yet I think myſelf bound to uſe 'my Endeavours to ſerve and promote him; and would 'therefore find the Means of adding ſomething to his 'Honours while he neither expects nor knows it, nay, 'though he ſhould refuſe it. Something, in ſhort, I 'would have for him that may be honourable, but not 'troubleſom; and I intreat that you will procure him 'the firſt thing of this kind that offers, by which you 'will not only oblige me, but him alſo; for though he 'does not covet it, I know he will be as grateful in ac-'knowledging your Favour as if he had aſked it.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Reflexions in ſome of your Papers on the 'ſervile manner of Education now in Uſe, have 'given Birth to an Ambition, which, unleſs you diſcoun-'tenance it, will, I doubt, engage me in a very difficult, 'tho' not ungrateful Adventure. I am about to under-'take, for the ſake of the *Britiſh* Youth, to inſtruct 'them in ſuch a manner, that the moſt dangerous Page 'in *Virgil* or *Homer* may be read by them with much 'Pleaſure, and with perfect Safety to their Perſons.

'COULD I prevail ſo far as to be honoured with the 'Protection of ſome few of them, (for I am not Hero 'enough to reſcue many) my Deſign is to retire with 'them to an agreeable Solitude; though within the Neigh-'bourhood of a City, for the Convenience of their being

'inſtructed

'inſtructed in Muſick, Dancing, Drawing, Deſigning, 'or any other ſuch Accompliſhments, which it is con-'ceived may make as proper Diverſions for them, and 'almoſt as pleaſant, as the little ſordid Games which 'dirty School-boys are ſo much delighted with. It may 'eaſily be imagined, how ſuch a pretty Society, conver-'ing with none beneath themſelves, and ſometimes ad-'mitted as perhaps not unentertaining Parties amongſt 'better Company, commended and careſſed for their lit-'tle Performances, and turned by ſuch Converſations to 'a certain Galantry of Soul, might be brought early 'acquainted with ſome of the moſt polite *Engliſh* Wri-'ters. This having given them ſome tolerable Taſte of 'Books, they would make themſelves Maſters of the *La-'tin* Tongue by Methods far eaſier than thoſe in *Lilly*, 'with as little Difficulty or Reluctance as young Ladies 'learn to ſpeak *French*, or to ſing *Italian* Operas. When 'they had advanced thus far, it would be time to form 'their Taſte ſomething more exactly: One that had 'any true Reliſh of fine Writing, might, with great 'Pleaſure both to himſelf and them, run over together 'with them the beſt *Roman* Hiſtorians, Poets, and Ora-'tors, and point out their more remarkable Beauties; 'give them a ſhort Scheme of Chronology, a little View 'of Geography, Medals, Aſtronomy, or what elſe might 'beſt feed the buſy inquiſitive Humour ſo natural to 'that Age. Such of them as had the leaſt Spark of 'Genius, when it was once awakened by the ſhining 'Thoughts and great Sentiments of thoſe admired Wri-'ters, could not, I believe be eaſily withheld from 'attempting that more difficult Siſter Language, whoſe 'exalted Beauties they would have heard ſo often ce-'lebrated as the Pride and Wonder of the whole 'Learned World. In the mean while, it would be 'requiſite to exerciſe their Stile in Writing any light 'Pieces that aſk more of Fancy than of Judgment: and 'that frequently in their Native Language, which every 'one methinks ſhould be moſt concerned to cultivate, 'eſpecially Letters in which a Gentleman muſt have ſo 'frequent Occaſions to diſtinguiſh himſelf. A Set of gen-'teel good-natured Youths fallen into ſuch a Manner of 'Life, would form almoſt a little Academy, and doubt-

'leſs

'leſs prove no ſuch contemptible Companions, as might 'not often tempt a wiſer Man to mingle himſelf in their 'Diverſions, and draw them into ſuch ſerious Sports as 'might prove nothing leſs inſtructing than the graveſt 'Leſſons. I doubt not but it might be made ſome of 'their Favourite Plays, to contend which of them ſhould 'recite a beautiful Part of a Poem or Oration moſt grace-'fully, or ſometimes to join in acting a Scene of *Terence*, '*Sophocles*, or our own *Shakeſpear*. The Cauſe of '*Milo* might again be pleaded before more favourable 'Judges, *Cæſar* a ſecond time be taught to tremble, and 'another Race of *Athenians* be afreſh enraged at the Am-'bition of another *Philip*. Amidſt theſe noble Amuſe-'ments, we could hope to ſee the early Dawnings of 'their Imagination daily brighten into Senſe, their In-'nocence improve into Virtue, and their unexperienced 'Good-nature directed to a generous Love of their 'Country.

T *I am*, &c.

N° 231 *Saturday, November* 24.

O Pudor! O Pietas! —— Mart.
O Modeſty! O Piety!

LOOKING over the Letters which I have lately received from my Correſpondents, I met with the following one, which is written with ſuch a Spirit of Politeneſs, that I could not but be very much pleaſed with it myſelf, and queſtion not but it will be as acceptable to the Reader.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU, who are no Stranger to Publick Aſſemblies, 'cannot but have obſerved the Awe they often 'ſtrike on ſuch as are obliged to exert any Talent before 'them. This is a ſort of elegant Diſtreſs, to which in-'genuous Minds are the moſt liable, and may therefore 'deſerve ſome Remarks in your Paper. Many a brave

'Fellow,

'Fellow, who has put his Enemy to Flight in the Field, 'has been in the utmoſt Diſorder upon making a Speech 'before a Body of his Friends at home: One would think 'there was ſome kind of Faſcination in the Eyes of a 'large Circle of People, when darting altogether upon 'one Perſon. I have ſeen a new Actor in a Tragedy ſo 'bound up by it as to be ſcarce able to ſpeak or move, 'and have expected he would have died above three Acts 'before the Dagger or Cup of Poiſon were brought in. 'It would not be amiſs, if ſuch an one were at firſt in-'troduced as a Ghoſt, or a Statue, till he recovered his 'Spirits, and grew fit for ſome living Part.

'AS this ſudden Deſertion of one's ſelf ſhews a Diffi-'dence, which is not diſpleaſing, it implies at the ſame 'time the greateſt Reſpect to an Audience that can be. 'It is a ſort of mute Eloquence, which pleads for their 'Favour much better than Words could do; and we find 'their Generoſity naturally moved to ſupport thoſe who 'are in ſo much Perplexity to entertain them. I was ex-'tremely pleaſed with a late Inſtance of this Kind at the 'Opera of *Almahide*, in the Encouragement given to a 'young Singer, whoſe more than ordinary Concern on 'her firſt Appearance, recommended her no leſs than her 'agreeable Voice, and juſt Performance. Meer Baſh-'fulneſs without Merit is aukward; and Merit without 'Modeſty, inſolent. But modeſt Merit has a double 'Claim to Acceptance, and generally meets with as ma-'ny Patrons as Beholders.

I am, &c.

IT is impoſſible that a Perſon ſhould exert himſelf to Advantage in an Aſſembly, whether it be his Part either to ſing or ſpeak, who lies under too great Oppreſſions of Modeſty. I remember, upon talking with a Friend of mine concerning the Force of Pronunciation, our Diſcourſe led us into the Enumeration of the ſeveral Organs of Speech which an Orator ought to have in Perfection, as the Tongue, the Teeth, the Lips, the Noſe, the Palate, and the Wind-pipe. Upon which, ſays my Friend, you have omitted the moſt material Organ of them all, and that is the Forehead.

'BUT

BUT notwithſtanding an Exceſs of Modeſty obſtructs the Tongue, and renders it unfit for its Offices, a due Porportion of it is thought ſo requiſite to an Orator, that Rhetoricians have recommended it to their Diſciples as a Particular in their Art. *Cicero* tells us that he never liked an Orator, who did not appear in ſome little Confuſion at the Beginning of his Speech, and confeſſes that he himſelf never entered upon an Oration without Trembling and Concern. It is indeed a kind of Deference which is due to a great Aſſembly, and ſeldom fails to raiſe a Benevolence in the Audience towards the Perſon who ſpeaks. My Correſpondent has taken notice that the braveſt Men often appear timorous on theſe Occaſions, as indeed we may obſerve, that there is generally no Creature more impudent than a Coward.

———*Linguâ melior, ſed frigida bello*
Dextera——— Virg. Æn. II. v. 338.

———Bold at the Council-board;
But cautious in the Field, he ſhunn'd the Sword.
DRYDEN.

A bold Tongue and a feeble Arm are the Qualifications of *Drances* in *Virgil*; as *Homer*, to expreſs a Man both timorous and ſaucy, makes uſe of a kind of Point, which is very rarely to be met with in his Writings; namely, that he had the Eyes of a Dog, but the Heart of a Deer.

A juſt and reaſonable Modeſty does not only recommend Eloquence, but ſets off every great Talent which a Man can be poſſeſſed of. It heightens all the Virtues which it accompanies; like the Shades in Paintings, it raiſes and rounds every Figure, and makes the Colours more beautiful, though not ſo glaring as they would be without it.

MODESTY is not only an Ornament, but alſo a Guard to Virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate *Feeling* in the Soul, which makes her ſhrink and withdraw herſelf from every thing that has Danger in it. It is ſuch an exquiſite Senſibility, as warns her to ſhun the firſt Appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

I cannot at preſent recollect either the Place or Time of what I am going to mention; but I have read ſomewhere in the Hiſtory of Ancient *Greece*, that the Women of the Country were ſeized with an unaccountable Me-

lancholy, which diſpoſed ſeveral of them to make away with themſelves. The Senate, after having tried many Expedients to prevent this Self-Murder, which was ſo frequent among them, publiſhed an Edict, That if any Woman whatever ſhould lay violent Hands upon herſelf, her Corps ſhould be expoſed naked in the Street, and dragged about the City in the moſt publick Manner. This Edict immediately put a Stop to the Practice which was before ſo common. We may ſee in this Inſtance the Strength of Female Modeſty, which was able to overcome the Violence even of Madneſs and Deſpair. The Fear of Shame in the Fair Sex, was in thoſe Days more prevalent than that of Death.

IF Modeſty has ſo great an Influence over our Actions, and is in many Caſes ſo impregnable a Fence to Virtue; what can more undermine Morality than that Politeneſs which reigns among the unthinking Part of Mankind, and treats as unfaſhionable the moſt ingenuous Part of our Behaviour; which recommends Impudence as Good-breeding, and keeps a Man always in Countenance, not becauſe he is Innocent, but becauſe he is Shameleſs?

SENECA thought Modeſty ſo great a Check to Vice, that he preſcribes to us the Practice of it in Secret, and adviſes us to raiſe it in ourſelves upon imaginary Occaſions, when ſuch as are real do not offer themſelves; for this is the Meaning of his Precept, that when we are by ourſelves, and in our greateſt Solitudes, we ſhould fancy that *Cato* ſtands before us and ſees every thing we do. In ſhort, if you baniſh Modeſty out of the World, ſhe carries away with her half the Virtue that is in it.

AFTER theſe Reflexions on Modeſty, as it is a Virtue; I muſt obſerve, that there is a vicious Modeſty, which juſtly deſerves to be ridiculed, and which thoſe Perſons very often diſcover, who value themſelves moſt upon a well-bred Confidence. This happens when a Man is aſhamed to act up to his Reaſon, and would not upon any Conſideration be ſurpriſed in the Practice of thoſe Duties, for the Performance of which he was ſent into the World. Many an impudent Libertine would bluſh to be caught in a ſerious Diſcourſe, and would ſcarce be able to ſhew his Head, after having diſcloſed a religious Thought. Decency of Behaviour, all outward Show of Virtue,

Virtue, and Abhorrence of Vice, are carefully avoided by this Set of Shame-faced People, as what would diſparage their Gaiety of Temper, and infallibly bring them to Diſhonour. This is ſuch a Poorneſs of Spirit, ſuch a deſpicable Cowardiſe, ſuch a degenerate abject State of Mind, as one would think human Nature incapable of, did we not meet with frequent Inſtances of it in ordinary Converſation.

THERE is another Kind of vicious Modeſty which makes a Man aſhamed of his Perſon, his Birth, his Profeſſion, his Poverty, or the like Misfortunes, which it was not in his Choice to prevent, and is not in his Power to rectify. If a Man appears ridiculous by any of the aforementioned Circumſtances, he becomes much more ſo by being out of Countenance for them. They ſhould rather give him Occaſion to exert a noble Spirit, and to palliate thoſe Imperfections which are not in his Power, by thoſe Perfections which are; or to uſe a very witty Alluſion of an eminent Author, he ſhould imitate *Cæſar*, who, becauſe his Head was bald, cover'd that Defect with Laurels. C

N° 232 *Monday, November* 26.

Nihil largiundo gloriam adeptus eſt. Salluſt.

By beſtowing nothing he acquired Glory.

MY wiſe and good Friend, Sir *Andrew Freeport*, divides himſelf almoſt equally between the Town and the Country: His Time in Town is given up to the Publick, and the Management of his private Fortune; and after every three or four Days ſpent in this manner, he retires for as many to his Seat within a few Miles of the Town, to the Enjoyment of himſelf, his Family, and his Friend. Thus Buſineſs and Pleaſure, or rather, in Sir *Andrew*, Labour and Reſt, recommend each other. They take their Turns with ſo quick a Viciſſitude, that neither becomes a Habit, or takes poſſeſſion of the whole Man; nor is it poſſible he ſhould be ſurfeited with either. I often ſee him at

our Club in good Humour, and yet ſometimes too with an Air of Care in his Looks: But in his Country Retreat he is always unbent, and ſuch a Companion as I could deſire; and therefore I ſeldom fail to make one with him when he is pleaſed to invite me.

THE other Day, as ſoon as we were got into his Chariot, two or three Beggars on each Side hung upon the Doors, and ſolicited our Charity with the uſual Rhetorick of a ſick Wife or Husband at home, three or four helpleſs little Children all ſtarving with Cold and Hunger. We were forced to part with ſome Money to get rid of their Importunity; and then we proceeded on our Journey with the Bleſſings and Acclamations of theſe People.

"WELL then, ſays Sir *Andrew*, we go off with the "Prayers and good Wiſhes of the Beggars, and perhaps "too our Healths will be drunk at the next Ale-houſe: "So all we ſhall be able to value ourſelves upon, is, that "we have promoted the Trade of the Victualler and the "Exciſes of the Government. But how few Ounces of "Wooll do we ſee upon the Backs of thoſe poor Creatures? And when they ſhall next fall in our Way, they "will hardly be better dreſs'd; they muſt always live in "Rags to look like Objects of Compaſſion. If their Families too are ſuch as they are repreſented, 'tis certain "they cannot be better clothed, and muſt be a great "deal worſe fed: One would think Potatoes ſhould be "all their Bread, and their Drink the pure Element; and "then what goodly Cuſtomers are the Farmers like to "have for their Wooll, Corn and Cattle? Such Cuſtomers, and ſuch a Conſumption, cannot chooſe but "advance the landed Intereſt, and hold up the Rents "of the Gentlemen.

"BUT of all Men living, we Merchants, who live by "Buying and Selling, ought never to encourage Beggars. The Goods which we export are indeed the Product of the Lands, but much the greateſt Part of their "Value is the Labour of the People: but how much of "theſe Peoples Labour ſhall we export whilſt we hire "them to ſit ſtill? The very Alms they receive from "us, are the Wages of Idleneſs. I have often thought "that no Man ſhould be permitted to take Relief from "the Pariſh, or to ask it in the Street, till he has firſt purchaſed

" chaſed as much as poſſible of his own Livelihood by " the Labour of his own Hands; and then the Publick " ought only to be taxed to make good the Deficiency. " If this Rule was ſtrictly obſerved, we ſhould ſee every " where ſuch a multitude of new Labourers, as would " in all probability reduce the Prices of all our Manufac- " tures. It is the very Life of Merchandiſe to buy cheap " and ſell dear. The Merchant ought to make his Out-ſet " as cheap as poſſible, that he may find the greater Profit " upon his Returns; and nothing will enable him to do " this like the Reduction of the Price of Labour upon all " our Manufactures. This too would be the ready Way " to increaſe the Number of our Foreign Markets: The " Abatement of the Price of the Manufacture would pay " for the Carriage of it to more diſtant Countries; and " this Conſequence would be equally beneficial both to " the Landed and Trading Intereſts. As ſo great an " Addition of labouring Hands would produce this " happy Conſequence both to the Merchant and the " Gentleman; our Liberality to common Beggars, and " every other Obſtruction to the Increaſe of Labourers, " muſt be equally pernicious to both.

SIR *Andrew* then went on to affirm, That the Reduction of the Prices of our Manufactures by the Addition of ſo many new Hands, would be no Inconvenience to any Man: But obſerving I was ſomething ſtartled at the Aſſertion, he made a ſhort Pauſe, and then reſumed the Diſcourſe. " It may ſeem, ſays he, a Pa- " radox, that the Price of Labour ſhould be reduced " without an Abatement of Wages, or that Wages can " be abated without any Inconvenience to the Labourer, " and yet nothing is more certain than that both theſe " Things may happen. The Wages of the Labourers " make the greateſt Part of the Price of every Thing " that is uſeful; and if in Proportion with the Wages " the Prices of all other Things ſhould be abated, every " Labourer with leſs Wages would ſtill be able to pur- " chaſe as many Neceſſaries of Life; where then would " be the Inconvenience? But the Price of Labour may " be reduced by the Addition of more Hands to a Manu- " facture, and yet the Wages of Perſons remain as high " as ever. The admirable Sir *William Petty* has given

" Examples of this in ſome of his Writings: One of them, " as I remember, is that of a Watch, which I ſhall en- " deavour to explain ſo as ſhall ſuit my preſent Purpoſe. " It is certain that a ſingle Watch could not be made ſo " cheap in Proportion by one only Man, as a hundred " Watches by a hundred; for as there is vaſt Variety in " the Work, no one Perſon could equally ſuit himſelf to " all the Parts of it; the Manufacture would be tedious, " and at laſt but clumſily performed: But if an hundred " Watches were to be made by a hundred Men, the Caſes " may be aſſigned to one, the Dials to another, the Wheels " to another, the Springs to another, and every other " Part to a proper Artiſt; as there would be no need of " perplexing any one Perſon with too much Variety, " every one would be able to perform his ſingle Part " with greater Skill and Expedition; and the hundred " Watches would be finiſhed in one fourth Part of the " Time of the firſt one, and every one of them at one " fourth Part of the Coſt, tho' the Wages of every Man " were equal. The Reduction of the Price of the Manu- " facture would increaſe the Demand of it, all the ſame " Hands would be ſtill employed and as well paid. The " ſame Rule will hold in the Clothing, the Shipping, " and all other Trades whatſoever. And thus an Addi- " tion of Hands to our Manufactures will only reduce " the Price of them; the Labourer will ſtill have as much " Wages, and will conſequently be enabled to purchaſe " more Conveniencies of Life; ſo that every Intereſt in " the Nation would recieve a Benefit from the Increaſe " of our Working People.

" BESIDES, I ſee no Occaſion for this Charity to " common Beggars, ſince every Beggar is an Inhabitant " of a Pariſh, and every Pariſh is taxed to the Mainte- " nance of their own Poor. For my own part, I cannot " be mightily pleaſed with the Laws which have done " this, which have provided better to feed than employ " the Poor. We have a Tradition from our Forefathers, " that after the firſt of thoſe Laws was made, they were " inſulted with that famous Song;

Hang Sorrow, and caſt away Care,
The Pariſh is bound to find us, &c.

" And

" And if we will be ſo good-natured as to maintain " them without Work, they can do no leſs in Return " than ſing us *The Merry Beggars*.

" WHAT then? Am I againſt all Acts of Charity? " God forbid! I know of no Virtue in the Goſpel that " is in more pathetick Expreſſions recommended to our " Practice. *I was hungry and ye gave me no Meat, thirſty* " *and ye gave me no Drink, naked and ye clothed me not,* " *a Stranger and ye took me not in, ſick and in priſon* " *and ye viſited me not.* Our Bleſſed Saviour treats the " Exerciſe or Neglect of Charity towards a poor Man, " as the Performance or Breach of this Duty towards " himſelf. I ſhall endeavour to obey the Will of my " Lord and Maſter: And therefore if an induſtrious " Man ſhall ſubmit to the hardeſt Labour and coarſeſt " Fare, rather than endure the Shame of taking Relief " from the Pariſh, or asking it in the Street, this is the " Hungry, the Thirſty, the Naked; and I ought to " believe, if any Man is come hither for Shelter againſt " Perſecution or Oppreſſion, this is the Stranger, and " I ought to take him in. If any Countryman of our " own is fallen into the Hands of Infidels, and lives in " a State of miſerable Captivity, this is the Man in " Priſon, and I ſhould contribute to his Ranſom. I " ought to give to an Hoſpital of Invalids, to recover " as many uſeful Subjects as I can; but I ſhall beſtow " none of my Bounties upon an Alms-houſe of idle Peo- " ple; and for the ſame Reaſon I ſhall not think it a " Reproach to me if I had withheld my Charity from " thoſe common Beggars. But we preſcribe better Rules " than we are able to practiſe; we are aſhamed not to " give into the miſtaken Cuſtoms of our Country: But " at the ſame time, I cannot but think it a Reproach " worſe than that of common Swearing, that the Idle " and the Abandoned are ſuffered in the Name of " Heaven and all that is ſacred, to extort from chriſtian " and tender Minds a Supply to a profligate Way of " Life, that is always to be ſupported, but never re- " lieved.

Z

N° 233 *Tueſday, November* 27.

——*Tanquam hæc ſint noſtri medicina furoris,*
Aut Deus ille malis hominum miteſcere diſcat.
Virg. Ecl. 10. v. 60.

As if by theſe my Sufferings I cou'd eaſe,
Or by my Pains the God of Love appeaſe. DRYDEN.

I Shall, in this Paper, diſcharge myſelf of the Promiſe I have made to the Publick, by obliging them with a Tranſlation of the little *Greek* Manuſcript, which is ſaid to have been a Piece of thoſe Records that were preſerved in the Temple of *Apollo*, upon the Promontory of *Leucate:* It is a ſhort Hiſtory of the Lover's Leap, and is inſcribed, *An Account of Perſons Male and Female, who offered up their Vows in the Temple of the* Pythian Apollo, *in the Forty ſixth Olympiad, and leaped from the Promontory of* Leucate *into the* Ionian *Sea, in order to cure themſelves of the Paſſion of Love.*

THIS Account is very dry in many Parts, as only mentioning the Name of the Lover who leaped, the Perſon he leaped for, and relating, in ſhort, that he was either cured, or killed, or maimed by the Fall. It indeed gives the Names of ſo many who died by it, that it would have looked like a Bill of Mortality, had I tranſlated it at full length; I have therefore made an Abridgment of it, and only extracted ſuch particular Paſſages as have ſomething extraordinary, either in the Caſe, or in the Cure, or in the Fate of the Perſon who is mentioned in it. After this ſhort Preface take the Account as follows.

BATTUS, the Son of *Menalcas* the *Sicilian*, leaped for *Bombyca* the Muſician: Got rid of his Paſſion with the Loſs of his Right Leg and Arm, which were broken in the Fall.

MELISSA, in Love with *Daphnis*, very much bruiſed, but eſcaped with Life.

CYNISCA, the Wife of *Æſchines*, being in Love with *Lycus*; and *Æſchines* her Husband being in Love with *Eurilla*; (which had made this married Couple very

very uneaſy to one another for ſeveral Years) both the Husband and the Wife took the Leap by Conſent; they both of them eſcaped, and have lived very happily together ever ſince.

LARISSA, a Virgin of *Theſſaly*, deſerted by *Plexippus*, after a Courtſhip of three Years; ſhe ſtood upon the Brow of the Promontory for ſome time, and after having thrown down a Ring, a Bracelet, and a little Picture, with other Preſents which ſhe had received from *Plexippus*, ſhe threw herſelf into the Sea, and was taken up alive.

N. B. Lariſſa, before ſhe leaped, made an Offering of a Silver *Cupid* in the Temple of *Apollo*.

SIMÆTHA, in Love with *Daphnis* the *Myndian*, periſhed in the Fall.

CHARIXUS, the Brother of *Sappho*, in Love with *Rhodope* the Courteſan, having ſpent his whole Eſtate upon her, was adviſed by his Siſter to leap in the Beginning of his Amour, but would not hearken to her till he was reduced to his laſt Talent; being forſaken by *Rhodope*, at length reſolved to take the Leap. Periſhed in it.

ARIDÆUS, a beautiful Youth of *Epirus*, in Love with *Praxinoe*, the Wife of *Theſpis*, eſcaped without Damage, ſaving only that two of his Foreteeth were ſtruck out and his Noſe a little flatted.

CLEORA, a Widow of *Epheſus*, being inconſolable for the Death of her Husband, was reſolved to take this Leap in order to get rid of her Paſſion for his Memory; but being arrived at the Promontory, ſhe there met with *Dimmachus* the *Miletian*, and after a ſhort Converſation with him, laid aſide the Thoughts of her Leap, and married him in the Temple of *Apollo*.

N. B. Her Widow's Weeds are ſtill ſeen hanging up in the Weſtern Corner of the Temple.

OLPHIS, the Fiſherman, having received a Box on the Ear from *Theſtylis* the Day before, and being determined to have no more to do with her, leaped, and eſcaped with Life.

ATALANTA, an old Maid, whoſe Cruelty had ſeveral Years before driven two or three deſpairing Lovers to this Leap; being now in the fifty fifth Year of her Age, and in Love with an Officer of *Sparta*, broke her Neck in the Fall.

HIPPARCHUS being paſſionately fond of his own Wife who was enamoured of *Bathyllus*, leaped, and died of his Fall; upon which his Wife married her Galant.

TETTYX, the Dancing-maſter, in Love with *Olympia* an *Athenian* Matron, threw himſelf from the Rock with great Agility, but was crippled in the Fall.

DIAGORAS, the Uſurer, in Love with his Cook-Maid; he peeped ſeveral times over the Precipice, but his Heart miſgiving him, he went back, and married her that Evening.

CINÆDUS, after having entred his own Name in the *Pythian* Records, being asked the Name of the Perſon whom he leaped for, and being aſhamed to diſcover it, he was ſet aſide, and not ſuffered to leap.

EUNICA, a Maid of *Paphos*, aged Nineteen, in Love with *Eurybates*. Hurt in the Fall, but recovered.

N. B. This was the ſecond Time of her Leaping.

HESPERUS, a young Man of *Tarentum*, in Love with his Maſter's Daughter. Drowned, the Boats not coming in ſoon enough to his Relief.

SAPPHO, the *Lesbian*, in Love with *Phaon*, arrived at the Temple of *Apollo*, habited like a Bride in Garments as white as Snow. She wore a Garland of Myrtle on her Head, and carried in her Hand the little Muſical Inſtrument of her own Invention. After having ſung an Hymn to *Apollo*, ſhe hung up her Garland on one Side of his Altar, and her Harp on the other. She then tuck'd up her Veſtments, like a *Spartan* Virgin, and amidſt thouſands of Spectators, who were anxious for her Safety, and offered up Vows for her Deliverance, marched directly forwards to the utmoſt Summit of the Promontory, where after having repeated a Stanza of her own Verſes, which we could not hear, ſhe threw herſelf off the Rock with ſuch an Intrepidity as was never before obſerved in any who had attempted that dangerous Leap. Many who were preſent related, that they ſaw her fall into the Sea, from whence ſhe never roſe again; tho' there were others who affirmed, that ſhe never came to the Bottom of her Leap, but that ſhe was changed into a Swan as ſhe fell, and that they ſaw her hovering in the Air under that Shape. But whether or no the whiteneſs and fluttering of her Garments might not deceive thoſe who looked upon her, or whether ſhe might not

not really be metamorphoſed into that muſical and melancholy Bird, is ſtill a Doubt among the *Lesbians*.

ALCÆUS, the famous *Lyrick* Poet, who had for ſome time been paſſionately in Love with *Sappho*, arrived at the Promontory of *Leucate* that very Evening, in order to take the Leap upon her Account; but hearing that *Sappho* had been there before him, and that her Body could be no where found, he very generouſly lamented her Fall, and is ſaid to have written his hundred and twenty fifth Ode upon that Occaſion.

Leaped in this Olympiad 250.	
Males	124
Females	126
Cured	120
Males	51
Females	69

C

Nº 234 *Wedneſday, November* 28.

Vellem in amicitia ſic erraremus. Hor. Sat. 3. l. 1. v. 41.

I wiſh this Error in our Friendſhip reign'd. CREECH.

YOU very often hear People, after a Story has been told with ſome entertaining Circumſtances, tell it over again with Particulars that deſtroy the Jeſt, but give Light into the Truth of the Narration. This ſort of Veracity, though it is impertinent, has ſomething amiable in it, becauſe it proceeds from the Love of Truth, even in frivolous Occaſions. If ſuch honeſt Amendments do not promiſe an agreeable Companion, they do a ſincere Friend; for which Reaſon one ſhould allow them ſo much of our Time, if we fall into their Company, as to ſet us right in Matters that can do us no manner of Harm, whether the Facts be one Way or the other. Lies which are told out of Arrogance and Oſtentation a Man ſhould detect in his own Defence, becauſe he ſhould not be triumphed over; Lies which are told out of Malice he ſhould expoſe, both for his own ſake and that of the reſt of Mankind, becauſe every Man ſhould

riſe

riſe againſt a common Enemy: But the officious Liar many have argued is to be excuſed, becauſe it does ſome Man good, and no Man hurt. The Man who made more than ordinary ſpeed from a Fight in which the *Athenians* were beaten, and told them they had obtained a complete Victory, and put the whole City into the utmoſt Joy and Exultation, was check'd by the Magiſtrates for his Falſhood; but excuſed himſelf by ſaying, O *Athenians!* am I your Enemy becauſe I gave you two happy Days? This Fellow did to a whole People what an Acquaintance of mine does every Day he lives in ſome eminent Degree to particular Perſons. He is ever lying People into good Humour, and, as *Plato* ſaid, it was allowable in Phyſicians to lye to their Patients to keep up their Spirits, I am half doubtful whether my Friend's Behaviour is not as excuſable. His Manner is to expreſs himſelf ſurpriſed at the chearful Countenance of a Man whom he obſerves diffident of himſelf; and generally by that means makes his Lye a Truth. He will, as if he did not know any thing of the Circumſtance, ask one whom he knows at Variance with another, what is the meaning that Mr. ſuch a one, naming his Adverſary, does not applaud him with that Heartineſs which formerly he has heard him? He ſaid indeed, (continues he) I would rather have that Man for my Friend than any Man in *England*; but for an Enemy——This melts the Perſon he talks to, who expected nothing but downright Rallery from that Side. According as he ſees his Practices ſucceeded, he goes to the oppoſite Party, and tells him, he cannot imagine how it happens that ſome People know one another ſo little; you ſpoke with ſo much Coldneſs of a Gentleman who ſaid more Good of you, than, let me tell you, any Man living deſerves. The Succeſs of one of theſe Incidents was, that the next time that one of the Adverſaries ſpied the other, he hems after him in the publick Street, and they muſt crack a Bottle at the next Tavern, that uſed to turn out of the other's Way to avoid one another's Eyeſhot. He will tell one Beauty ſhe was commended by another, nay, he will ſay ſhe gave the Woman he ſpeaks to, the Preference in a Particular for which ſhe herſelf is admired. The pleaſanteſt Confuſion imaginable is made through the whole Town by my Friend's indirect Offices;

fices; you ſhall have a Viſit returned after half a Year's Abſence, and mutual Railing at each other every Day of that Time. They meet with a thouſand Lamentations for ſo long a Separation, each Party naming herſelf for the greateſt Delinquent, if the other can poſſibly be ſo good as to forgive her, which ſhe has no reaſon in the World, but from the Knowledge of her Goodneſs, to hope for. Very often a whole Train of Railers of each Side tire their Horſes in ſetting Matters right which they have ſaid during the War between the Parties; and a whole Circle of Acquaintance are put into a thouſand pleaſing Paſſions and Sentiments, inſtead of the Pangs of Anger, Envy, Detraction, and Malice.

THE worſt Evil I ever obſerved this Man's Falſhood occaſion, has been that he turned Detraction into Flattery. He is well skilled in the Manners of the World, and by over-looking what Men really are, he grounds his Artifices upon what they have a mind to be. Upon this Foundation, if two diſtant Friends are brought together, and the Cement ſeems to be weak, he never reſts till he finds new Appearances to take off all Remains of Ill-will, and that by new Miſunderſtandings they are thoroughly reconciled.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR, *Devonſhire, Nov.* 14, 1711.

'THERE arrived in this Neighbourhood two Days 'ago one of your gay Gentlemen of the Town, who 'being attended at his Entry with a Servant of his own, 'beſides a Countryman he had taken up for a Guide, ex- 'cited the Curioſity of the Village to learn whence and what 'he might be. The Countryman (to whom they applied as 'moſt eaſy of Acceſs) knew little more than that the Gentle- 'man came from *London* to travel and ſee Faſhions, and was, 'as he heard ſay, a Free-thinker: What Religion that might 'be, he could not tell; and for his own part, if they had 'not told him the Man was a Free-thinker, he ſhould have 'gueſſed, by his way of talking, he was little better than 'a Heathen; excepting only that he had been a good 'Gentleman to him, and made him drunk twice in one 'Day, over and above what they had bargained for.

'I do not look upon the Simplicity of this, and ſeveral 'odd Inquiries with which I ſhall not trouble you to be

'won-

'wondered at, much leſs can I think that our Youths of 'fine Wit, and enlarged Underſtandings, have any reaſon 'to laugh. There is no Neceſſity that every Squire in '*Great Britain* ſhould know what the Word Free-thinker 'ſtands for; but it were much to be wiſhed, that they who 'value themſelves upon that conceited Title were a little 'better inſtructed in what it ought to ſtand for; and that 'they would not perſuade themſelves a Man is really and 'truly a Free-thinker in any tolerable Senſe, meerly by 'virtue of his being an Atheiſt, or an Infidel of any other 'Diſtinction. It may be doubted with good Reaſon, 'whether there ever was in nature a more abject, ſlaviſh, 'and bigotted Generation than the Tribe of *Beaux Eſprits*, 'at preſent ſo prevailing in this Iſland. Their Pretenſion 'to be Free-thinkers, is no other than Rakes have to be 'Free-livers, and Savages to be Free-men, that is, they 'can think whatever they have a mind to, and give them-'ſelves up to whatever Conceit the Extravagancy of their 'Inclination, or their Fancy, ſhall ſuggeſt; they can 'think as wildly as they talk and act, and will not endure 'that their Wit ſhould be controled by ſuch formal 'Things as Decency and common Senſe: Deduction, 'Coherence, Conſiſtency, and all the Rules of Reaſon 'they accordingly diſdain, as too preciſe and mechani-'cal for Men of a liberal Education.

'THIS, as far as I could ever learn from their Writings, 'or my own Obſervation, is a true Account of the *Britiſh* 'Free-thinker. Our Viſitant here, who gave occaſion to 'this Paper, has brought with him a new Syſtem of com-'mon Senſe, the Particulars of which I am not yet ac-'quainted with, but will loſe no Opportunity of inform-'ing myſelf whether it contain any thing worth Mr. 'SPECTATOR's Notice. In the mean time, Sir, I 'cannot but think it would be for the good of Mankind, 'if you would take this Subject into your Conſideration, 'and convince the hopeful Youth of our Nation, that 'Licentiouſneſs is not Freedom; or, if ſuch a Paradox 'will not be underſtood, that a Prejudice towards 'Atheiſm is not Impartiality.

I am, SIR, Your moſt humble Servant,

T PHILONOUS.

Thurſday,

Nº 235 *Thurſday, November* 29.

——— *Populares*
Vincentem ſtrepitus——— Hor. Ars Poet. v. 81.
Awes the tumultuous Noiſes of the Pit. ROSCOMMON.

THERE is nothing which lies more within the Province of a Spectator than publick Shows and Diverſions; and as among theſe there are none which can pretend to vie with thoſe elegant Entertainments that are exhibited in our Theatres, I think it particularly incumbent on me to take notice of every thing that is remarkable in ſuch numerous and refined Aſſemblies.

IT is obſerved, that of late Years there has been a certain Perſon in the upper Gallery of the Play-houſe, who when he is pleaſed with any thing that is acted upon the Stage, expreſſes his Approbation by a loud Knock upon the Benches or the Wainſcot, which may be heard over the whole Theatre. The Perſon is commonly known by the Name of the *Trunk-maker in the upper Gallery*. Whether it be that the Blow he gives on theſe Occaſions reſembles that which is often heard in the Shops of ſuch Artiſans, or that he was ſuppoſed to have been a real Trunk-maker, who after the finiſhing of his Day's Work uſed to unbend his Mind at theſe publick Diverſions with his Hammer in his Hand, I cannot certainly tell. There are ſome, I know, who have been fooliſh enough to imagine it is a Spirit which haunts the upper Gallery, and from time to time makes thoſe ſtrange Noiſes; and the rather becauſe he is obſerved to be louder than ordinary every time the Ghoſt of *Hamlet* appears. Others have reported, that it is a dumb Man, who has choſen this Way of uttering himſelf when he is tranſported with any thing he ſees or hears. Others will have it to be the Play-houſe Thunderer, that exerts himſelf after this manner in the upper Gallery, when he has nothing to do upon the Roof.

BUT having made it my Buſineſs to get the beſt Information I could in a Matter of this Moment, I find that the

the Trunk-maker, as he is commonly called, is a large black Man, whom no body knows. He generally leans forward on a huge Oaken Plant with great Attention to every thing that paſſes upon the Stage. He is never ſeen to ſmile; but upon hearing any thing that pleaſes him, he takes up his Staff with both Hands, and lays it upon the next Piece of Timber that ſtands in his way with exceeding Vehemence: After which, he compoſes himſelf in his former Poſture, till ſuch Time as ſomething new ſets him again at Work.

IT has been obſerved, his Blow is ſo well timed, that the moſt judicious Critick could never except againſt it. As ſoon as any ſhining Thought is expreſſed in the Poet, or any uncommon Grace appears in the Actor, he ſmites the Bench or Wainſcot. If the Audience does not concur with him, he ſmites a ſecond Time, and if the Audience is not yet awaked, looks round him with great Wrath, and repeats the Blow a third Time, which never fails to produce the Clap. He ſometimes lets the Audience begin the Clap of themſelves, and at the Concluſion of their Applauſe ratifies it with a ſingle Thwack.

He is of ſo great Uſe to the Play-houſe, that it is ſaid a former Director of it, upon his not being able to pay his Attendance by reaſon of Sickneſs kept one in pay to officiate for him till ſuch time as he recovered; but the Perſon ſo employed, tho' he laid about him with incredible Violence, did it in ſuch wrong Places, that the Audience ſoon found out that it was not their old Friend the Trunk-maker.

IT has been remarked, that he has not yet exerted himſelf with Vigour this Seaſon. He ſometimes plies at the Opera; and upon *Nicolini*'s firſt Appearance, was ſaid to have demoliſhed three Benches in the fury of his Applauſe. He has broken half a dozen Oaken Plants upon *Dogget*, and ſeldom goes away from a Tragedy of *Shakeſpear*, without leaving the Wainſcot extremely ſhattered.

THE Players do not only connive at his obſtreperous Approbation, but very chearfully repair at their own Coſt whatever Damages he makes. They had once a Thought of erecting a kind of Wooden Anvil for his Uſe, that ſhould be made of a very ſounding Plank, in order to render his Strokes more deep and mellow; but as this might not have been diſtinguiſhed from the Muſick of a Kettle-Drum, the Project was laid aſide.

IN

IN the mean while, I cannot but take notice of the great Uſe it is to an Audience, that a Perſon ſhould thus preſide over their Heads like the Director of a Conſort, in order to awaken their Attention, and beat time to their Applauſes; or, to raiſe my Simile, I have ſometimes fancied the Trunk-maker in the upper Gallery to be like *Virgil*'s Ruler of the Winds, ſeated upon the Top of a Mountain, who, when he ſtruck his Sceptre upon the Side of it, rouſed an Hurricane, and ſet the whole Cavern in an Uproar.

IT is certain, the Trunk-maker has ſaved many a good Play, and brought many a graceful Actor into Reputation, who would not otherwiſe have been taken notice of. It is very viſible, as the Audience is not a little abaſhed, if they find themſelves betrayed into a Clap, when their Friend in the upper Gallery does not come into it; ſo the Actors do not value themſelves upon the Clap, but regard it as a meer *brutum fulmen*, or empty Noiſe, when it has not the Sound of the Oaken Plant in it. I know it has been given out by thoſe who are Enemies to the Trunk-maker, that he has ſometimes been bribed to be in the Intereſt of a bad Poet, or a vicious Player; but this is a Surmiſe which has no Foundation: his Strokes are always juſt, and his Admonitions ſeaſonable; he does not deal about his Blows at Random, but always hits the right Nail upon the Head. The inexpreſſible Force wherewith he lays them on, ſufficiently ſhews the Evidence and Strength of his Conviction. His Zeal for a good Author is indeed outrageous, and breaks down every Fence and Partition, every Board and Plank, that ſtands within the Expreſſion of his Applauſe.

AS I do not care for terminating my Thoughts in barren Speculations, or in Reports of pure Matter of Fact, without drawing ſomething from them for the Advantage of my Countrymen, I ſhall take the Liberty to make an humble Propoſal, that whenever the Trunk-maker ſhall depart this Life, or whenever he ſhall have loſt the Spring of his Arm by Sickneſs, old Age, Infirmity, or the like, ſome able-bodied Critick ſhould be advanced to this Poſt, and have a competent Salary ſettled on him for Life, to be furniſhed with Bamboos for Operas, Crabtree-Cudgels for Comedies, and Oaken Plants for Tragedy, at the publick Expence. And to the End that this Place ſhould be always diſpoſed of according to Merit,

Merit, I would have none preferred to it, who has not given convincing Proofs both of a ſound Judgment and a ſtrong Arm, and who could not, upon Occaſion, either knock down an Ox, or write a Comment upon *Horace*'s Art of Poetry. In ſhort, I would have him a due Compoſition of *Hercules* and *Apollo*, and ſo rightly qualified for this important Office, that the *Trunk-maker* may not be miſſed by our Poſterity. C

N° 236 *Friday, November* 30.

—— *Dare Jura maritis.* Hor. Ars Poet. v. 398.

With Laws connubial Tyrants to reſtrain.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have not ſpoken in ſo direct a manner upon the Subject of Marriage as that important Caſe deſerves. It would not be improper to obſerve upon the Peculiarity in the Youth of *Great Britain*, of railing and laughing at that Inſtitution; and when they fall into it, from a profligate Habit of Mind, being inſenſible of the Satisfaction in that Way of Life, and treating their Wives with the moſt barbarous Diſreſpect.

'PARTICULAR Circumſtances and Caſt of Temper, muſt teach a Man the Probability of mighty Uneaſineſſes in that State, (for unqueſtionably ſome there are whoſe very Diſpoſitions are ſtrangely averſe to conjugal Friendſhip;) but no one, I believe, is by his own natural Complexion prompted to teaze and torment another for no Reaſon but being nearly allied to him: And can there be any thing more baſe, or ſerve to ſink a Man ſo much below his own diſtinguiſhing Characteriſtick, (I mean Reaſon) than returning Evil for Good in ſo open a Manner, as that of treating an helpleſs Creature with Unkindneſs, who has had ſo good an Opinion of him as to believe what he ſaid relating to one of the greateſt Concerns of Life, by delivering her Happineſs in this World to his Care and Protection? Muſt not that Man be abandoned even to all manner of Humanity,

'who

'who can deceive a Woman with Appearances of Affection 'and Kindneſs, for no other End but to torment her 'with more Eaſe and Authority? Is any thing more un-'like a Gentleman, than when his Honour is engaged for 'the performing his Promiſes, becauſe nothing but that 'can oblige him to it, to become afterwards falſe to his 'Word, and be alone the Occaſion of Miſery to one whoſe 'Happineſs he but lately pretended was dearer to him 'than his own? Ought ſuch a one to be truſted in his 'common Affairs? or treated but as one whoſe Honeſty 'conſiſted only in his Incapacity of being otherwiſe?

'THERE is one Cauſe of this Uſage no leſs abſurd 'than common, which takes place among the more un-'thinking Men; and that is the Deſire to appear to their 'Friends free and at Liberty, and without thoſe Tram-'mels they have ſo much ridiculed. To avoid this they 'fly into the other Extreme, and grow Tyrants that they 'may ſeem Maſters. Becauſe an uncontrolable Com-'mand of their own Actions is a certain Sign of intire 'Dominion, they won't ſo much as recede from the Go-'vernment even in one Muſcle of their Faces. A kind 'Look they believe would be fawning, and a civil An-'ſwer yielding the Superiority. To this muſt we attri-'bute an Auſterity they betray in every Action: What 'but this can put a Man out of Humour in his Wife's 'Company, tho' he is ſo diſtinguiſhingly pleaſant every 'where elſe? The Bitterneſs of his Replies, and the Se-'verity of his Frowns to the tendereſt of Wives, clearly 'demonſtrate, that an ill-grounded Fear of being thought 'too ſubmiſſive, is at the Bottom of this, as I am wil-'ling to call it, affected Moroſeneſs; but if it be ſuch only, 'put on to convince his Acquaintance of his intire Do-'minion, let him take care of the Conſequence, which 'will be certain and worſe than the preſent Evil; his 'ſeeming Indifference will by Degrees grow into real 'Contempt, and, if it doth not wholly alienate the Af-'fections of his Wife for ever from him, make both him 'and her more miſerable than if it really did ſo.

'HOWEVER inconſiſtent it may appear, to be 'thought a well-bred Perſon has no ſmall Share in this 'clowniſh Behaviour: A Diſcourſe therefore relating to 'Good-breeding towards a loving and a tender Wife, would

'be

'be of great Uſe to this Sort of Gentlemen. Could you 'but once convince them, that to be civil at leaſt is not 'beneath the Character of a Gentleman. nor even tender 'Affection towards one who would make it reciprocal, 'betrays any Softneſs of Effeminacy that the moſt maſ-'culine Diſpoſition need be aſhamed of; could you ſatisfy 'them of the Generoſity of voluntary Civility, and the 'Greatneſs of Soul that is conſpicuous in Benevolence 'without immediate Obligations; could you recommend 'to People's Practice the Saying of the Gentlemen quoted 'in one of your Speculations, *That he thought it incumbent 'upon him to make the Inclinations of a Woman of Merit go 'along with her Duty:* Could you, I ſay, perſuade theſe 'Men of the Beauty and Reaſonableneſs of this Sort of 'Behaviour, I have ſo much Charity for ſome of them 'at leaſt, to believe you would convince them of a 'Thing they are only aſhamed to allow: Beſides, you 'would recommend that State in its trueſt, and conſe-'quently its moſt agreeable Colours; and the Gentlemen 'who have for any Time been ſuch profeſſed Enemies to 'it, when Occaſion ſhould ſerve, would return you their 'Thanks for aſſiſting their Intereſt in prevailing over 'their Prejudices. Marriage in general would by this 'Means be a more eaſy and comfortable Condition; the 'Huſband would be no where ſo well ſatisfied as in his 'own Parlour, nor the Wife ſo pleaſant as in the Com-'pany of her Huſband: A Deſire of being agreeable in 'the Lover would be increaſed in the Huſband, and the 'Miſtreſs be more amiable by becoming the Wife. Beſides 'all which, I am apt to believe we ſhould find the Race 'of Men grow wiſer as their Progenitors grew kinder, 'and the Affection of their Parents would be conſpicuous 'in the Wiſdom of their Children; in ſhort, Men would 'in general be much better Humoured than they are, did 'not they ſo frequently exerciſe the worſt Turns of their 'Temper where they ought to exert the beſt.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a Woman who left the Admiration of this 'whole Town, to throw myſelf (for Love of Wealth) 'into the Arms of a Fool. When I married him, I could 'have had any one of ſeveral Men of Senſe who languiſhed

'for

'for me; but my Caſe is juſt. I believed my ſuperior Un-
'derſtanding would form him into a tractable Creature.
'But, alas, my Spouſe has Cunning and Suſpicion, the
'inſeparable Companions of little Minds; and every At-
'tempt I make to divert, by putting on an agreeable Air,
'a ſudden Chearfulneſs, or kind Behaviour, he looks upon
'as the firſt Act towards an Inſurrection againſt his un-
'deſerved Dominion over me. Let every one who is ſtill
'to chooſe, and hopes to govern a Fool, remember

TRISTISSA.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *St. Martins, November* 25.

'THIS is to complain of an evil Practice which I
'think very well deſerves a Redreſs, though you
'have not as yet taken any Notice of it: If you mention it
'in your Paper, it may perhaps have a very good Effect.
'What I mean is the Diſturbance ſome People give to
'others at Church, by their Repetition of the Prayers after
'the Miniſter, and that not only in the Prayers, but alſo
'the Abſolution and the Commandments fare no better,
'which are in a particular manner the Prieſt's Office:
'This I have known done in ſo audible a manner, that
'ſometimes their Voices have been as loud as his. As
'little as you would think it, this is frequently done by
'People ſeemingly devout. This irreligious Inadvertency
'is a Thing extremely offenſive: But I do not recommend
'it as a Thing I give you Liberty to ridicule, but hope it
'may be amended by the bare Mention.

T *SIR, Your very humble Servant,* T. S.

N° 237 *Saturday, December* 1.

Viſu carentem magna pars veri latet. Seneca in OEdip.
The Blind ſee Truth by halves.

IT is very reaſonable to believe, that Part of the Plea-
ſure which happy Minds ſhall enjoy in a future State,
will ariſe from an enlarged Contemplation of the
Divine Wiſdom in the Government of the World, and a
Diſ-

Diſcovery of the ſecret and amazing Steps of Providence, from the Beginning to the End of Time. Nothing ſeems to be an Entertainment more adapted to the Nature of Man, if we conſider that Curioſity is one of the ſtrongeſt and moſt laſting Appetites implanted in us, and that Admiration is one of our moſt pleaſing Paſſions; and what a perpetual Succeſſion of Enjoyments will be afforded to both theſe, in a Scene ſo large and various as ſhall then be laid open to our View in the Society of ſuperior Spirits, who perhaps will join with us in ſo delightful a Proſpect!

IT is not impoſſible, on the contrary, that Part of the Puniſhment of ſuch as are excluded from Bliſs, may conſiſt not only in their being denied this Privilege, but in having their Appetites at the ſame time vaſtly increaſed, without any Satisfaction afforded to them. In theſe, the vain Purſuit of Knowledge ſhall, perhaps, add to their Infelicity, and bewilder them into Labyrinths of Error, Darkneſs, Diſtraction and Uncertainty of every thing but their own evil State. *Milton* has thus repreſented the fallen Angels reaſoning together in a kind of Reſpite from their Torments, and creating to themſelves a new Diſquiet amidſt their very Amuſements; he could not properly have deſcribed the Sports of condemned Spirits, without that Caſt of Horror and Melancholy he has ſo judiciouſly mingled with them.

Others apart ſat on a Hill retired,
In Thoughts more elevate, and reaſon'd high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
Fixt Fate, Freewill, Foreknowledge abſolute,
And found no End in wandering Mazes loſt.

IN our preſent Condition, which is a middle State, our Minds are, as it were, chequered with Truth and Falſhood; and as our Faculties are narrow, and our Views imperfect, it is impoſſible but our Curioſity muſt meet with many Repulſes. The Buſineſs of Mankind in this Life being rather to act than to know, their Portion of Knowledge is dealt to them accordingly.

FROM hence it is, that the Reaſon of the Inquiſitive has ſo long been exerciſed with Difficulties, in accounting for the promiſcuous Diſtribution of Good and Evil

Evil to the Virtuous and the Wicked in this World. From hence comes all thoſe pathetick Complaints of ſo many tragical Events, which happen to the Wiſe and the Good; and of ſuch ſurpriſing Proſperity, which is often the Reward of the Guilty and the Fooliſh; that Reaſon is ſometimes puzzled, and at a loſs what to pronounce upon ſo myſterious a Diſpenſation.

PLATO expreſſes his Abhorrence of ſome Fables of the Poets, which ſeem to reflect on the Gods as the Authors of Injuſtice; and lays it down as a Principle, That whatever is permitted to befal a juſt Man, whether Poverty, Sickneſs, or any of thoſe Things which ſeem to be Evils, ſhall either in Life or Death conduce to his Good. My Reader will obſerve how agreeable this Maxim is to what we find delivered by a greater Authority. *Seneca* has written a Diſcourſe purpoſely on this Subject, in which he takes pains, after the Doctrine of the *Stoicks*, to ſhew that Adverſity is not in itſelf an Evil; and mentions a noble Saying of *Demetrius*, That *nothing would be more unhappy than a Man who had never known Affliction.* He compares Proſperity to the Indulgence of a fond Mother to a Child, which often proves his Ruin; but the Affection of the Divine Being to that of a wiſe Father who would have his Sons exerciſed with Labour, Diſappointment, and Pain, that they may gather Strength and improve their Fortitude. On this Occaſion the Philoſopher riſes into that celebrated Sentiment, That there is not on Earth a Spectacle more worthy the Regard of a Creator intent on his Works than a brave Man ſuperior to his Sufferings; to which he adds, That it muſt be a Pleaſure to *Jupiter* himſelf to look down from Heaven, and ſee *Cato* amidſt the Ruins of his Country preſerving his Integrity.

THIS Thought will appear yet more reaſonable, if we conſider human Life as a State of Probation, and Adverſity as the Poſt of Honour in it, aſſigned often to the beſt and moſt ſelect Spirits.

BUT what I would chiefly inſiſt on here, is, that we are not at preſent in a proper Situation to judge of the Counſels by which Providence acts, ſince but little arrives at our Knowledge, and even that little we diſcern imperfectly; or according to the elegant Figure in Holy Writ, *We ſee but in part, and as in a Glaſs darkly.* It is to be

be conſidered, that Providence in its Oeconomy regards the whole Syſtem of Time and Things together, ſo that we cannot diſcover the beautiful Connection between Incidents which lie widely ſeparate in Time, and by loſing ſo many Links of the Chain, our Reaſonings become broken and imperfect. Thus thoſe Parts of the moral World which have not an abſolute, may yet have a relative Beauty, in reſpect of ſome other Parts concealed from us, but open to his Eye before whom *Paſt*, *Preſent*, and *To come*, are ſet together in one Point of View: and thoſe Events, the Permiſſion of which ſeems now to accuſe his Goodneſs, may in the Conſummation of Things both magnify his Goodneſs, and exalt his Wiſdom. And this is enough to check our Preſumption, ſince it is in vain to apply our Meaſures of Regularity to Matters of which we know neither the Antecedents nor the Conſequents, the Beginning nor the End.

I ſhall relieve my Readers from this abſtracted Thought, by relating here a *Jewiſh* Tradition concerning *Moſes*, which ſeems to be a kind of Parable, illuſtrating what I have laſt mentioned. That great Prophet, it is ſaid, was called up by a Voice from Heaven to the top of a Mountain; where, in a Conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to propoſe to him ſome Queſtions concerning his Adminiſtration of the Univerſe. In the midſt of this Divine Colloquy he was commanded to look down on the Plain below. At the Foot of the Mountain there iſſued out a clear Spring of Water, at which a Soldier alighted from his Horſe to drink. He was no ſooner gone than a little Boy came to the ſame Place, and finding a Purſe of Gold which the Soldier had dropped, took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this came an infirm old Man, weary with Age and Travelling, and having quenched his Thirſt, ſat down to reſt himſelf by the Side of the Spring. The Soldier miſſing his Purſe returns to ſearch for it, and demands it of the old Man, who affirms he had not ſeen it, and appeals to Heaven in witneſs of his Innocence. The Soldier not believing his Proteſtations, kills him. *Moſes* fell on his Face with Horror and Amazement, when the Divine Voice thus prevented his Expoſtulation: 'Be not ſurpriſed, *Moſes*, nor aſk why 'the Judge of the whole Earth has ſuffer'd this Thing to

'come

'come to paſs: The Child is the Occaſion that the Blood
'of the old Man is ſpilt; but know, that the old Man
'whom thou ſaw'ſt, was the Murderer of that Child's
'Father. C

N° 238 *Monday, December* 3.

Nequicquam populo bibulas donaveris Aures;
Reſpue quod non es ——— Perſius, Sat. 4. v. 50.

Pleaſe not thyſelf the flatt'ring Crowd to hear;
'Tis fulſom Stuff, to pleaſe thy itching Ear.
Survey thy Soul, not what thou doſt appear,
But what thou art. ——— DRYDEN.

AMONG all the Diſeaſes of the Mind, there is not one more epidemical or more pernicious than the Love of Flattery. For as where the Juices of the Body are prepared to receive a malignant Influence, there the Diſeaſe rages with moſt Violence; ſo in this Diſtemper of the Mind, where there is ever a Propenſity and Inclination to ſuck in the Poiſon, it cannot be but that the whole Order of reaſonable Action muſt be overturn'd, for, like Muſick, it

——*So ſoftens and diſarms the Mind,*
That not one Arrow can Reſiſtance find.

FIRST we flatter ourſelves, and then the Flattery of others is ſure of Succeſs. It awakens our Self-love within, a Party which is ever ready to revolt from our better Judgment, and join the Enemy without. Hence it is, that the Profuſion of Favours we ſo often ſee poured upon the Paraſite, are repreſented to us, by our Self-Love, as Juſtice done to the Man, who ſo agreeably reconciles us to ourſelves. When we are overcome by ſuch ſoft Inſinuations and inſnaring Compliances, we gladly recompenſe the Artifices that are made uſe of to blind our Reaſon, and which triumph over the Weakneſſes of our Temper and Inclinations.

BUT were every Man perſuaded from how mean and low a Principle this Paſſion is derived, there can be no

doubt but the Perſon who ſhould attempt to gratify it, would then be as contemptible as he is now ſucceſsful. 'Tis the Deſire of ſome Quality we are not poſſeſſed of, or Inclination to be ſomething we are not, which are the Cauſes of our giving ourſelves up to that Man, who beſtows upon us the Characters and Qualities of others; which perhaps ſuit us as ill and were as little deſign'd for our wearing, as their Clothes. Inſtead of going out of our own complexional Nature into that of others, 'twere a better and more laudable Induſtry to improve our own, and inſtead of a miſerable Copy become a good Original; for there is no Temper, no Diſpoſition ſo rude and untractable, but may in its own peculiar Caſt and Turn be brought to ſome agreeable Uſe in Converſation, or in the Affairs of Life. A Perſon of a rougher Deportment, and leſs tied up to the uſual Ceremonies of Behaviour, will, like *Manly* in the Play, pleaſe by the Grace which Nature gives to every Action wherein ſhe is complied with; the Brisk and Lively will not want their Admirers, and even a more reſerved and melancholy Temper may at ſome times be agreeable.

WHEN there is not Vanity enough awake in a Man to undo him, the Flatterer ſtirs up that dormant Weakneſs, and inſpires him with Merit enough to be a Coxcomb. But if Flattery be the moſt ſordid Act that can be complied with, the Art of Praiſing juſtly is as commendable: For 'tis laudable to praiſe well; as Poets at one and the ſame time give Immortality, and receive it themſelves for a Reward: Both are pleaſed, the one whilſt he receives the Recompence of Merit, the other whilſt he ſhews he knows how to diſcern it; but above all, that Man is happy in this Art, who, like a skilful Painter, retains the Features and Complexion, but ſtill ſoftens the Picture into the moſt agreeable Likeneſs.

THERE can hardly, I believe, be imagin'd a more deſirable Pleaſure, than that of Praiſe unmix'd with any Poſſibility of Flattery. Such was that which *Germanicus* enjoyed, when, the Night before a Battle, deſirous of ſome ſincere Mark of the Eſteem of his Legions for him, he is deſcribed by *Tacitus* liſtening in a Diſguiſe to the Diſcourſe of a Soldier, and wrapt up in the Fruition of his Glory, whilſt with an undeſigned Sincerity they praiſed his

his noble and majeſtick Mien, his Affability, his Valour, Conduct, and Succeſs in War. How muſt a Man have his Heart full-blown with Joy in ſuch an Article of Glory as this? What a Spur and Encouragement ſtill to proceed in thoſe Steps which had already brought him to ſo pure a Taſte of the greateſt of mortal Enjoyments?

IT ſometimes happens, that even Enemies and envious Perſons beſtow the ſincereſt Marks of Eſteem when they leaſt deſign it. Such afford a greater Pleaſure, as extorted by Merit, and freed from all Suſpicion of Favour or Flattery. Thus it is with *Malvolio*; he has Wit, Learning, and Diſcernment, but temper'd with an Allay of Envy, Self-Love and Detraction: *Malvolio* turns pale at the Mirth and Good-humour of the Company, if it center not in his Perſon; he grows jealous and diſpleaſed when he ceaſes to be the only Perſon admired, and looks upon the Commendations paid to another as a Detraction from his Merit, and an Attempt to leſſen the Superiority he affects; but by this very Method, he beſtows ſuch Praiſe as can never be ſuſpected of Flattery. His Uneaſineſs and Diſtaſtes are ſo many ſure and certain Signs of another's Title to that Glory he deſires, and has the Mortification to find himſelf not poſſeſſed of.

A good Name is fitly compared to a precious Ointment, and when we are praiſed with Skill and Decency, 'tis indeed the moſt agreeable Perfume, but if too ſtrongly admitted into a Brain of a leſs vigorous and happy Texture, 'twill, like too ſtrong an Odour, overcome the Senſes, and prove pernicious to thoſe Nerves 'twas intended to refreſh. A generous Mind is of all others the moſt ſenſible of Praiſe and Diſpraiſe; and a noble Spirit is as much invigorated with its due Proportion of Honour and Applauſe, as 'tis depreſſed by Neglect and Contempt: But 'tis only Perſons far above the common Level who are thus affected with either of theſe Extremes; as in a Thermometer, 'tis only the pureſt and moſt ſublimated Spirit that is either contracted or dilated by the Benignity or Inclemency of the Seaſon.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Tranſlations which you have lately given us 'from the *Greek*, in ſome of your laſt Papers, 'have been the Occaſion of my looking into ſome of

' thoſe Authors; among whom I chanced on a Collection
' of Letters which paſs under the Name of *Ariſtænetus*.
' Of all the Remains of Antiquity, I believe there can be
' Nothing produc'd of an Air ſo galant and polite; each
' Letter contains a little Novel or Adventure, which is
' told with all the Beauties of Language and heightened
' with a Luxuriance of Wit. There are ſeveral of them
' tranſlated, but with ſuch wide Deviations from the Ori-
' ginal, and in a Stile ſo far differing from the Authors,
' that the Tranſlator ſeems rather to have taken Hints for
' the expreſſing his own Senſe and Thoughts, than to have
' endeavoured to render thoſe of *Ariſtænetus*. In the fol-
' lowing Tranſlation, I have kept as near the Meaning of
' the *Greek* as I could, and have only added a few Words
' to make the Sentences in *Engliſh* ſit together a little bet-
' ter than they would otherwiſe have done. The Story
' ſeems to be taken from that of *Pygmalion* and the Statue
' in *Ovid:* Some of the Thoughts are of the ſame Turn,
' and the whole is written in a kind of Poetical Proſe.

Philopinax to *Chromation.*

" NEVER was Man more overcome with ſo fan-
" taſtical a Paſſion as mine. I have painted a beau-
" tiful Woman, and am deſpairing, dying for the Picture.
" My own Skill has undone me; 'tis not the Dart of
" *Venus*, but my own Pencil has thus wounded me. Ah
" me! with what Anxiety am I neceſſitated to adore
" my own Idol? How miſerable am I, whilſt every one
" muſt as much pity the Painter as he praiſes the Picture,
" and own my Torment more than equal to my Art.
" But why do I thus complain? Have there not been
" more unhappy and unnatural Paſſions than mine? Yes,
" I have ſeen the Repreſentations of *Phædra*, *Narciſſus*,
" and *Paſiphae*. *Phædra* was unhappy in her Love; that
" of *Paſiphae* was monſtrous; and whilſt the other caught
" at his beloved Likeneſs, he deſtroyed the watery Image,
" which ever eluded his Embraces. The Fountain re-
" preſented *Narciſſus* to himſelf, and the Picture both
" that and him, thirſting after his adored Image. But I
" am yet leſs unhappy, I enjoy her Preſence continually,
" and if I touch her, I deſtroy not the beauteous Form,
" but ſhe looks pleaſed, and a ſweet Smile ſits in the
" charming

" charming Space which divides her Lips. One would " ſwear that Voice and Speech were iſſuing out, and that " one's Ears felt the melodious Sound. How often have " I, deceived by a Lover's Credulity, hearkned if ſhe " had not ſomething to whiſper me? and when fruſtrated " of my Hopes, how often have I taken my Revenge in " Kiſſes from her Cheeks and Eyes, and ſoftly wooed her " to my Embrace, whilſt ſhe (as to me it ſeem'd) only " withheld her Tongue the more to inflame me. But, Mad- " man that I am, ſhall I be thus taken with the Repreſen- " tation only of a beauteous Face, and flowing Hair, and " thus waſte myſelf and melt to Tears for a Shadow? " Ah, ſure 'tis ſomething more, 'tis a Reality! for ſee her " Beauties ſhine out with new Luſtre, and ſhe ſeems to " upbraid me with ſuch unkind Reproaches. Oh may I " have a living Miſtreſs of this Form, that when I ſhall " compare the Work of Nature with that of Art, I may " be ſtill at a loſs which to chooſe, and be long perplex'd " with the pleaſing Uncertainty. T

N° 239 *Tueſday, December* 4.

——*Bella, horrida bella!* Virg. Æn. 6. v. 86.

Wars, horrid Wars! DRYDEN.

I HAVE ſometimes amuſed myſelf with conſidering the ſeveral Methods of managing a Debate which have obtained in the World.

THE firſt Races of Mankind uſed to diſpute, as our ordinary People do now-a-days, in a kind of wild Logick, uncultivated by Rules of Art.

SOCRATES introduced a catechetical Method of Arguing. He would ask his Adverſary Queſtion upon Queſtion, till he had convinced him out of his own Mouth that his Opinions were wrong. This Way of Debating drives an Enemy up into a Corner, ſeizes all the Paſſes through which he can make an Eſcape, and forces him to ſurrender at Diſcretion.

ARISTOTLE changed this Method of Attack, and invented a great Variety of little Weapons, call'd Syllogiſms. As in the *Socratick* Way of Diſpute you agree to every thing which your Opponent advances, in the *Ariſtotelick* you are ſtill denying and contradicting ſome Part or other of what he ſays. *Socrates* conquers you by Stratagem, *Ariſtotle* by Force: The one takes the Town by Sap, the other Sword in Hand.

THE Univerſities of *Europe*, for many Years, carried on their Debates by Syllogiſm, inſomuch that we ſee the Knowledge of ſeveral Centuries laid out into Objections and Anſwers, and all the good Senſe of the Age cut and minced into almoſt an Infinitude of Diſtinctions.

WHEN our Univerſities found that there was no End of Wrangling this Way, they invented a kind of Argument, which is not reducible to any Mood or Figure in *Ariſtotle*. It was called the *Argumentum Baſilinum* (others write it *Bacilinum* or *Baculinum*) which is pretty well expreſs'd in our *Engliſh* Word *Club-Law*. When they were not able to confute their Antagoniſt, they knock'd him down. It was their Method in theſe polemical Debates, firſt to diſcharge their Syllogiſms, and afterwards to betake themſelves to their Clubs, till ſuch Time as they had one Way or other confounded their Gainſayers. There is in *Oxford* a narrow Defile, (to make uſe of a military Term) where the Partiſans uſed to encounter, for which Reaſon it ſtill retains the Name of *Logick-Lane*. I have heard an old Gentleman, a Phyſician, make his Boaſts, that when he was a young Fellow he marched ſeveral Times at the Head of a Troop of *Scotiſts*, and cudgel'd a Body of *Smigleſians* half the length of *High-ſtreet*, 'till they had diſperſed themſelves for Shelter into their reſpective Garriſons.

THIS Humour, I find, went very far in *Eraſmus*'s Time. For that Author tells us, That upon the Revival of *Greek* Letters, moſt of the Univerſities in *Europe* were divided into *Greeks* and *Trojans*. The latter were thoſe who bore a mortal Enmity to the Language of the *Grecians*, inſomuch that if they met with any who underſtood it, they did not fail to treat him as a Foe. *Eraſmus* himſelf had, it ſeems, the Misfortune to fall into the Hands of a Party of *Trojans*, who laid him on with ſo many

many Blows and Buffets that he never forgot their Hoſtilities to his dying Day.

THERE is a way of managing an Argument not much unlike the former, which is made uſe of by States and Communities, when they draw up a hundred thouſand Diſputants on each Side, and convince one another by Dint of Sword. A certain Grand Monarch was ſo ſenſible of his Strength in this way of Reaſoning, that he writ upon his Great Guns----*Ratio ultima Regum*, *The Logick of Kings*; but, God be thanked, he is now pretty well baffled at his own Weapons. When one has to do with a Philoſopher of this kind, one ſhould remember the old Gentleman's Saying, who had been engaged in an Argument with one of the *Roman* Emperors. Upon his Friend's telling him, That he wonder'd he would give up the Queſtion, when he had viſibly the Better of the Diſpute; *I am never aſham'd*, ſays he, *to be confuted by one who is Maſter of fifty Legions*.

I ſhall but juſt mention another kind of Reaſoning, which may be called arguing by Poll; and another which is of equal Force, in which Wagers are made uſe of as Arguments, according to the celebrated Line in *Hudibras*.

BUT the moſt notable way of managing a Controverſy, is that which we may call *Arguing by Torture*. This is a Method of Reaſoning which has been made uſe of with the poor Refugees, and which was ſo faſhionable in our Country during the Reign of Queen *Mary*, that in a Paſſage of an Author quoted by Monſieur *Bayle*, it is ſaid the Price of Wood was raiſed in *England*, by reaſon of the Executions that were made in *Smithfield*. Theſe Diſputants convince their Adverſaries with a *Sorites*, commonly called a Pile of Faggots. The Rack is alſo a kind of Syllogiſm which has been uſed with good Effect, and has made Multitudes of Converts. Men were formerly diſputed out of their Doubts, reconciled to Truth by Force of Reaſon, and won over to Opinions by the Candour, Senſe and Ingenuity of thoſe who had the Right on their Side; but this Method of Conviction operated too ſlowly. Pain was found to be much more enlightning than Reaſon. Every Scruple was looked upon as Obſtinacy, and not to be removed but by ſeveral Engines invented for that Purpoſe. In a word, the Application of

Whips, Racks, Gibbets, Gallies, Dungeons, Fire and Faggot, in a Diſpute, may be look'd upon as Popiſh Refinements upon the old Heathen Logick.

THERE is another way of Reaſoning which ſeldom fails, tho' it be of a quite different Nature to that I have laſt mentioned. I mean, convincing a Man by ready Money, or as it is ordinarily called, bribing a Man to an Opinion. This Method has often proved ſucceſsful, when all the others have been made uſe of to no purpoſe. A Man who is furniſhed with Arguments from the Mint, will convince his Antagoniſt much ſooner than one who draws them from Reaſon and Philoſophy. Gold is a wonderful Clearer of the Underſtanding; it diſſipates every Doubt and Scruple in an Inſtant; accommodates itſelf to the meaneſt Capacities; ſilences the Loud and Clamorous, and brings over the moſt Obſtinate and Inflexible. *Philip* of *Macedon* was a Man of moſt invincible Reaſon this Way. He refuted by it all the Wiſdom of *Athens*, confounded their Stateſmen, ſtruck their Orators dumb, and at length argued them out of all their Liberties.

HAVING here touched upon the ſeveral Methods of Diſputing, as they have prevailed in different Ages of the World, I ſhall very ſuddenly give my Reader an Account of the whole Art of Cavilling; which ſhall be a full and ſatisfactory Anſwer to all ſuch Papers and Pamphlets as have yet appeared againſt the SPECTATOR. C

N° 240 *Wedneſday, December* 5.

——— *Aliter non fit, Avite, liber.* Mart. Ep. 17. l. 1.

Of ſuch Materials, Sir, are Books compoſed.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM of one of the moſt genteel Trades in the City, and underſtand thus much of liberal Education, as to have an ardent Ambition of being uſeful to Mankind, and to think That the chief End of Being as to this Life. I had theſe good Impreſſions given me from the handſom

'handſom Behaviour of a learned, generous, and wealthy 'Man, towards me when I firſt began the World. Some 'Diſſatisfaction between me and my Parents made me 'enter into it with leſs Reliſh of Buſineſs than I ought; 'and to turn off this Uneaſineſs I gave myſelf to crimi-'nal Pleaſures, ſome Exceſſes, and a general looſe Con-'duct. I know not what the excellent Man above-mentioned 'ſaw in me, but he deſcended from the Superiority of his 'Wiſdom and Merit, to throw himſelf frequently into 'my Company. This made me ſoon hope that I had 'ſomething in me worth cultivating, and his Converſa-'tion made me ſenſible of Satisfactions in a regular Way, 'which I had never before imagined. When he was 'grown familiar with me, he opened himſelf like a good 'Angel, and told me, he had long laboured to ripen me 'into a Preparation to receive his Friendſhip and Advice, 'both which I ſhould daily command, and the Uſe of any 'Part of his Fortune, to apply the Meaſures he ſhould 'propoſe to me, for the Improvement of my own. I 'aſſure you, I cannot recollect the Goodneſs and Confu-'ſion of the good Man when he ſpoke to this Purpoſe to 'me, without melting into Tears; but in a word, Sir, I 'muſt haſten to tell you, that my Heart burns with Grati-'tude towards him, and he is ſo happy a Man, that it can 'never be in my Power to return him his Favours in Kind, 'but I am ſure I have made him the moſt agreeable Satiſ-'faction I could poſſibly, in being ready to ſerve others to 'my utmoſt Ability, as far as is conſiſtent with the Pru-'dence he preſcribes to me. Dear Mr. SPECTATOR, I 'do not owe to him only the Good-will and Eſteem of my 'own Relations, (who are People of Diſtinction) the pre-'ſent Eaſe and Plenty of my Circumſtances, but alſo the 'Government of my Paſſions, and Regulation of my De-'ſires. I doubt not, Sir, but in your Imagination ſuch Vir-'tues as theſe of my worthy Friend, bear as great a Figure 'as Actions which are more glittering in the common 'Eſtimation. What I would ask of you, is to give us a 'whole *Spectator* upon Heroick Virtue in common Life, 'which may incite Men to the ſame generous Inclinati-'ons, as have by this admirable Perſon been ſhewn to, 'and rais'd in,

SIR, Your moſt humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a Country Gentleman, of a good plentiful Eſtate, 'and live as the reſt of my Neighbours with great 'Hoſpitality. I have been ever reckoned among the La-'dies the beſt Company in the World, and have Acceſs 'as a ſort of Favourite. I never came in Publick but I 'ſaluted them, tho' in great Aſſemblies, all around, 'where it was ſeen how genteelly I avoided hampering 'my Spurs in their Petticoats, whilſt I moved amongſt 'them; and on the other ſide how prettily they curtſied 'and received me, ſtanding in proper Rows, and ad-'vancing as faſt as they ſaw their Elders, or their Betters, 'diſpatch'd by me. But ſo it is, Mr. SPECTATOR, that 'all our Good-breeding is of late loſt by the unhappy 'Arrival of a Courtier, or Town Gentleman, who came 'lately among us: This Perſon wherever he came into a 'Room made a profound Bow, and fell back, then reco-'vered with a ſoft Air, and made a Bow to the next, and 'ſo to one or two more, and then took the Groſs of the 'Room, by paſſing by them in a continued Bow till he 'arrived at the Perſon he thought proper particularly to 'entertain. This he did with ſo good a Grace and Aſ-'ſurance, that it is taken for the preſent Faſhion; and 'there is no young Gentlewoman within ſeveral Miles of 'this Place has been kiſſed ever ſince his firſt Appearance 'among us. We Country Gentlemen cannot begin again 'and learn theſe fine and reſerved Airs; and our Conver-'ſation is at a Stand, till we have your Judgment for or 'againſt Kiſſing, by way of Civility or Salutation; 'which is impatiently expected by your Friends of both 'Sexes, but by none ſo much as

Your humble Servant, Ruſtick Sprightly.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *December* 3, 1711.

'I Was the other Night at *Philaſter*, where I expected 'to hear your famous Trunk-maker, but was unhap-'pily diſappointed of his Company, and ſaw another 'Perſon who had the like Ambition to diſtinguiſh him-'ſelf in a noiſy manner, partly by Vociferation or talk-'ing loud, and partly by his bodily Agility. This was a 'very luſty Fellow, but withal a ſort of Beau, who get-

'ting

'ting into one of the Side-boxes on the Stage before the 'Curtain drew, was diſpoſed to ſhew the whole Audi-'ence his Activity by leaping over the Spikes; he paſs'd 'from thence to one of the entring Doors, where he 'took Snuff with a tolerable good Grace, diſplay'd his 'fine Clothes, made two or three feint Paſſes at the 'Curtain with his Cane, then faced about and appear'd 'at t'other Door: Here he affected to ſurvey the whole 'Houſe, bow'd and ſmil'd at random, and then ſhew'd 'his Teeth, which were ſome of them indeed very white: 'After this he retired behind the Curtain, and obliged us 'with ſeveral Views of his Perſon from every Opening.

'DURING the Time of Acting, he appear'd fre-'quently in the Prince's Apartment, made one at the Hunt-'ing-match, and was very forward in the Rebellion. If 'there were no Injunctions to the contrary, yet this Prac-'tice muſt be confeſs'd to diminiſh the Pleaſure of the 'Audience, and for that Reaſon preſumptuous and unwar-'rantable: But ſince her Majeſty's late Command has 'made it criminal, you have Authority to take notice of it.

SIR, Your humble Servant,

T Charles Eaſy.

N° 241 *Thurſday, December* 6.

——Semperque relinqui
Sola ſibi, ſemper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam—— Virg. Æn. 4. v. 466.

——She ſeems alone
To wander in her Sleep thro' Ways unknown,
Guideleſs and dark. DRYDEN.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THOUGH you have conſidered virtuous Love 'in moſt of its Diſtreſſes, I do not remember that 'you have given us any Diſſertation upon the Ab-'ſence of Lovers, or laid down any Methods how they 'ſhould ſupport themſelves under thoſe long Separations

'which

'which they are ſometimes forced to undergo. I am at 'preſent in this unhappy Circumſtance, having parted 'with the beſt of Husbands, who is abroad in the Ser- 'vice of his Country, and may not poſſibly return for 'ſome Years. His warm and generous Affection while 'we were together, with the Tenderneſs which he ex- 'preſſed to me at parting, make his Abſence almoſt in- 'ſupportable. I think of him every moment of the Day, 'and meet him every Night in my Dreams. Every thing 'I ſee puts me in mind of him. I apply myſelf with 'more than ordinary Diligence to the Care of his Fa- 'mily and his Eſtate; but this, inſtead of relieving me, 'gives me but ſo many Occaſions of wiſhing for his Re- 'turn. I frequent the Rooms where I uſed to converſe 'with him, and not meeting him there, ſit down in his 'Chair, and fall a weeping. I love to read the Books he 'delighted in, and to converſe with the Perſons whom 'he eſteemed. I viſit his Picture a hundred times 'a Day, and place myſelf over-againſt it whole Hours 'together. I paſs a great part of my Time in the 'Walks where I uſed to lean upon his Arm, and recollect 'in my Mind the Diſcourſes which have there paſſed 'between us: I look over the ſeveral Proſpects and Points 'of View which we uſed to ſurvey together, fix my Eye 'upon the Objects which he has made me take notice 'of, and call to mind a thouſand agreeable Remarks 'which he has made on thoſe Occaſions. I write to him 'by every Conveyance, and contrary to other People, 'am always in Good-humour when an Eaſt-Wind blows, 'becauſe it ſeldom fails of bringing me a Letter from 'him. Let me intreat you, Sir, to give me your Ad- 'vice upon this Occaſion, and to let me know how I 'may relieve myſelf in this my Widowhood.

I am, SIR, Your very humble Servant,

ASTERIA.

ABSENCE is what the Poets call Death in Love, and has given occaſion to abundance of beautiful Complaints in thoſe Authors who have treated of this Paſſion in Verſe. *Ovid*'s Epiſtles are full of them. *Otway*'s *Monimia* talks very tenderly upon this Subject.

——— *It*

——It was not kind
To leave me like a Turtle, here alone,
To droop and mourn the Abſence of my Mate.
When thou art from me, every Place is deſert:
And I, methinks, am ſavage and forlorn.
Thy Preſence only 'tis can make me bleſt,
Heal my unquiet Mind, and tune my Soul.

THE Conſolations of Lovers on theſe Occaſions are very extraordinary. Beſides thoſe mentioned by *Aſteria*, there are many other Motives of Comfort, which are made uſe of by abſent Lovers.

I remember in one of *Scudery*'s Romances, a Couple of honourable Lovers agreed at their parting to ſet aſide one half Hour in the Day to think of each other during a tedious Abſence. The Romance tells us, that they both of them punctually obſerved the Time thus agreed upon; and that whatever Company or Buſineſs they were engaged in, they left it abruptly as ſoon as the Clock warned them to retire. The Romance further adds, That the Lovers expected the Return of this ſtated Hour with as much Impatience, as if it had been a real Aſſignation, and enjoyed an imaginary Happineſs that was almoſt as pleaſing to them as what they would have found from a real Meeting. It was an inexpreſſible Satisfaction to theſe divided Lovers, to be aſſured that each was at the ſame time employ'd in the ſame kind of Contemplation, and making equal Returns of Tenderneſs and Affection.

IF I may be allowed to mention a more ſerious Expedient for the alleviating of Abſence, I ſhall take notice of one which I have known two Perſons practiſe, who joined Religion to that Elegance of Sentiments with which the Paſſion of Love generally inſpires its Votaries. This was, at the Return of ſuch an Hour, to offer up a certain Prayer for each other, which they had agreed upon before their Parting. The Husband, who is a Man that makes a Figure in the polite World, as well as in his own Family, has often told me, that he could not have ſupported an Abſence of three Years without this Expedient.

STRADA, in one of his Proluſions, gives an Account of a chimerical Correſpondence between two Friends by the

the Help of a certain Loadſtone, which had ſuch Virtue in it, that if it touched two ſeveral Needles, when one of the Needles ſo touched began to move, the other, tho' at never ſo great a Diſtance, moved at the ſame Time, and in the ſame Manner. He tells us, that the two Friends, being each of them poſſeſſed of one of theſe Needles, made a kind of a Dial-plate, inſcribing it with the four and twenty Letters, in the ſame manner as the Hours of the Day are marked upon the ordinary Dial-plate. They then fixed one of the Needles on each of theſe Plates in ſuch a manner, that it could move round without Impediment, ſo as to touch any of the four and twenty Letters. Upon their Separating from one another into diſtant Countries, they agreed to withdraw themſelves punctually into their Cloſets at a certain Hour of the Day, and to converſe with one another by means of this their Invention. Accordingly when they were ſome hundred Miles aſunder, each of them ſhut himſelf up in his Cloſet at the Time appointed, and immediately caſt his Eye upon his Dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his Friend, he directed his Needle to every Letter that formed the Words which he had occaſion for, making a little Pauſe at the end of every Word or Sentence, to avoid Confuſion. The Friend, in the mean while, ſaw his own ſympathetick Needle moving of itſelf to every Letter which that of his Correſpondent pointed at. By this means they talked together acroſs a whole Continent, and conveyed their Thoughts to one another in an inſtant over Cities or Mountains, Seas or Deſerts.

IF Monſieur *Scudery*, or any other Writer of Romance, had introduced a Necromancer, who is generally in the Train of a Knight-Errant, making a Preſent to two Lovers of a Couple of thoſe above-mentioned Needles, the Reader would not have been a little pleaſed to have ſeen them correſponding with one another when they were guarded by Spies and Watches, or ſeparated by Caſtles and Adventures.

IN the mean while, if ever this Invention ſhould be revived or put in practice, I would propoſe, that upon the Lover's Dial-plate there ſhould be written not only the four and twenty Letters, but ſeveral intire Words which have always a Place in paſſionate Epiſtles, as *Flames*, *Darts*,

Darts, Die, Language, Abſence, Cupid, Heart, Eyes, Hang, Drown, and the like. This would very much abridge the Lover's Pains in this way of writing a Letter, as it would enable him to expreſs the moſt uſeful and ſignificant Words with a ſingle Touch of the Needle. C

Nº 242 *Friday, December 7.*

Creditur, ex medio quia res arceſſit, habere
Sudoris minimum——— Hor. Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 168.

To write on vulgar Themes, is thought an eaſy Task.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR Speculations do not ſo generally prevail 'over Mens Manners as I could wiſh. A former 'Paper of yours concerning the Misbehaviour of 'People, who are neceſſarily in each other's Company in 'travelling, ought to have been a laſting Admonition 'againſt Tranſgreſſions of that Kind: But I had the Fate 'of your Quaker, in meeting with a rude Fellow in a 'Stage-Coach, who entertained two or three Women of 'us (for there was no Man beſides himſelf) with Lan-'guage as indecent as ever was heard upon the Water. 'The impertinent Obſervations which the Coxcomb 'made upon our Shame and Confuſion were ſuch, that it 'is an unſpeakable Grief to reflect upon them. As much 'as you have declaimed againſt Duelling, I hope you will 'do us the Juſtice to declare, that if the Brute has Cou-'rage enough to ſend to the Place where he ſaw us all 'alight together to get rid of him, there is not one of 'us but has a Lover who ſhall avenge the Inſult. It 'would certainly be worth your Conſideration, to look 'into the frequent Misfortunes of this kind, to which 'the Modeſt and Innocent are expoſed, by the licentious 'Behaviour of ſuch as are as much Strangers to Good-'breeding as to Virtue. Could we avoid hearing what we 'do not approve, as eaſily as we can ſeeing what is diſa-'greeable, there were ſome Conſolation; but ſince in a

'Box

'Box at a Play, in an Aſſembly of Ladies, or even in a 'Pew at Church, it is in the Power of a groſs Coxcomb 'to utter what a Woman cannot avoid hearing. how mi-'ſerable is her Condition who comes within the Power 'of ſuch Impertinents? And how neceſſary is it to re-'peat Invectives againſt ſuch a Behaviour? If the Li-'centious had not utterly forgot what it is to be modeſt, 'they would know that offended Modeſty labours under 'one of the greateſt Sufferings to which human Life 'can be expoſed. If one of theſe Brutes could reflect 'thus much, tho' they want Shame, they would be 'moved, by their Pity, to abhor an impudent Behaviour 'in the Preſence of the Chaſte and Innocent. If you 'will oblige us with a *Spectator* on this Subject, and pro-'cure it to be paſted againſt every Stage-Coach in *Great-'Britain*, as the Law of the Journey, you will highly 'oblige the whole Sex, for which you have profeſſed ſo 'great an Eſteem; and in particular, the two Ladies 'my late Fellow-Sufferers, and,

S I R, Your moſt humble Servant,

Rebecca Ridinghood.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Matter which I am now going to ſend you, 'is an unhappy Story in low Life, and will re-'commend itſelf, ſo that you muſt excuſe the Manner 'of expreſſing it. A poor idle drunken Weaver in *Spittle-'Fields* has a faithful laborious Wife, who by her Fruga-'lity and Induſtry had laid by her as much Money as pur-'chaſed her a Ticket in the preſent Lottery. She had hid 'this very privately in the Bottom of a Trunk, and had 'given her Number to a Friend and Confident, who had 'promiſed to keep the Secret, and bring her News of the 'Succeſs. The poor Adventurer was one Day gone abroad, 'when her careleſs Husband, ſuſpecting ſhe had ſaved 'ſome Money, ſearches every Corner, till at length he 'finds this ſame Ticket; which he immediately carries 'abroad, ſells, and ſquanders away the Money without 'the Wife's ſuſpecting any thing of the matter. A Day or 'two after this, this Friend who was a Woman, comes 'and brings the Wife word, that ſhe had a Benefit of 'Five Hundred Pounds. The poor Creature overjoyed,

'flies

'flies up Stairs to her Huſband, who was then at Work, 'and deſires him to leave his Loom for that Evening, 'and come and drink with a Friend of his and hers 'below. The Man received this chearful Invitation as 'bad Huſbands ſometimes do, and after a croſs Word or 'two, told her he wou'dn't come. His Wife with Ten-'derneſs renewed her Importunity, and at length ſaid 'to him, My Love! I have within theſe few Months, 'unknown to you, ſcraped together as much Money as 'has bought us a Ticket in the Lottery, and now here 'is Mrs. *Quick* come to tell me, that 'tis come up this 'Morning a Five hundred Pound Prize. The Huſband 'replies immediately, You lye, you Slut, you have no 'Ticket, for I have ſold it. The poor Woman upon 'this faints away in a Fit, recovers, and is now run diſ-'tracted. As ſhe had no Deſign to defraud her Huſband, 'but was willing only to participate in his good Fortune, 'every one pities her, but thinks her Huſband's Puniſh-'ment but juſt. This, Sir, is Matter of Fact, and would, 'if the Perſons and Circumſtances were greater, in a 'well-wrought Play be called *Beautiful Diſtreſs*. I have 'only ſketched it out with Chalk, and know a good 'Hand can make a moving Picture with worſe Materials.

SIR, &c.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM what the World calls a warm Fellow, and by 'good Succeſs in Trade I have raiſed myſelf to a 'Capacity of making ſome Figure in the World; but no 'matter for that. I have now under my Guardianſhip a 'couple of Neices, who will certainly make me run mad; 'which you will not wonder at, when I tell you they are 'Female Virtuoſos, and during the three Years and a 'half that I have had them under my Care, they never 'in the leaſt inclined their Thoughts towards any one 'ſingle Part of the Character of a notable Woman. Whilſt 'they ſhould have been conſidering the proper Ingredi-'ents for a Sack-poſſet, you ſhould hear a diſpute con-'cerning the magnetick Virtue of the Loadſtone, or per-'haps the Preſſure of the Atmoſphere: Their Language 'is peculiar to themſelves, and they ſcorn to expreſs 'themſelves on the meaneſt Trifle with Words that are

'not

'not of a *Latin* Derivation. But this were ſupportable 'ſtill, would they ſuffer me to enjoy an uninterrupted 'Ignorance; but, unleſs I fall in with their abſtracted 'Ideas of Things (as they call them) I muſt not expect 'to ſmoke one Pipe in Quiet. In a late Fit of the Gout 'I complained of the Pain of that Diſtemper, when my 'Neice *Kitty* begged Leave to aſſure me, that whatever 'I might think, ſeveral great Philoſophers, both ancient 'and modern, were of Opinion, that both Pleaſure and 'Pain were imaginary Diſtinctions, and that there was 'no ſuch thing as either *in rerum Natura*. I have often heard them affirm that the Fire was not hot; and 'one Day when I, with the Authority of an old Fellow, deſired one of them to put my blue Cloke on 'my Knees; ſhe anſwered, Sir, I will reach the Cloke; 'but take notice, I do not do it as allowing your 'Deſcription; for it might as well be called Yellow as 'Blue; for Colour is nothing but the various Infractions of the Rays of the Sun. Miſs *Molly* told 'me one Day; That to ſay Snow was white, is allowing 'a vulgar Error; for as it contains a great Quantity of 'nitrous Particles, it might more reaſonably be ſuppoſed 'to be black. In ſhort, the young Huſſeys would perſuade me, that to believe one's Eyes is a ſure way to be 'deceived; and have often adviſed me, by no means, to 'truſt any thing ſo fallible as my Senſes. What I have 'to beg of you now is, to turn one Speculation to the 'due Regulation of Female Literature, ſo far at leaſt, as 'to make it conſiſtent with the Quiet of ſuch whoſe Fate 'it is to be liable to its Inſults; and to tell us the Difference between a Gentleman that ſhould make Cheeſe-cakes and raiſe Paſte, and a Lady that reads *Locke*, 'and underſtands the Mathematicks. In which you will 'extremely oblige

Your hearty Friend and humble Servant,

Abraham Thrifty.

T

Saturday,

N° 243 *Saturday, December* 8.

Formam quidem ipſam, Marce fili, & tanquam faciem Honeſti vides: quæ ſi oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores (ut ait Plato) excitaret Sapientiæ. Tull. Offic.

You ſee, my Son Marcus, *the very Shape and Countenance, as it were, of Virtue; which if it cou'd be made the Object of Sight, would (as* Plato *ſays) excite in us a wonderful Love of Wiſdom.*

I DO not remember to have read any Diſcourſe written expreſly upon the Beauty and Lovelineſs of Virtue, without conſidering it as a Duty, and as the Means of making us happy both now and hereafter. I deſign therefore this Speculation as an Eſſay upon that Subject, in which I ſhall conſider Virtue no farther than as it is in itſelf of an amiable Nature, after having premiſed, that I underſtand by the Word Virtue ſuch a general Notion as is affixed to it by the Writers of Morality, and which by devout Men generally goes under the Name of Religion, and by Men of the World under the Name of Honour.

HYPOCRISY itſelf does great Honour, or rather Juſtice, to Religion, and tacitly acknowledges it to be an Ornament to human Nature. The Hypocrite would not be at ſo much Pains to put on the Appearance of Virtue, if he did not know it was the moſt proper and effectual Means to gain the Love and Eſteem of Mankind.

WE learn from *Hierocles*, it was a common Saying among the Heathens, that the Wiſe Man hates no Body, but only loves the Virtuous.

TULLY has a very beautiful Gradation of Thoughts to ſhew how amiable Virtue is. We love a virtuous Man, ſays he, who lives in the remoteſt Parts of the Earth, though we are altogether out of the Reach of his Virtue, and can receive from it no manner of Benefit; nay one who died ſeveral Ages ago, raiſes a ſecret Fondneſs and Benevolence for him in our Minds, when we read his Story: Nay what is ſtill more, one who has been the Enemy

Enemy of our Country, provided his Wars were regulated by Juſtice and Humanity, as in the Inſtance of *Pyrrhus* whom *Tully* mentions on this Occaſion in Oppoſition to *Hannibal*. Such is the natural Beauty and Lovelineſs of Virtue.

STOICISM, which was the Pedantry of Virtue, aſcribes all good Qualifications, of what kind ſoever, to the virtuous Man. Accordingly *Cato*, in the Character *Tully* has left of him, carried Matters ſo far, that he would not allow any one but a virtuous Man to be handſom. This indeed looks more like a Philoſophical Rant than the real Opinion of a Wiſe Man; yet this was what *Cato* very ſeriouſly maintained. In ſhort, the Stoicks thought they could not ſufficiently repreſent the Excellence of Virtue, if they did not comprehend in the Notion of it all poſſible Perfections; and therefore did not only ſuppoſe, that it was tranſcendently beautiful in itſelf, but that it made the very Body amiable, and baniſhed every kind of Deformity from the Perſon in whom it reſided.

IT is a common Obſervation, that the moſt abandoned to all Senſe of Goodneſs, are apt to wiſh thoſe who are related to them of a different Character; and it is very obſervable, that none are more ſtruck with the Charms of Virtue in the fair Sex, than thoſe who by their very Admiration of it are carried to a Deſire of ruining it.

A virtuous Mind in a fair Body is indeed a fine Picture in a good Light, and therefore it is no Wonder that it makes the beautiful Sex all over Charms.

AS Virtue in general is of an amiable and lovely Nature, there are ſome particular kinds of it which are more ſo than others, and theſe are ſuch as diſpoſe us to do Good to Mankind. Temperance and Abſtinence, Faith and Devotion, are in themſelves perhaps as laudable as any other Virtues; but thoſe which make a Man popular and beloved, are Juſtice, Charity, Munificence, and, in ſhort, all the good Qualities that render us beneficial to each other. For which Reaſon even an extravagant Man, who has nothing elſe to recommend him but a falſe Generoſity, is often more beloved and eſteemed than a Perſon of a much more finiſhed Character, who is defective in this Particular.

THE two great Ornaments of Virtue, which ſhew her in the moſt advantageous Views, and make her altogether lovely,

lovely, are Chearfulneſs and Good-nature. Theſe generally go together, as a Man cannot be agreeable to others who is not eaſy within himſelf. They are both very requiſite in a virtuous Mind, to keep out Melancholy from the many ſerious Thoughts it is engaged in, and to hinder its natural Hatred of Vice from ſouring into Severity and Cenſoriouſneſs.

IF Virtue is of this amiable Nature, what can we think of thoſe who can look upon it with an Eye of Hatred and Ill-will, or can ſuffer their Averſion for a Party to blot out all the Merit of the Perſon who is engaged in it. A Man muſt be exceſſively ſtupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes that there is no Virtue but on his own Side, and that there are not Men as honeſt as himſelf who may differ from him in Political Principles. Men may oppoſe one another in ſome Particulars, but ought not to carry their Hatred to thoſe Qualities which are of ſo amiable a Nature in themſelves, and have nothing to do with the Points in Diſpute. Men of Virtue, though of different Intereſts, ought to conſider themſelves as more nearly united with one another, than with the vicious Part of Mankind, who embark with them in the ſame civil Concerns. We ſhould bear the ſame Love towards a Man of Honour, who is a living Antagoniſt, which *Tully* tells us in the forementioned Paſſage every one naturally does to an Enemy that is dead. In ſhort, we ſhould eſteem Virtue though in a Foe, and abhor Vice though in a Friend.

I ſpeak this with an Eye to thoſe cruel Treatments which Men of all ſides are apt to give the Characters of thoſe who do not agree with them. How many Perſons of undoubted Probity, and exemplary Virtue, on either Side, are blackned and defamed? How many Men of Honour expoſed to publick Obloquy and Reproach? Thoſe therefore who are either the Inſtruments or Abettors in ſuch Infernal Dealings, ought to be looked upon as Perſons who make uſe of Religion to promote their Cauſe, not of their Cauſe to promote Religion.

C

Monday,

N° 244 *Monday, December* 10.

—— *Judex & callidus audis.* Hor. Sat. 7. l. 2. v. 101.

A Judge of Painting you, and Man of Skill. CREECH.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Covent-Garden, December* 7.

'I CANNOT, without a double Injuſtice, forbear 'expreſſing to you the Satisfaction which a whole 'Clan of Virtuoſos have received from thoſe Hints 'which you have lately given the Town on the Cartons 'of the inimitable *Raphael*. It ſhould be methinks the 'Buſineſs of a SPECTATOR to improve the Pleaſures 'of Sight, and there cannot be a more immediate Way 'to it than recommending the Study and Obſervation of 'excellent Drawings and Pictures. When I firſt went to 'view thoſe of *Raphael* which you have celebrated, I muſt 'confeſs I was but barely pleaſed; the next time I liked 'them better, but at laſt as I grew better acquainted with 'them, I fell deeply in love with them, like wiſe Speeches 'they ſunk deep into my Heart; for you know, *Mr.* SPEC-'TATOR, that a Man of Wit may extremely affect one 'for the Preſent, but if he has not Diſcretion, his Merit 'ſoon vaniſhes away, while a Wiſe Man that has not ſo 'great a Stock of Wit, ſhall nevertheleſs give you a far 'greater and more laſting Satisfaction: Juſt ſo it is in a 'Picture that is ſmartly touched but not well ſtudied; one 'may call it a witty Picture, tho' the Painter in the mean 'time may be in Danger of being called a Fool. On the 'other hand, a Picture that is thoroughly underſtood in the 'Whole, and well performed in the Particulars, that is 'begun on the Foundation of Geometry, carried on by 'the Rules of Perſpective, Architecture, and Anatomy, 'and perfected by a good Harmony, a juſt and natural 'Colouring, and ſuch Paſſions, and Expreſſions of the 'Mind as are almoſt peculiar to *Raphael*; this is what 'you may juſtly ſtile a wiſe Picture, and which ſeldom 'fails to ſtrike us Dumb, till we can aſſemble all our 'Faculties to make but a tolerable Judgment upon it.

'Other

‘ Other Pictures are made for the Eyes only, as Rattles ‘ are made for Childrens Ears; and certainly that Picture ‘ that only pleaſes the Eye, without repreſenting ſome ‘ well-choſen Part of Nature or other, does but ſhew what ‘ fine Colours are to be ſold at the Colour-ſhop, and mocks ‘ the Works of the Creator. If the beſt Imitator of Nature ‘ is not to be eſteemed the beſt Painter, but he that makes ‘ the greateſt Show and Glare of Colours; it will neceſ- ‘ ſarily follow, that he who can array himſelf in the moſt ‘ gaudy Draperies is beſt dreſt, and he that can ſpeak loudeſt ‘ the beſt Orator. Every Man when he looks on a Picture ‘ ſhould examine it according to that ſhare of Reaſon he is ‘ Maſter of, or he will be in Danger of making a wrong ‘ Judgment. If Men as they walk abroad would make ‘ more frequent Obſervations on thoſe Beauties of Nature ‘ which every Moment preſent themſelves to their View, ‘ they would be better Judges when they ſaw her well ‘ imitated at home: This would help to correct thoſe Er- ‘ rors which moſt Pretenders fall into, who are over haſty ‘ in their Judgments, and will not ſtay to let Reaſon come ‘ in for a ſhare in the Deciſion. 'Tis for want of this that ‘ Men miſtake in this Caſe, and in common Life, a wild ‘ extravagant Pencil for one that is truly bold and great, an ‘ impudent Fellow for a Man of true Courage and Bravery, ‘ haſty and unreaſonable Actions for Enterpriſes of Spirit ‘ and Reſolution, gaudy Colouring for that which is truly ‘ beautiful, a falſe and inſinuating Diſcourſe for ſimple ‘ Truth elegantly recommended. The Parallel will hold ‘ through all the Parts of Life and Painting too; and the ‘ Virtuous abovementioned will be glad to ſee you draw ‘ it with your Terms of Art. As the Shadows in Picture ‘ repreſent the ſerious or melancholy, ſo the Lights do the ‘ bright and lively Thoughts: As there ſhould be but ‘ one forcible Light in a Picture which ſhould catch the ‘ Eye and fall on the Hero, ſo there ſhould be but one ‘ Object of our Love, even the Author of Nature. Theſe ‘ and the like Reflexions well improved, might very much ‘ contribute to open the Beauty of that Art, and prevent ‘ young People from being poiſoned by the ill Guſto of an ‘ extravagant Workman that ſhould be impoſed upon us.

I am, SIR, Your moſt humble Servant.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THOUGH I am a Woman, yet I am one of thoſe 'who confeſs themſelves highly pleaſed with a 'Speculation you obliged the World with ſometime ago, 'from an old *Greek* Poet you call *Simonides*, in relation 'to the ſeveral Natures and Diſtinctions of our own 'Sex. I could not but admire how juſtly the Characters 'of Women in this Age, fall in with the times of *Simo-* '*nides*, there being no one of thoſe Sorts I have not at 'ſome time or other of my Life met with a Sample of. 'But, Sir, the Subject of this preſent Addreſs, are a Set 'of Women comprehended, I think, in the Ninth Spe- 'cie of that Speculation, called the Apes; the Deſcrip- 'tion of whom I find to be, "That they are ſuch as are "both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful "themſelves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule "every thing that appears ſo in others." Now, Sir, this 'Sect, as I have been told, is very frequent in the great 'Town where you live; but as my Circumſtance of Life 'obliges me to reſide altogether in the Country, though 'not many Miles from *London*, I can't have met with a 'great Number of 'em, nor indeed is it a deſirable Ac- 'quaintance, as I have lately found by Experience. You 'muſt know, Sir, that at the Beginning of this Summer 'a Family of theſe Apes came and ſettled for the Seaſon 'not far from the Place where I live. As they were 'Strangers in the Country, they were viſited by the La- 'dies about 'em, of whom I was, with an Humanity 'uſual in thoſe that paſs moſt of their Time in Solitude. 'The Apes lived with us very agreeably our own Way 'till towards the End of the Summer, when they began 'to bethink themſelves of returning to Town; then it 'was, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, that they began to ſet them- 'ſelves about the proper and diſtinguiſhing Buſineſs of 'their Character; and, as 'tis ſaid of evil Spirits, that they 'are apt to carry away a Piece of the Houſe they are about 'to leave, the Apes, without Regard to common Mercy, 'Civility, or Gratitude, thought fit to mimick and fall 'foul on the Faces, Dreſs, and Behaviour of their inno- 'cent Neighbours, beſtowing abominable Cenſures and 'diſgraceful Appellations commonly called Nick-names, 'on all of them; and in ſhort, like true fine Ladies made

'their

'their honeſt Plainneſs and Sincerity Matter of Ridicule.
'I could not but acquaint you with theſe Grievances, as
'well at the Deſire of all the Parties injur'd, as from
'my own Inclination. I hope, Sir, if you can't propoſe
'intirely to reform this Evil, you will take ſuch Notice
'of it in ſome of your future Speculations, as may put
'the deſerving Part of our Sex on their Guard againſt
'theſe Creatures; and at the ſame time the Apes may
'be ſenſible, that this ſort of Mirth is ſo far from an in-
'nocent Diverſion, that it is in the higheſt Degree that
'Vice which is ſaid to comprehend all others.

I am, SIR, Your humble Servant,

T Conſtantia Field.

N° 245 *Tueſday, December* 11.

Ficta Voluptatis causâ ſint proxima veris.

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 338

Fictions, to pleaſe, ſhou'd wear the Face of Truth.

THERE is nothing which one regards ſo much with an Eye of Mirth and Pity as Innocence, when it has in it a Daſh of Folly. At the ſame time that one eſteems the Virtue, one is tempted to laugh at the Simplicity which accompanies it. When a Man is made up wholly of the Dove, without the leaſt Grain of the Serpent in his Compoſition, he becomes ridiculous in many Circumſtances of Life, and very often diſcredits his beſt Actions. The *Cordeliers* tell a Story of their Founder St *Francis*, that as he paſſed the Streets in the Dusk of the Evening, he diſcovered a young Fellow with a Maid in a Corner; upon which the good Man, ſay they, lifted up his Hands to Heaven with a ſecret Thankſgiving, that there was ſtill ſo much Chriſtian Charity in the World. The Innocence of the Saint made him miſtake the Kiſs of a Lover for a Salute of Charity. I am heartily concerned when I ſee a virtuous Man without a competent Knowledge of the World; and if there be any Uſe in

theſe my Papers, it is this, that without repreſenting Vice under any falſe alluring Notions, they give my Reader an Inſight into the Ways of Men, and repreſent human Nature in all its changeable Colours. The Man who has not been engaged in any of the Follies of the World, or, as *Shakeſpear* expreſſes it, *hackney'd in the Ways of Men*, may here find a Picture of its Follies and Extravagancies. The Virtuous and the Innocent may know in Speculation what they could never arrive at by Practice, and by this Means avoid the Snares of the Crafty, the Corruptions of the Vicious, and the Reaſonings of the Prejudiced. Their Minds may be opened without being vitiated.

IT is with an Eye to my following Correſpondent, Mr. *Timothy Doodle*, who ſeems a very well-meaning Man, that I have written this ſhort Preface, to which I ſhall ſubjoin a Letter from the ſaid Mr. *Doodle*.

SIR,

'I Could heartily wiſh that you would let us know your 'Opinion upon ſeveral innocent Diverſions which are 'in uſe among us, and which are very proper to paſs 'away a Winter Night for thoſe who do not care to throw 'away their Time at an Opera, or at the Play-houſe. I 'would gladly know in particular, what Notion you have 'of Hot-Cockles; as alſo whether you think that Queſtions and Commands, Mottoes, Similes, and Croſs-Purpoſes have not more Mirth and Wit in them, than thoſe 'publick Diverſions which are grown ſo very faſhionable 'among us. If you would recommend to our Wives and 'Daughters, who read your Papers with a great deal of 'Pleaſure, ſome of thoſe Sports and Paſtimes that may be 'practiſed within Doors, and by the Fire-ſide, we who are 'Maſters of Families ſhould be hugely obliged to you. I 'need not tell you that I would have theſe Sports and 'Paſtimes not only merry but innocent, for which Reaſon 'I have not mentioned either Whisk or Lanterloo, nor 'indeed ſo much as One and Thirty. After having communicated to you my Requeſt upon this Subject, I will 'be ſo free as to tell you how my Wife and I paſs away 'theſe tedious Winter Evenings with a great deal of Pleaſure. Tho' ſhe be young and handſom, and good-humoured to a Miracle, ſhe does not care for gadding

'abroad

'abroad like others of her Sex. There is a very friendly 'Man, a Colonel in the Army, whom I am mightily 'obliged to for his Civilities, that comes to ſee me almoſt 'every Night; for he is not one of thoſe giddy young 'Fellows that cannot live out of a Play-houſe. When we 'are together, we very often make a Party at Blind-'Man's Buff, which is a Sport that I like the better, be-'cauſe there is a good deal of Exerciſe in it. The Colonel 'and I are blinded by Turns, and you would laugh your 'Heart out to ſee what Pains my Dear takes to hoodwink 'us, ſo that it is impoſſible for us to ſee the leaſt Glimpſe of 'Light. The poor Colonel ſometimes hits his Noſe againſt 'a Poſt, and makes us die with laughing. I have generally 'the good Luck not to hurt myſelf, but am very often 'above half an Hour before I can catch either of them; 'for you muſt know we hide ourſelves up and down in 'Corners, that we may have the more Sport. I only give 'you this Hint as a Sample of ſuch innocent Diverſions 'as I would have you recommend; and am,

Moſt eſteemed SIR, your ever loving Friend,

Timothy Doodle.

THE following Letter was occaſioned by my laſt *Thurſday*'s Paper upon the Abſence of Lovers, and the Methods therein mentioned of making ſuch Abſence ſupportable.

SIR,

'AMONG the ſeveral Ways of Conſolation which 'abſent Lovers make uſe of while their Souls are 'in that State of Departure, which you ſay is Death in 'Love, there are ſome very material ones that have 'eſcaped your Notice. Among theſe, the firſt and moſt 'received is a crooked Shilling, which has adminiſtred 'great Comfort to our Forefathers, and is ſtill made 'uſe of on this Occaſion with very good Effect in moſt 'Parts of Her Majeſty's Dominions. There are ſome, I 'know, who think a Crown-Piece cut into two equal 'Parts, and preſerved by the diſtant Lovers, is of more 'ſovereign Virtue than the former. But ſince Opinions 'are divided in this Particular, why may not the ſame 'Perſons make uſe of both? The Figure of a Heart, whe-'ther cut in Stone or caſt in Metal, whether bleeding up-'on an Altar, ſtuck with Darts, or held in the Hand of a

'*Cupid*, has always been looked upon as Taliſmanick in 'Diſtreſſes of this Nature. I am acquainted with many a 'brave Fellow, who carries his Miſtreſs in the Lid of his 'Snuff-box, and by that Expedient has ſupported himſelf 'under the Abſence of a whole Campaign. For my own 'part, I have tried all theſe Remedies, but never found ſo 'much Benefit from any as from a Ring, in which my 'Miſtreſs's Hair is platted together very artificially in a 'kind of True-Lover's Knot. As I have received great Be-'nefit from this Secret, I think myſelf obliged to com-'municate it to the Publick, for the Good of my Fellow-'Subjects. I deſire you will add this Letter as an Appen-'dix to your Conſolations upon Abſence, and am,

Your very humble Servant, T. B.

I ſhall conclude this Paper with a Letter from an Univerſity Gentleman, occaſioned by my laſt *Tueſday*'s Paper, wherein I gave ſome Account of the great Feuds which happened formerly in thoſe learned Bodies, between the modern *Greeks* and *Trojans*.

SIR,

'THIS will give you to underſtand, that there is at preſent in the Society, whereof I am a Member, 'a very conſiderable Body of *Trojans*, who, upon a proper 'Occaſion, would not fail to declare ourſelves. In the 'mean while we do all we can to annoy our Enemies by 'Stratagem, and are reſolved by the firſt Opportunity to 'attack Mr. *Joſhua Barnes*, whom we look upon as the '*Achilles* of the oppoſite Party. As for myſelf, I have had 'the Reputation ever ſince I came from School, of being a 'truſty *Trojan*, and am reſolved never to give Quarter to 'the ſmalleſt Particle of *Greek*, where-ever I chance to 'meet it. It is for this Reaſon I take it very ill of you, that 'you ſometimes hang out *Greek* Colours at the Head of 'your Paper, and ſometimes give a Word of the Enemy 'even in the Body of it. When I meet with any thing of 'this nature, I throw down your Speculations upon the 'Table, with that Form of Words which we make uſe of 'when we declare War upon an Author.

Græcum eſt, non poteſt legi.

'I give you this Hint, that you may for the fu[illegible]ſtain 'from any ſuch Hoſtilities at your Peril. *Troilus.*

N° 246 *Wedneſday, December* 12.

——— Οὐκ ἄρα σοί γε πατὴρ ἦν ἱππότα Πηλεύς,
Οὐδὲ Θέτις μήτηρ, γλαυκὴ δ' σ' ἔτικτε θάλασσα,
Πέτραι τ' ἠλίβατοι, ὅτι τοι νόος ἐστὶν ἀπλητὸς.
Hom. Iliad, 16. 33.

No amorous Hero ever gave thee Birth,
Nor ever tender Goddeſs brought thee forth:
Some rugged Rock's hard Entrails gave thee Form,
And raging Seas produc'd thee in a Storm:
A Soul well ſuiting thy tempeſtuous Kind,
So rough thy Manners, ſo untam'd thy Mind. POPE.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AS your Paper is Part of the Equipage of the Tea-Table, I conjure you to print what I now write to you; for I have no other Way to communicate what I have to ſay to the fair Sex on the moſt important Circumſtance of Life, even the Care of Children. I do not underſtand that you profeſs your Paper is always to conſiſt of Matters which are only to entertain the Learned and Polite, but that it may agree with your Deſign to publiſh ſome which may tend to the Information of Mankind in general; and when it does ſo, you do more than writing Wit and Humour. Give me leave then to tell you, that all the Abuſes that ever you have as yet endeavoured to reform, certainly not one wanted ſo much your Aſſiſtance as the Abuſe in nurſing Children. It is unmerciful to ſee, that a Woman endowed with all the Perfections and Bleſſings of Nature, can, as ſoon as ſhe is delivered, turn off her innocent, tender, and helpleſs Infant, and give it up to a Woman that is (ten thouſand to one) neither in Health nor good Condition, neither ſound in Mind nor Body, that has neither Honour nor Reputation, neither Love nor Pity for the poor Babe, but more Regard for the Money than for the whole Child, and never will take farther Care of it than what by all the Encouragement of Money and Preſents

'ſents ſhe is forced to; like *Æſop*'s Earth, which would 'not nurſe the Plant of another Ground, altho' never ſo 'much improved, by reaſon that Plant was not of its own 'Production. And ſince another's Child is no more natu-'ral to a Nurſe than a Plant to a ſtrange and different 'Ground, how can it be ſuppoſed that the Child ſhould 'thrive; and if it thrives, muſt it not imbibe the groſs 'Humours and Qualities of the Nurſe, like a Plant in a 'different Ground, or like a Graft upon a different Stock? 'Do not we obſerve, that a Lamb ſucking a Goat changes 'very much its Nature, nay even its Skin and Wooll into 'the Goat Kind? The Power of a Nurſe over a Child, 'by infuſing into it, with her Milk, her Qualities and 'Diſpoſition, is ſufficiently and daily obſerved: Hence 'came that old Saying concerning an ill-natured and 'malicious Fellow, that he had imbibed his Malice with 'his Nurſe's Milk, or that ſome Brute or other had been 'his Nurſe. Hence *Romulus* and *Remus* were ſaid to have 'been nurſed by a Wolf, *Telephus* the Son of *Hercules* by 'a Hind, *Pelias* the Son of *Neptune* by a Mare, and '*Ægiſthus* by a Goat; not that they had actually ſuck'd 'ſuch Creatures, as ſome Simpletons have imagin'd, 'but that their Nurſes had been of ſuch a Nature and 'Temper, and infuſed ſuch into them.

'MANY Inſtances may be produced from good Au-'thorities and daily Experience, that Children actually 'ſuck in the ſeveral Paſſions and depraved Inclinations of 'their Nurſes, as Anger, Malice, Fear, Melancholy, Sad-'neſs, Deſire, and Averſion. This *Diodorus, lib.* 2. witneſſes, 'when he ſpeaks, ſaying, That *Nero* the Emperor's Nurſe 'had been very much addicted to Drinking; which Ha-'bit *Nero* received from his Nurſe, and was ſo very par-'ticular in this, that the People took ſo much notice of it, 'as inſtead of *Tiberius Nero*, they call'd him *Biberius Mero*. 'The ſame *Diodorus* alſo relates of *Caligula*, Predeceſſor to '*Nero*, that his Nurſe uſed to moiſten the Nipples of her 'Breaſt frequently with Blood, to make *Caligula* take 'the better hold of them; which, ſays *Diodorus*, was 'the Cauſe that made him ſo blood-thirſty and cruel all 'his Life-time after, that he not only committed fre-'quent Murder by his own Hand, but likewiſe wiſhed 'that all human Kind wore but one Neck, that he might

'have

'have the Pleaſure to cut it off. Such like Degeneracies 'aſtoniſh the Parents, who not knowing after whom the 'Child can take, ſee one to incline to Stealing, another to 'Drinking, Cruelty, Stupidity; yet all theſe are not mind-'ed. Nay it is eaſy to demonſtrate, that a Child, altho' it 'be born from the beſt of Parents, may be corrupted by 'an ill-tempered Nurſe. How many Children do we ſee 'daily brought into Fits, Conſumptions, Rickets, &c. mere-'ly by ſucking their Nurſes when in a Paſſion or Fury? 'But indeed almoſt any Diſorder of the Nurſe is a Diſorder 'to the Child, and few Nurſes can be found in this Town 'but what labour under ſome Diſtemper or other. The 'firſt Queſtion that is generally asked a young Woman 'that wants to be a Nurſe, Why ſhe ſhould be a Nurſe to 'other Peoples Children; is anſwered, by her having an ill 'Husband, and that ſhe muſt make ſhift to live. I think 'now this very Anſwer is enough to give any Body a 'Shock, if duly conſidered; for an ill Husband may, or 'ten to one if he does not, bring home to his Wife an ill 'Diſtemper, or at leaſt Vexation and Diſturbance. Be-'ſides as ſhe takes the Child out of mere Neceſſity, her 'Food will be accordingly, or elſe very coarſe at beſt; 'whence proceeds an ill-concocted and coarſe Food for 'the Child; for as the Blood, ſo is the Milk; and hence I 'am very well aſſured proceeds the Scurvy, the Evil, and 'many other Diſtempers. I beg of you, for the Sake of 'the many poor Infants that may and will be ſaved by 'weighing this Caſe ſeriouſly, to exhort the People with 'the utmoſt Vehemence to let the Children ſuck their own 'Mothers, both for the Benefit of Mother and Child. For 'the general Argument, that a Mother is weakened by 'giving ſuck to her Children, is vain and ſimple; I will 'maintain that the Mother grows ſtronger by it, and will 'have her Health better than ſhe would have otherwiſe: 'She will find it the greateſt Cure and Preſervative 'for the Vapours and future Miſcarriages, much beyond 'any other Remedy whatſoever: Her Children will be 'like Giants, whereas otherwiſe they are but living Sha-'dows and like unripe Fruit; and certainly if a Woman 'is ſtrong enough to bring forth a Child, ſhe is beyond 'all Doubt ſtrong enough to nurſe it afterwards. It 'grieves me to obſerve and conſider how many poor

• Children are daily ruined by careleſs Nurſes; and yet
• how tender ought they to be of a poor Infant, ſince the
• leaſt Hurt or Blow, eſpecially upon the Head, may make
• it ſenſeleſs, ſtupid, or otherwiſe miſerable for ever!

• BUT I cannot well leave this Subject as yet; for it
• ſeems to me very unnatural, that a Woman that has fed
• a Child as part of herſelf for nine Months, ſhould have
• no Deſire to nurſe it farther, when brought to Light and
• before her Eyes, and when by its Cry it implores her
• Aſſiſtance and the Office of a Mother. Do not the very
• cruelleſt of Brutes tend their young ones with all the
• Care and Delight imaginable? for how can ſhe be call'd
• a Mother that will not nurſe her young ones? The Earth
• is called the Mother of all things, not becauſe ſhe pro-
• duces, but becauſe ſhe maintains and nurſes what ſhe
• produces. The Generation of the Infant is the Effect of
• Deſire, but the Care of it argues Virtue and Choice. I
• am not ignorant but that there are ſome Caſes of Neceſ-
• ſity where a Mother cannot give Suck, and then out of
• two Evils the leaſt muſt be choſen; but there are ſo
• very few, that I am ſure in a Thouſand there is hardly
• one real Inſtance; for if a Woman does but know that
• her Husband can ſpare about three or ſix Shillings a
• Week extraordinary, (altho' this is but ſeldom conſi-
• dered) ſhe certainly, with the Aſſiſtance of her Goſſips,
• will ſoon perſuade the good Man to ſend the Child to
• Nurſe, and eaſily impoſe upon him by pretending In-
• diſpoſition. This Cruelty is ſupported by Faſhion, and
• Nature gives place to Cuſtom.

T *SIR, Your humble Servant.*

Nº 247 *Thurſday, December* 13.

——— Τῶν δ' ἀκάματος ῥέει αὐδὴ
Ἐκ στομάτων ἡδεῖα——— ——— Heſiod.

Their untired Lips a wordy Torrent pour.

WE are told by ſome ancient Authors, that *Socrates* was inſtructed in Eloquence by a Woman, whoſe Name, if I am not miſtaken, was *Aſpaſia*. I have indeed very

very often looked upon that Art as the moſt proper for the Female Sex, and I think the Univerſities would do well to conſider whether they ſhould not fill the Rhetorick Chairs with She Profeſſors.

IT has been ſaid in the Praiſe of ſome Men, that they could talk whole Hours together upon any Thing; but it muſt be owned to the Honour of the other Sex, that there are many among them who can talk whole Hours together upon Nothing. I have known a Woman branch out into a long Extempore Diſſertation upon the Edging of a Petticoat, and chide her Servant for breaking a China Cup, in all the Figures of Rhetorick.

WERE Women admitted to plead in Courts of Judicature, I am perſuaded they would carry the Eloquence of the Bar to greater Heights than it has yet arrived at. If any one doubts this, let him but be preſent at thoſe Debates which frequently ariſe among the Ladies of the *Britiſh* Fiſhery.

THE firſt Kind therefore of Female Orators which I ſhall take notice of, are thoſe who are employed in ſtirring up the Paſſions, a Part of Rhetorick in which *Socrates* his Wife had perhaps made a greater Proficiency than his above-mentioned Teacher.

THE ſecond Kind of Female Orators are thoſe who deal in Invectives, and who are commonly known by the Name of the Cenſorious. The Imagination and Elocution of this Set of Rhetoricians is wonderful. With what a Fluency of Invention, and Copiouſneſs of Expreſſion, will they enlarge upon every little Slip in the Behaviour of another? With how many different Circumſtances, and with what Variety of Phraſes, will they tell over the ſame Story? I have known an old Lady make an unhappy Marriage the Subject of a Month's Converſation. She blamed the Bride in one Place; pitied her in another; laughed at her in a third; wondered at her in a fourth; was angry with her in a fifth; and in ſhort, wore out a Pair of Coach-Horſes in expreſſing her Concern for her. At length, after having quite exhauſted the Subject on this Side, ſhe made a Viſit to the new-married Pair, praiſed the Wife for the prudent Choice ſhe had made, told her the unreaſonable Reflexions which ſome malicious People had caſt upon her, and deſired that they might be better acquainted. The Cenſure and Approbation of this Kind of Women are

therefore only to be conſider'd as Helps to Diſcourſe.

A third Kind of Female Orators may be comprehended under the Word *Goſſips*. Mrs. *Fiddle Faddle* is perfectly accompliſhed in this Sort of Eloquence; ſhe lanches out into Deſcriptions of Chriſtenings, runs Diviſions upon an Head-dreſs, knows every Diſh of Meat that is ſerved up in her Neighbourhood, and entertains her Company a whole Afternoon together with the Wit of her little Boy, before he is able to ſpeak.

THE Coquette may be looked upon as a fourth Kind of Female Orator. To give herſelf the larger Field for Diſcourſe, ſhe hates and loves in the ſame Breath, talks to her Lap-dog or Parrot, is uneaſy in all kinds of Weather, and in every Part of the Room: She has falſe Quarrels and feigned Obligations to all the Men of her Acquaintance; ſighs when ſhe is not ſad, and laughs when ſhe is not merry. The Coquette is in particular a great Miſtreſs of that Part of Oratory which is called Action, and indeed ſeems to ſpeak for no other Purpoſe, but as it gives her an Opportunity of ſtirring a Limb, or varying a Feature, of glancing her Eyes, or playing with her Fan.

AS for News-mongers, Politicians, Mimicks, Story-tellers, with other Characters of that Nature, which give Birth to Loquacity, they are as commonly found among the Men as the Women; for which Reaſon I ſhall paſs them over in Silence.

I have often been puzzled to aſſign a Cauſe why Women ſhould have this Talent of a ready Utterance in ſo much greater Perfection than Men. I have ſometimes fancied that they have not a retentive Power, or the Faculty of ſuppreſſing their Thoughts, as Men have, but that they are neceſſitated to ſpeak every thing they think, and if ſo, it would perhaps furniſh a very ſtrong Argument to the *Carteſians*, for the ſupporting of their Doctrine, that the Soul always thinks. But as ſeveral are of Opinion that the Fair Sex are not altogether Strangers to the Art of Diſſembling and concealing their Thoughts, I have been forced to relinquiſh that Opinion, and have therefore endeavoured to ſeek after ſome better Reaſon. In order to it, a Friend of mine, who is an excellent Anatomiſt, has promiſed me by the firſt Opportunity to diſſect a Woman's Tongue, and to examine

mine whether there may not be in it certain Juices which render it ſo wonderfully voluble or ſlippant, or whether the Fibres of it may not be made up of a finer or more pliant Thread, or whether there are not in it ſome particular Muſcles which dart it up and down by ſuch ſudden Glances and Vibrations; or whether in the laſt place, there may not be certain undiſcovered Channels running from the Head and the Heart, to this little Inſtrument of Loquacity, and conveying into it a perpetual Affluency of animal Spirits. Nor muſt I omit the Reaſon which *Hudibras* has given, why thoſe who can talk on Trifles ſpeak with the greateſt Fluency; namely, that the Tongue is like a Race-Horſe, which runs the faſter the leſſer Weight it carries.

WHICH of theſe Reaſons ſoever may be looked upon as the moſt probable, I think the *Iriſhman*'s Thought was very natural, who after ſome Hours Converſation with a Female Orator, told her, that he believed her Tongue was very glad when ſhe was aſleep, for that it had not a Moment's Reſt all the while ſhe was awake.

THAT excellent old Ballad of *The Wanton Wife of Bath*, has the following remarkable Lines.

I think, quoth Thomas, *Womens Tongues*
Of Aſpen Leaves are made.

AND *Ovid*, tho' in the Deſcription of a very barbarous Circumſtance, tells us, That when the Tongue of a beautiful Female was cut out, and thrown upon the Ground, it could not forbear muttering even in that Poſture.

———*Comprenſam forcipe linguam*
Abſtulit enſe fero. Radix micat ultima linguæ.
Ipſa jacet, terræque tremens immurmurat atræ;
Utque ſalire ſolet mutilatæ cauda colubræ
Palpitat——— Met. l. 6. v. 556.

———The Blade had cut
Her Tongue ſheer of, cloſe to the trembling root:
The mangl'd Part ſtill quiver'd on the Ground,
Murmuring with a faint imperfect Sound;
And, as a Serpent wreaths his wounded Train,
Uneaſy, panting, and poſſeſs'd with Pain. CROXAL.

IF a Tongue would be talking without a Mouth, what could it have done when it had all its Organs of Speech, and

and Accomplices of Sound about it? I might here mention the Story of the Pippin Woman, had not I ſome Reaſon to look upon it as fabulous.

I muſt confeſs I am ſo wonderfully charmed with the Muſick of this little Inſtrument, that I would by no means diſcourage it. All that I aim at by this Diſſertation is, to cure it of ſeveral diſagreeable Notes and in particular of thoſe little Jarrings and Diſſonances which ariſe from Anger, Cenſoriouſneſs, Goſſiping and Coquetry. In ſhort, I would always have it tuned by Good-nature, Truth, Diſcretion and Sincerity. C

Nº 248 *Friday, December* 14.

Hoc maximè Officii eſt, ut quiſque maximè opis indigeat, ita ei potiſſimum opitulari. Tull.

It is a principal point of Duty, to aſſiſt another moſt, when he ſtands moſt in need of Aſſiſtance.

THERE are none who deſerve Superiority over others in the Eſteem of Mankind, who do not make it their Endeavour to be beneficial to Society; and who upon all Occaſions which their Circumſtances of Life can adminiſter, do not take a certain unfeigned Pleaſure in conferring Benefits of one kind or other. Thoſe whoſe great Talents and high Birth have placed them in conſpicuous Stations of Life, are indiſpenſably obliged to exert ſome noble Inclinations for the Service of the World, or elſe ſuch Advantages become Misfortunes, and Shade and Privacy are a more eligible Portion. Where Opportunities and Inclinations are given to the ſame Perſon, we ſometimes ſee ſublime Inſtances of Virtue, which ſo dazzle our Imaginations, that we look with Scorn on all which in lower Scenes of Life we may ourſelves be able to practiſe. But this is a vicious way of thinking; and it bears ſome ſpice of romantick Madneſs, for a Man to imagine that he muſt grow ambitious, or ſeek Adventures to be able to do great Actions. It is in every Man's Power

Power in the World who is above mere Poverty, not only to do Things worthy but heroick. The great Foundation of civil Virtue is Self-denial; and there is no one above the Neceſſities of Life, but has Opportunities of exerciſing that noble Quality, and doing as much as his Circumſtances will bear for the Eaſe and Convenience of other Men; and he who does more than ordinary Men practiſe upon ſuch Occaſions as occur in his Life, deſerves the Value of his Friends as if he had done Enterpriſes which are uſually attended with the higheſt Glory. Men of publick Spirit differ rather in their Circumſtances than their Virtue; and the Man who does all he can, in a low Station, is more a Hero than he who omits any worthy Action he is able to accompliſh in a great one. It is not many Years ago ſince *Lapirius*, in Wrong of his elder Brother, came to a great Eſtate by Gift of his Father, by reaſon of the diſſolute Behaviour of the Firſt-born. Shame and Contrition reformed the Life of the diſinherited Youth, and he became as remarkable for his good Qualities as formerly for his Errors. *Lapirius*, who obſerved his Brother's Amendment, ſent him on a New-Year's Day in the Morning the following Letter:

Honoured Brother,

'I Incloſe to you the Deeds whereby my Father gave 'me this Houſe and Land: Had he lived 'till now, 'he would not have beſtowed it in that manner; he took 'it from the Man you were, and I reſtore it to the Man 'you are. I am,

S I R, Your affectionate Brother,

and humble Servant, P. T.

AS great and exalted Spirits undertake the Purſuit of hazardous Actions for the Good of others, at the ſame time gratifying their Paſſion for Glory; ſo do worthy Minds in the domeſtick way of Life deny themſelves many Advantages, to ſatisfy a generous Benevolence which they bear to their Friends oppreſſed with Diſtreſſes and Calamities. Such Natures one may call Stores of Providence, which are actuated by a ſecret Celeſtial Influence to undervalue the ordinary Gratifications of Wealth, to give Comfort to an Heart loaded with Affliction, to ſave

a falling Family, to preſerve a Branch of Trade in their Neighbourhood, and give Work to the Induſtrious, preſerve the Portion of the helpleſs Infant, and raiſe the Head of the mourning Father. People whoſe Hearts are wholly bent towards Pleaſure, or intent upon Gain, never hear of the noble Occurrences among Men of Induſtry and Humanity. It would look like a City Romance, to tell them of the generous Merchant, who the other Day ſent this Billet to an eminent Trader under Difficulties to ſupport himſelf, in whoſe Fall many hundreds beſides himſelf had periſhed; but becauſe I think there is more Spirit and true Galantry in it than in any Letter I have ever read from *Strephon* to *Phillis*, I ſhall inſert it even in the mercantile honeſt Stile in which it was ſent.

SIR,

'I Have heard of the Caſualties which have involved 'you in extreme Diſtreſs at this time; and knowing 'you to be a Man of great Good-nature, Induſtry and 'Probity, have reſolved to ſtand by you. Be of good 'chear, the Bearer brings with him five thouſand Pounds, 'and has my Order to anſwer your drawing as much 'more on my Account. I did this in haſte, for fear I 'ſhould come too late for your Relief; but you may value 'yourſelf with me to the Sum of fifty thouſand Pounds; 'for I can very chearfully run the Hazard of being ſo 'much leſs rich than I am now, to ſave an honeſt Man 'whom I love.

Your Friend and Servant, W. P.

I think there is ſomewhere in *Montaigne* mention made of a Family-book, wherein all the Occurrences that happened from one Generation of that Houſe to another were recorded. Were there ſuch a Method in the Families which are concerned in this Generoſity, it would be an hard Task for the greateſt in *Europe* to give, in their own, an Inſtance of a Benefit better placed, or conferred with a more graceful Air. It has been heretofore urged how barbarous and inhuman is any unjuſt Step made to the Diſadvantage of a Trader; and by how much ſuch an Act towards him is deteſtable, by ſo much an Act of Kindneſs towards him is laudable. I remember to have heard a Bencher

Bencher of the *Temple* tell a Story of a Tradition in their Houſe, where they had formerly a Cuſtom of chooſing Kings for ſuch a Seaſon, and allowing him his Expences at the Charge of the Society: One of our Kings, ſaid my Friend, carried his Royal Inclination a little too far, and there was a Committee ordered to look into the Management of his Treaſury. Among other Things it appeared, that his Majeſty walking *incog.* in the Cloiſter, had overheard a poor Man ſay to another, Such a ſmall Sum would make me the happieſt Man in the World. The King out of his Royal Compaſſion privately inquired into his Character, and finding him a proper Object of Charity, ſent him the Money. When the Committee read the Report, the Houſe paſſed his Accounts with a Plaudite without farther Examination, upon the Recital of this Article in them,

		l.	s.	d.
T	*For making a Man happy*	10	00	00

N° 249 *Saturday, December* 15.

Γέλως ἀκαιρος ἐν βροτοῖς δεινὸν κακόν. Frag. Vet. Poet.

Mirth out of ſeaſon is a grievous Ill.

WHEN I make choice of a Subject that has not been treated on by others, I throw together my Reflexions on it without any Order or Method, ſo that they may appear rather in the Looſeneſs and Freedom of an Eſſay, than in the Regularity of a ſet Diſcourſe. It is after this manner that I ſhall conſider Laughter and Ridicule in my preſent Paper.

MAN is the merrieſt Species of the Creation, all above and below him are ſerious. He ſees things in a different Light from other Beings, and finds his Mirth ariſing from Objects that perhaps cauſe ſomething like Pity or Diſpleaſure in higher Natures. Laughter is indeed a very good Counterpoiſe to the Spleen; and it ſeems but reaſonable that we ſhould be capable of receiving Joy from what is no real Good to us, ſince we can receive Grief from what is no real Evil.

I have in my forty-ſeventh Paper raiſed a Speculation on the Notion of a modern Philoſopher, who deſcribes the firſt Motive of Laughter to be a ſecret Compariſon which we make between ourſelves, and the Perſons we laugh at; or, in other Words, that Satisfaction which we receive from the Opinion of ſome Preeminence in ourſelves, when we ſee the Abſurdities of another, or when we reflect on any paſt Abſurdities of our own. This ſeems to hold in moſt Caſes, and we may obſerve that the vaineſt Part of Mankind are the moſt addicted to this Paſſion.

I have read a Sermon of a Conventual in the Church of *Rome*, on thoſe Words of the Wiſe Man, *I ſaid of Laughter, it is mad; and of Mirth, what does it?* Upon which he laid it down as a Point of Doctrine, that Laughter was the Effect of Original Sin, and that *Adam* could not laugh before the Fall.

LAUGHTER, while it laſts, ſlackens and unbraces the Mind, weakens the Faculties, and cauſes a kind of Remiſſneſs and Diſſolution in all the Powers of the Soul: And thus far it may be looked upon as a Weakneſs in the Compoſition of human Nature. But if we conſider the frequent Reliefs we receive from it, and how often it breaks the Gloom which is apt to depreſs the Mind and damp our Spirits, with tranſient unexpected Gleams of Joy, one would take care not to grow too wiſe for ſo great a Pleaſure of Life.

THE Talent of turning Men into Ridicule, and expoſing to Laughter thoſe one converſes with, is the Qualification of little ungenerous Tempers. A young Man with this Caſt of Mind cuts himſelf off from all manner of Improvement. Every one has his Flaws and Weakneſſes; nay, the greateſt Blemiſhes are often found in the moſt ſhining Characters; but what an abſurd Thing is it to paſs over all the valuable Parts of a Man, and fix our Attention on his Infirmities? To obſerve his Imperfections more than his Virtues? and to make uſe of him for the Sport of others, rather than for our own Improvement?

WE therefore very often find, that Perſons the moſt accompliſhed in Ridicule are thoſe who are very ſhrewd at hitting a Blot, without exerting any thing maſterly in themſelves. As there are many eminent Criticks who never

ver writ a good Line, there are many admirable Buffoons that animadvert upon every ſingle Defect in another, without ever diſcovering the leaſt Beauty of their own. By this Means, theſe unlucky little Wits often gain Reputation in the Eſteem of vulgar Minds, and raiſe themſelves above Perſons of much more laudable Characters.

IF the Talent of Ridicule were employed to laugh Men out of Vice and Folly, it might be of ſome Uſe to the World; but inſtead of this, we find that it is generally made uſe of to laugh Men out of Virtue and good Senſe, by attacking every thing that is ſolemn and ſerious, decent and praiſe-worthy in human Life.

WE may obſerve, that in the firſt Ages of the World, when the great Souls and Maſter-pieces of human Nature were produced, Men ſhined by a noble Simplicity of Behaviour, and were Strangers to thoſe little Embelliſhments which are ſo faſhionable in our preſent Converſation. And it is very remarkable, that notwithſtanding we fall ſhort at preſent of the Ancients in Poetry, Painting, Oratory, Hiſtory, Architecture, and all the noble Arts and Sciences which depend more upon Genius than Experience, we exceed them as much in Doggrel, Humour, Burleſque, and all the trivial Arts of Ridicule. We meet with more Rallery among the Moderns, but more good Senſe among the Ancients.

THE two great Branches of Ridicule in Writing are Comedy and Burleſque. The firſt ridicules Perſons by drawing them in their proper Characters, the other by drawing them quite unlike themſelves. Burleſque is therefore of two Kinds; the firſt repreſents mean Perſons in the Accoutrements of Heroes, the other deſcribes great Perſons acting and ſpeaking like the baſeſt among the People. *Don Quixote* is an Inſtance of the firſt, and *Lucian*'s Gods of the ſecond. It is a Diſpute among the Criticks, whether Burleſque Poetry runs beſt in Heroick Verſe, like that of the *Diſpenſary*; or in Doggrel, like that of *Hudibras*. I think where the low Character is to be raiſed, the Heroick is the proper Meaſure; but when an Hero is to be pulled down and degraded, it is done beſt in Doggrel.

IF *Hudibras* had been ſet out with as much Wit and Humour in Heroick Verſe as he is in Doggrel, he would have

have made a much more agreeable Figure than he does; though the generality of his Readers are ſo wonderfully pleaſed with the double Rhimes, that I do not expect many will be of my Opinion in this Particular.

I ſhall conclude this Eſſay upon Laughter with obſerving that the Metaphor of Laughing, applied to Fields and Meadows when they are in Flower, or to Trees when they are in Bloſſom, runs through all Languages; which I have not obſerved of any other Metaphor, excepting that of Fire and Burning when they are applied to Love. This ſhews that we naturally regard Laughter, as what is in itſelf both amiable and beautiful. For this Reaſon likewiſe *Venus* has gained the Title of Φιλομμειδης, the Laughter-loving Dame, as *Waller* has tranſlated it, and is repreſented by *Horace* as the Goddeſs who delights in Laughter. *Milton*, in a joyous Aſſembly of imaginary Perſons, has given us a very Poetical Figure of Laughter. His whole Band of Mirth is ſo finely deſcribed, that I ſhall ſet down the Paſſage at length.

But come thou Goddeſs fair and free,
In Heaven ycleped Euphroſyne,
And by Men, heart-eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus *at a Birth,*
With two Siſter Graces more,
To Ivy-crowned Bacchus *bore:*
Haſte thee Nymph, and bring with thee
Jeſt and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's *Cheek,*
And love to live in Dimple ſleek:
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his Sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantaſtick Toe:
And in thy right Hand lead with thee
The Mountain Nymph, ſweet Liberty;
And if I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved Pleaſures free.

N° 250 *Monday, December* 17.

Diſce docendus adhuc, quæ cenſet amiculus, ut ſi
Cæcus iter monſtrare velit; tamen aſpice ſi quid
Et nos, quod cures proprium feciſſe, loquamur.
Hor. Ep. 17. l. 1. v. 37.

Yet hear what thy unſkilful Friend can ſay,
As if one blind pretends to ſhow the way;
Yet ſee a while, if what is fairly ſhown
Be good, and ſuch as you may make your own.
CREECH.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU ſee the Nature of my Requeſt by the *Latin* 'Motto which I addreſs to you. I am very ſenſible 'I ought not to uſe many Words to you, who are 'one of but few; but the following Piece, as it relates 'to Speculation in Propriety of Speech, being a Curioſity 'in its Kind, begs your Patience. It was found in a Poe-'tical Virtuoſo's Cloſet among his Rarities; and ſince 'the ſeveral Treatiſes of Thumbs, Ears, and Noſes, have 'obliged the World, this of Eyes is at your Service.

'THE firſt Eye of Conſequence (under the invi-'ſible Author of all) is the viſible Luminary of the 'Univerſe. This glorious Spectator is ſaid never to open 'his Eyes at his Riſing in a Morning, without having 'a whole Kingdom of Adorers in *Perſian* Silk waiting 'at his Levée. Millions of Creatures derive their Sight 'from this Original, who, beſides his being the great 'Director of Opticks, is the ſureſt Teſt whether Eyes 'be of the ſame Species with that of an Eagle, or that of 'an Owl: The one he emboldens with a manly Aſſu-'rance to look, ſpeak, act or plead before the Faces of a 'numerous Aſſembly; the other he dazzles out of Coun-'tenance into a ſheepiſh Dejectedneſs. The Sun-proof 'Eye dares lead up a Dance in a full Court; and with-'out blinking at the Luſtre of Beauty, can diſtribute an 'Eye of proper Complaiſance to a Room crowded with 'Company, each of which deſerves particular Regard: 'while

'while the other ſneaks from Converſation, like a fearful Debtor, who never dares to look out, but when he can ſee no Body, and no Body him.

'THE next Inſtance of Opticks is the famous *Argus*, who (to ſpeak the Language of *Cambridge*) was one of an Hundred; and being uſed as a Spy in the Affairs of Jealouſy, was obliged to have all his Eyes about him. We have no Account of the particular Colours, Caſts and Turns of this Body of Eyes; but as he was Pimp for his Miſtreſs *Juno*, 'tis probable he uſed all the modern Leers, ſly Glances, and other ocular Activities to ſerve his Purpoſe. Some look upon him as the then King at Arms to the Heatheniſh Deities; and make no more of his Eyes than as ſo many Spangles of his Herald's Coat.

'THE next upon the Optick Liſt is old *Janus*, who ſtood in a double-ſighted Capacity, like a Perſon placed betwixt two oppoſite Looking-Glaſſes, and ſo took a ſort of retroſpective Caſt at one View. Copies of this double-faced Way are not yet out of Faſhion with many Profeſſions, and the ingenious Artiſts pretend to keep up this Species by double-headed Canes and Spoons; but there is no Mark of this Faculty, except in the emblematical Way of a wiſe General having an Eye to both Front and Rear, or a pious Man taking a Review and Proſpect of his paſt and future State at the ſame Time.

'I muſt own, that the Names, Colours, Qualities, and Turns of Eyes vary almoſt in every Head; for, not to mention the common Appellations of the Black, the Blue, the White, the Gray, and the like; the moſt remarkable are thoſe that borrow their Titles from Animals, by Virtue of ſome particular Quality of Reſemblance they bear to the Eyes of the reſpective Creatures; as that of a greedy rapacious Aſpect takes its Name from the Cat, that of a ſharp piercing Nature from the Hawk, thoſe of an amorous roguiſh Look derive their Title even from the Sheep, and we ſay ſuch an one has a Sheep's Eye, not ſo much to denote the Innocence as the ſimple Slineſs of the Caſt: Nor is this metaphorical Inoculation a modern Invention, for we find *Homer* taking the Freedom to place the Eye of an Ox, Bull, or Cow in one of his principal Goddeſſes, by that frequent Expreſſion of Βοῶπις

Βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη———
The Ox-eyed venerable *Juno*.

'NOW as to the peculiar Qualities of the Eye, that 'fine Part of our Conſtitution ſeems as much the Recep-'tacle and Seat of our Paſſions, Appetites and Inclinations 'as the Mind itſelf; and at leaſt it is the outward Portal 'to introduce them to the Houſe within, or rather the 'common Thorough-fare to let our Affections paſs in and 'out. Love, Anger, Pride, and Avarice, all viſibly move 'in thoſe little Orbs. I know a young Lady that can't ſee 'a certain Gentleman paſs by without ſhewing a ſecret 'Deſire of ſeeing him again by a Dance in her Eye-balls; 'nay, ſhe can't for the Heart of her help looking Half a 'Street's Length after any Man in a gay Dreſs. You can't 'behold a covetous Spirit walk by a Goldſmith's Shop 'without caſting a wiſhful Eye at the Heaps upon the 'Counter. Does not a haughty Perſon ſhew the Temper of 'his Soul in the ſupercilious Roll of his Eye? and how 'frequently in the Height of Paſſion does that moving 'Picture in our Head ſtart and ſtare, gather a Redneſs and 'quick Flaſhes of Lightning, and make all its Humours 'ſparkle with Fire, as *Virgil* finely deſcribes it.

——— *Ardentis ab ore*
Scintillæ abſiſtunt: oculis micat acribus ignis.
Æn. 12. v. 101.

——— From his wide Noſtrils flies
A fiery Stream, and Sparkles from his Eyes. DRYDEN.

'AS for the various Turns of the Eye-ſight, ſuch as the voluntary or involuntary, the half or the whole Leer, 'I ſhall not enter into a very particular Account of them; 'but let me obſerve, that oblique Viſion, when natural, 'was anciently the Mark of Bewitchery and magical Fa-'ſcination, and to this Day 'tis a malignant ill Look; but 'when 'tis forced and affected it carries a wanton Deſign, 'and in Play-houſes, and other publick Places, this ocular 'Intimation is often an Aſſignation for bad Practices: But 'this Irregularity in Viſion, together with ſuch Enormi-'ties as Tipping the Wink, the Circumſpective Roll, 'the Side-peep through a thin Hood or Fan, muſt be put 'in the Claſs of Heteropticks, as all wrong Notions of 'Religion are ranked under the general Name of Hete-

'rodox.

‘ rodox. All the pernicious Applications of Sight are more
‘ immediately under the Direction of a SPECTATOR;
‘ and I hope you will arm your Readers againſt the Miſ-
‘ chiefs which are daily done by killing Eyes, in which you
‘ will highly oblige your wounded unknown Friend,

T. B.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ YOU profeſſed in ſeveral Papers your particular
‘ Endeavours in the Province of SPECTATOR, to
‘ correct the Offences committed by Starers, who diſ-
‘ turb whole Aſſemblies without any Regard to Time,
‘ Place or Modeſty. You complained alſo, that a Starer is
‘ not uſually a Perſon to be convinced by the Reaſon of
‘ the Thing, nor ſo eaſily rebuked, as to amend by Ad-
‘ monitions. I thought therefore fit to acquaint you with a
‘ convenient Mechanical Way, which may eaſily prevent
‘ or correct Staring, by an Optical Contrivance of new
‘ Perſpective-Glaſſes, ſhort and commodious like Opera
‘ Glaſſes, fit for ſhort-ſighted People as well as others, theſe
‘ Glaſſes making the Objects appear, either as they are
‘ ſeen by the naked Eye, or more diſtinct, though ſome-
‘ what leſs than Life, or bigger and nearer. A Perſon
‘ may, by the Help of this Invention, take a View of ano-
‘ ther without the Impertinence of Staring; at the ſame
‘ Time it ſhall not be poſſible to know whom or what he
‘ is looking at. One may look towards his Right or Left
‘ Hand, when he is ſuppoſed to look forwards: This is
‘ ſet forth at large in the printed Propoſals for the Sale
‘ of theſe Glaſſes, to be had at Mr. *Dillon*'s in *Long-*
‘ *Acre*, next Door to the *White-Hart*. Now, Sir, as your
‘ *Spectator* has occaſioned the Publiſhing of this Inven-
‘ tion for the Benefit of modeſt Spectators, the Inventor
‘ deſires your Admonitions concerning the decent Uſe of
‘ it; and hopes, by your Recommendation, that for the
‘ future Beauty may be beheld without the Torture and
‘ Confuſion which it ſuffers from the Inſolence of Starers.
‘ By this means you will relieve the Innocent from an
‘ Inſult which there is no Law to puniſh, tho' it is a
‘ greater Offence than many which are within the
‘ Cogniſance of Juſtice. I am,

SIR, Your moſt humble Servant,

Abraham Spy.

Nº 251 *Tueſday, December* 18.

———*Linguæ centum ſunt, oraque centum,*
Ferrea Vox.——— Virg. Æn. 6. v. 625.

———*A hundred Mouths, a hundred Tongues,*
And Throats of Braſs inſpir'd with Iron Lungs. DRYDEN.

THERE is nothing which more aſtoniſhes a Foreigner, and frights a Country Squire, than the *Cries of London*. My good Friend Sir ROGER often declares, that he cannot get them out of his Head or go to Sleep for them, the firſt Week that he is in Town. On the contrary, WILL HONEYCOMB calls them the *Ramage de la Ville*, and prefers them to the Sounds of Larks and Nightingales, with all the Muſick of the Fields and Woods. I have lately received a Letter from ſome very odd Fellow upon this Subject, which I ſhall leave with my Reader, without ſaying any thing further of it.

SIR,

'I AM a Man out of all Buſineſs, and would willingly 'turn my Head to any thing for an honeſt Livelihood. 'I have invented ſeveral Projects for raiſing many Mil'lions of Money without burdening the Subject, but I 'cannot get the Parliament to liſten to me, who look 'upon me, forſooth, as a Crack, and a Projector; ſo that 'deſpairing to enrich either myſelf or my Country by 'this Publick-ſpiritedneſs, I would make ſome Propoſals 'to you relating to a Deſign which I have very much at 'Heart, and which may procure me a handſom Sub'ſiſtence, if you will be pleaſed to recommend it to the 'Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

'THE Poſt I would aim at, is to be Comptroller-'General of the *London* Cries, which are at preſent un'der no manner of Rules or Diſcipline. I think I am 'pretty well qualified for this Place, as being a Man of 'very ſtrong Lungs, of great Inſight into all the Bran'ches of our *Britiſh* Trades and Manufactures, and of a 'competent Skill in Muſick.

'THE

'THE Cries of *London* may be divided into Vocal and 'Inſtrumental. As for the latter they are at preſent under 'a very great Diſorder. A Freeman of *London* has the 'Privilege of diſturbing a whole Street for an Hour toge-'ther, with the Twanking of a Braſs-Kettle or a Frying-'Pan. The Watchman's Thump at Midnight ſtartles us 'in our Beds, as much as the Breaking in of a Thief. The 'Sowgelder's Horn has indeed ſomething muſical in it, 'but this is ſeldom heard within the Liberties. I would 'therefore propoſe, that no Inſtrument of this Nature 'ſhould be made uſe of, which I have not tuned and li-'cenſed, after having carefully examined in what manner 'it may affect the Ears of her Majeſty's liege Subjects.

'VOCAL Cries are of a much larger Extent, and in-'deed ſo full of Incongruities and Barbariſms, that we 'appear a diſtracted City to Foreigners, who do not com-'prehend the Meaning of ſuch enormous Outcries. Milk 'is generally ſold in a Note above *Ela*, and in Sounds ſo 'exceeding ſhrill, that it often ſets our Teeth on Edge. 'The Chimney-ſweeper is confined to no certain Pitch; 'he ſometimes utters himſelf in the deepeſt Baſe, and 'ſometimes in the ſharpeſt Treble; ſometimes in the 'higheſt, and ſometimes in the loweſt Note of the 'Gamut. The ſame Obſervation might be made on the 'Retailers of Small-coal, not to mention broken Glaſſes 'or Brick-duſt. In theſe therefore, and the like Caſes, it 'ſhould be my Care to ſweeten and mellow the Voices 'of theſe itinerant Tradeſmen, before they make their 'Appearance in our Streets, as alſo to accommodate their 'Cries to their reſpective Wares; and to take care in 'particular, that thoſe may not make the moſt Noiſe who 'have the leaſt to ſell, which is very obſervable in the 'Venders of Card-matches, to whom I cannot but apply 'that old Proverb of *Much Cry but little Wooll.*

'SOME of theſe laſt mentioned Muſicians are ſo 'very loud in the Sale of theſe trifling Manufactures, 'that an honeſt ſplenetick Gentleman of my Acquaintance 'bargained with one of them never to come into the Street 'where he lived: But what was the Effect of this Contract? 'Why, the whole Tribe of Card-match-makers which 'frequent that Quarter, paſſed by his Door the very next 'Day, in hopes of being bought off after the ſame manner.

'I T

'IT is another great Imperfection in our *London* Cries, 'that there is no juſt Time nor Meaſure obſerved in them. 'Our News ſhould indeed be publiſhed in a very quick 'Time, becauſe it is a Commodity that will not keep 'cold. It ſhould not, however, be cried with the ſame 'Precipitation as *Fire:* Yet this is generally the Caſe. A 'Bloody Battle alarms the Town from one End to ano-'ther in an Inſtant. Every Motion of the *French* is pub-'liſhed in ſo great a Hurry, that one would think the 'Enemy were at our Gates. This likewiſe I would take 'upon me to regulate in ſuch a manner, that there ſhould 'be ſome Diſtinction made between the ſpreading of a 'Victory, a March, or an Incampment, a *Dutch*, a *Por-'tugal*, or a *Spaniſh* Mail. Nor muſt I omit under this 'Head thoſe exceſſive Alarms with which ſeveral boiſte-'rous Ruſticks infeſt our Streets in Turnip-Seaſon; and 'which are more inexcuſable, becauſe theſe are Wares 'which are in no Danger of cooling upon their Hands.

'THERE are others who affect a very ſlow Time, 'and are, in my Opinion, much more tuneable than the 'former; the Cooper in particular ſwells his laſt Note 'in an hollow Voice, that is not without its Harmony; 'nor can I forbear being inſpired with a moſt agreeable 'Melancholy, when I hear that ſad and ſolemn Air 'with which the Public are very often aſked, if they 'have any Chairs to mend? Your own Memory may 'ſuggeſt to you many other lamentable Ditties of the 'ſame Nature, in which the Muſick is wonderfully lan-'guiſhing and melodious.

'I am always pleaſed with that particular Time of the 'Year which is proper for the pickling of Dill and Cu-'cumbers; but alas, this Cry, like the Song of the Night-'ingale, is not heard above two Months. It would there-'fore be worth while to conſider, whether the ſame Air 'might not in ſome Caſes be adapted to other Words.

'IT might likewiſe deſerve our moſt ſerious Conſi-'deration, how far, in a well regulated City, thoſe Hu-'mouriſts are to be tolerated, who, not contented with 'the traditional Cries of their Forefathers, have invented 'particular Songs and Tunes of their own: Such as was 'not many Years ſince, the Paſtry-man, commonly known 'by the Name of the Colly-Molly-Puff; and ſuch as is

'at this Day the Vender of Powder and Waſh-balls, 'who, if I am rightly informed, goes under the Name 'of *Powder-Wat*.

'I muſt not here omit one particular Abſurdity which 'runs through this whole vociferous Generations, and 'which renders their Cries very often not only incom-'modious, but altogether uſeleſs to the Public; I mean, 'that idle Accompliſhment which they all of them aim 'at, of crying ſo as not to be underſtood. Whether or 'no they have learned this from ſeveral of our affected 'Singers, I will not take upon me to ſay; but moſt 'certain it is, that People know the Wares they deal in 'rather by their Tunes than by their Words; inſomuch 'that I have ſometimes ſeen a Country Boy run out to 'buy Apples of a Bellows-mender, and Ginger-bread 'from a Grinder of Knives and Sciſſars. Nay ſo ſtrangely 'infatuated are ſome very eminent Artiſts of this parti-'cular Grace in a Cry, that none but their Acquain-'tance are able to gueſs at their Profeſſion; for who elſe 'can know, that *Work if I had it*, ſhould be the Signi-'fication of a Corn-cutter?

'FORASMUCH therefore as Perſons of this Rank 'are ſeldom Men of Genius or Capacity, I think it would 'be very proper, that ſome Man of good Senſe and ſound 'Judgment ſhould preſide over theſe public Cries who 'ſhould permit none to lift up their Voices in our Streets, 'that have not tuneable Throats, and are not only able to 'overcome the Noiſe of the Croud, and the Rattling of 'Coaches, but alſo to vend their reſpective Merchandiſes 'in apt Phraſes, and in the moſt diſtinct and agreeable 'Sounds. I do therefore humbly recommend myſelf as a 'Perſon rightly qualified for this Poſt; and if I meet with 'fitting Encouragement, ſhall communicate ſome other 'Projects which I have by me, that may no leſs conduce 'to the Emolument of the Public.

I am SIR, &c.

Ralph Crotchet.

THE

THE

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The End of the Third Volume.